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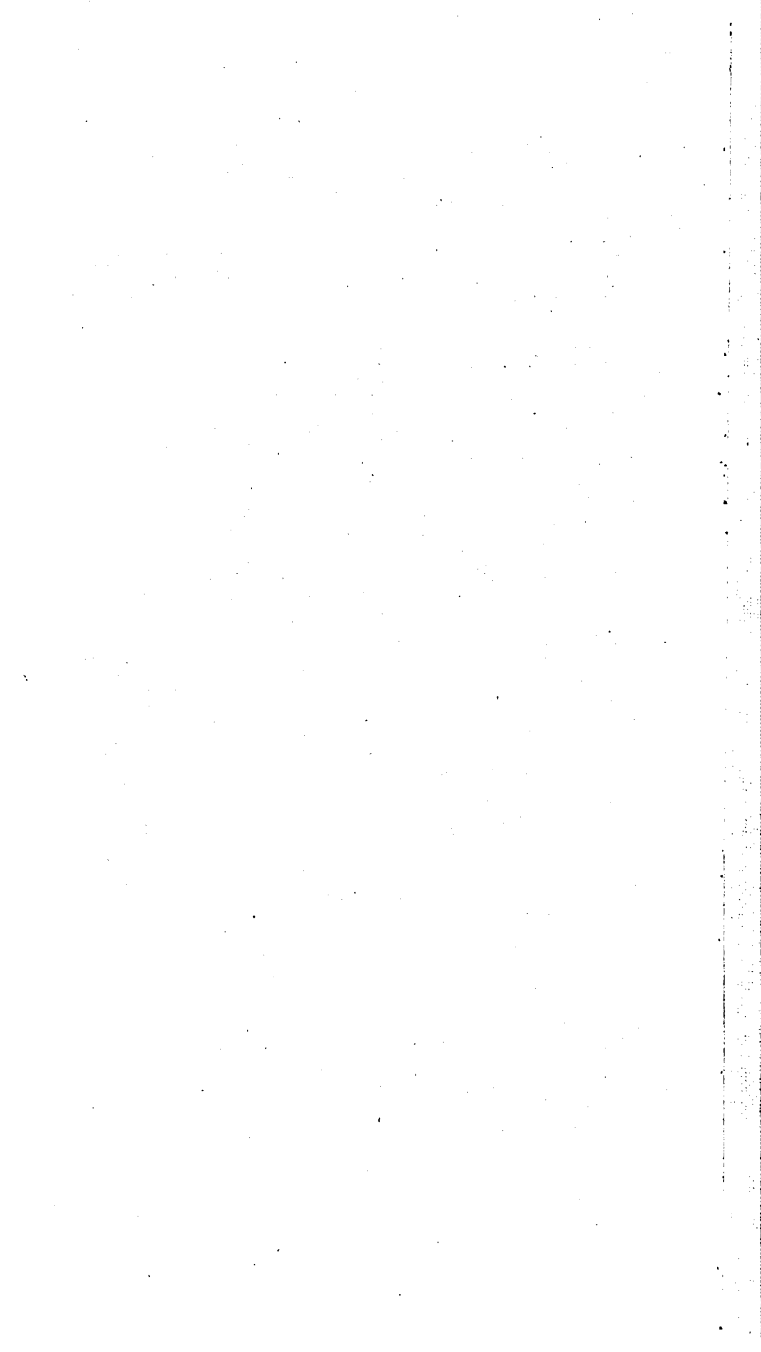
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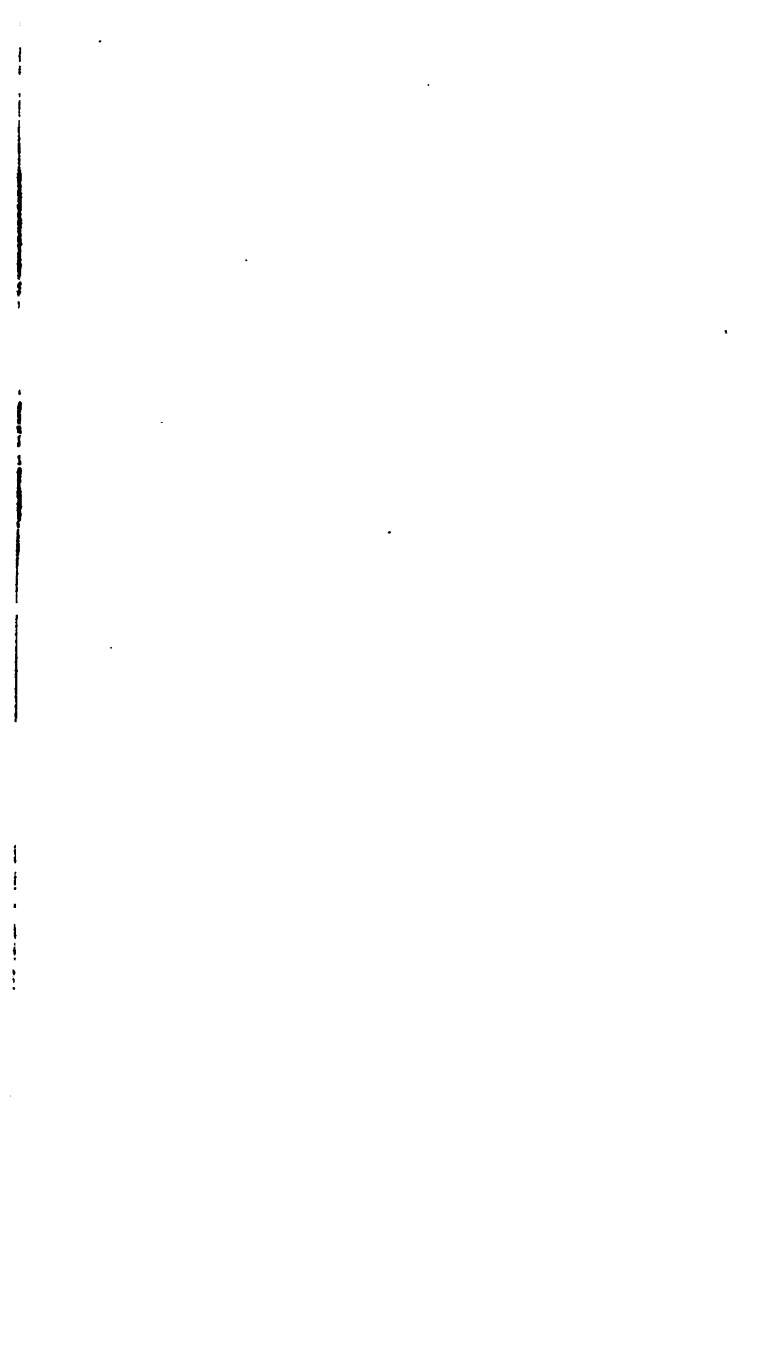
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THE
PARSON, PEN, AND PENCIL:

OR,

REMINISCENCES AND ILLUSTRATIONS
OF AN EXCURSION TO PARIS, TOURS, AND ROUEN,
IN THE SUMMER OF 1847;

WITH
A FEW MEMORANDA ON FRENCH FARMING.

BY
G. M. MUSGRAVE, M.A.
VICAR OF BORDEN, KENT.

"All my reports go with the modest truth;
Not more, nor clipp'd, but so."

SHAKESPEARE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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TO
GILBERT HENDERSON, Esq.,
OF THE INNER TEMPLE, Q.C.,
Recorder of Liverpool.
AND LATE FELLOW OF BRASENOSE COLLEGE, OXON.
THESE VOLUMES ARE INSCRIBED
BY HIS EARLIEST COMPANION IN FOREIGN TRAVEL,
AND
SINCERELY ATTACHED FRIEND,
THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

THREE persons out of four who take up a work of this light character, with the intention of perusing its contents, begin at Chapter I. without even a glance at the Preface.

Hence very few Writers, now-a-days, trouble the reading Public with any long preliminary observations ; and I, for one, am not desirous of forming a disagreeable exception. For such a trifle as this transcript of mere wayside notes and sketches, it will be sufficient for my purpose to be allowed to say, that had I, in the course of desultory reading, met with any accredited author of recent date that had familiarly touched on the many subjects comprised in the following pages, these Volumes would never have appeared. His publication

of such narrative would have been my Hand-Book on the scenes through which my route lay ; and my Remembrancer when at home again : and I will be frank enough to admit that in sending these REMINISCENCES to press I am not without hope that they may become travelling companions, at whose suggestion some one solitary tourist shall be enabled to employ the period of even as brief a stay as mine in France to very profitable account.

As little books require neither bed nor board, such addition to the travelling carriage will be, at any rate, inexpensive ; and, on points of difference, will not interrupt harmony by loud discussion. My Sketches must speak for themselves ; but *their* eloquence is of the most unobtrusive character.

There are, of course, an infinity of topics left unnoticed in this memorial, many of which would have worthily occupied the attention of the Divine, the Scholar, and the Citizen of the World — but deep investigation of either

Church or State matters was wholly foreign to my design, and incompatible with the very limited duration of my furlough: not to mention that my dear comrade in travel was a youth entitled, as being for the first time on the Continent, to all the advantages of paternal companionship; and these could not have been enjoyed in the Colleges, Cloisters, or Salons of Paris.

Such is my *Avant Propos*, or Prologue; the pertinence of which will, perhaps, be best evinced when the last page shall have dismissed both Critic and Friend; the one wondering how Pen and Pencil ever contrived to complete so much; and the other indignant at a Parson not having done it better!

BORDEN,
February, 1848.

THE
PARSON, PEN, AND PENCIL.

CHAPTER I.

It must be a matter of perfect indifference to the reader, but he is welcome to the information, that I had two main objects in quitting the manse of my quiet village on June 21st, 1847, for the shores of France. First, to disperse, by active exercise, and change of scene and climate, certain ugly symptoms of gout which had been intermittent since March; and, secondly, to afford to my elder son, during the earlier period of the vacation, an opportunity of visiting for the first time a foreign land, and marking some of the characteristic qualities of his near, but unknown, neighbours. Youths of eighteen, even of average endowments of intellect, are susceptible of no slight improvement from being led to raise reflec-

tions on the civil and ecclesiastical government, and the national manners and resources of a great people ; and those who have at this early period of life been taught how to distinguish the progress of civilization, science, and religion, have, in truth, contemplated the three greatest blessings of which human nature is susceptible, and cannot but derive advantage from the survey, however transient.

Pursuant to this design, we obtained our passport in London for Paris *viâ* Amiens ; in which I was somewhat amused to find the “ *signalement*,” or description of my venerable person, adding two inches to my stature over and above the measure recorded concerning the same body in the year 1820 ; but there was no particularization, as at that date, of the “ *visage ovale*,” “ *teint coloré*,” “ *menton rond*,” “ *cheveux châtains*,” &c. &c. The aforesaid incorrect statement of height was the only mention made on the face of this essential *vade-mecum* with reference to the person. The declaration of my being an incumbent of the established church was hardly of so much importance ; for, not all our “ customary

suit of solemn black," nor the annexation of "Reverend," seems to impress the foreigner with a conviction that we are *bonâ fide* clergy. While *their* curés and vicaires* walk and ride in cassock and band, (though this, by the bye, is beginning to fall into desuetude,) *we* appear before them in the garb of the laity, and pass muster, I suspect, in three cases out of four, simply as "*gentilshommes Anglois, riches, et soi-disants ecclésiastiques.*" Let one of our fraternity leave his card, on a morning call, at the residence of a French family uninitiated in these matters:—The first note that shall reach him, in case of there being any occasion of writing, will be addressed "*A Monsieur, Monsieur —,*" not "*Au Reverend.*" In fact, the French, and most foreigners, appear to be incapable of discriminating the ranks and titles of this country. I was questioned respecting Sir Russell and Lord Peel, Lord Gladstone and Le Brougham;† and though I am willing to believe

* In France "Curé" means the Incumbent; "Vicaire," the Curate.

† Even their leading newspapers exhibit, weekly, the same blunder.

that the *quasi* cassock (or what is vulgarly termed the bishop's *apron*) would induce my French friends to salute the wearer thereof as Monsieur l'Evêque, in recognition of his card as that of the Bishop of —, it is very doubtful if our reverend deans and venerable archdeacons, "shovel-hat," rosette, and all, would be exempts from the category of simple "Monsieur." The clergy on the Continent are a *gens togata*—gownsmen, one and all; and, as far as my personal experience is concerned, between the Tiber and the Thames, the Romish population repudiate the notion of the priest without frock; and regard us as gentlemen of independence, interesting ourselves, perhaps, in the special welfare of the Protestant church, but not as officiating priests and pastors of the people. However, I shall be unconsciously opening the question of clerical habit; it is high time, therefore, to snatch up my ministerial wrapper, or surtout, such as it is, and hurry from London to Folkstone. This was a transit of only three hours and a quarter. Really this is a luxurious refinement in travelling. I have a memorandum-book of the year 1820, which records

the fact of myself and a fellow collegian starting from Charing-Cross on Tuesday, the 20th of June, 1820, on the top of the favourite four-horsed Dover coach, which left the Golden Cross at 8 A.M.

By $\frac{1}{4}$ p. 11 we had reached Gravesend; having stopped at Dartford for breakfast!

By $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 2 we were at Green Street, between Sittingbourne and Faversham.

At $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 5 we reached Barham Downs.

At $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 7 were set down at Paine's Hotel, Dover!

Here was a total of eleven hours and a half, by a *fast* coach, twenty-seven years ago, occupied in accomplishing a journey which is now daily performed in little more than a fifth part of the time.* Moreover, in the case I am here quoting, we were obliged to pass the night at the hotel: a genuine case of dinner, coffee, bed and breakfast, waiter and chambermaid, boots, luggage-porter, and ladderman; total, two pounds, seven shillings and sixpence each traveller, of which one guinea was paid before we clambered down from our "fast coach."

* The express train accomplishes the distance in two hours and eighteen minutes.

For my ride from London Bridge station to Folkstone last June I paid eleven shillings and sixpence ; and the passage across, an hour and a half afterwards, was charged at six shillings and sixpence : so that I effected a most delightful journey from London Bridge to Boulogne Pier, between eleven o'clock and five, for exactly the very sum which I had paid in June, 1820, for a ride of nearly twelve hours, (three of which were in heavy rain,) on the dangerous summit of a stage-coach, which, after all that expenditure of time and patience, served but to deposit myself and luggage on the beach of Dover ; and involve me in a further outlay of one pound, six and sixpence before I embarked. Add to this, the lumbering, loitering voyage of the "remarkably fast-sailing packets," (even *then* there were "*fast* men" and "*fast*" carriages and craft!) and the contrast is complete: the charm of modern improvements is wound up. Reader ! revel with an old traveller in the contemplation of these many and marvellous ameliorations. Let us reckon up a few of these comforts, and see if we cannot, as we grow old, disprove the allegation of Aristotle

and Horace, that the nearer a man approaches to the close of his term, the more vehemently he lauds the things of his earlier day. I question if we who came into this world of inventions at the close of the last century are entitled to exercise either our imagination or speech in such a libellous spirit of detraction. Steam, gas, electric telegraphs, Wenham ice, caoutchouc, chloroform, ethereal insensibility, Macintoshes, Indiarubber pavement.—But modern refinements defy enumeration: *allons nous toujours!* What a halting-place, too, at Folkstone! Vantini's hotel is the caravanseraï *par excellence* of "the civil'st place of all this isle." The contrast between the almost palatial elegance of this establishment and the best accommodation in Boulogne or Calais cannot fail to strike every traveller who is either not too much in dread of the passage *to*, or too completely "done up" by the passage *from* the opposite coast, to exercise any powers of discernment; and such bewilderment is nothing rare. We were much amused at the doubts, and fears, and ill-disguised misgivings of an amiable *père de famille*, who consulted me as to my undisguised

opinion on the state of the sea. Would it be prudent, *on the whole*, to venture out *to-day*? There had been *such* a wind all last night; and Mrs. ——— was but a poor creature on the water. Indeed, he himself was as bad a subject as any of the party. He did not think he should ever manage to prevail on his daughters to leave that very comfortable hôtel this afternoon:—A passenger by the morning boat had reported the waves halfway across to be absolutely terrific. What would *I* advise? *I* seemed to be quite conversant with the Channel. (Fancy *my* familiarity with old Ocean!) I had a mind to quote the hackneyed lines,—

“ There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune, &c.

* * * *

And *we* must take the current as it serves,
Or lose our venture.”

But, without flinging blank verse into so blank a countenance, I merely remarked that there was but a ground-swell, the annoyance of which would subside after about an hour's steaming, and advised the decoying of the *mère de famille* to

the jetty, where the "Prince Ernest," of 145 tons, was at that moment taking in her cargo of every conceivable variety of box, bag, portmanteau, and package, augmented to no small extent by the carriage and trunks of Count Jarnac, Secretary of Legation in London. No sooner had the diplomatist's baggage descended the groove or inclined plane, down which all the personal effects are rapidly and securely transferred from the pier to the deck, than a loud crash, followed instantaneously by a tremendous shout of alarm, called all hands forward ; and the panic fear of the moment led many to conclude that a man had gone overboard. A cart heavily laden with paving-stone, for the repair or completion of that part of the pier close to which our vessel was moored, had overrun its boundary line on the iron ways of the works, and fallen over with both horses ; the latter being precipitated into the water between the jetty and the side of the "Three Brothers," brig of Dover ; and the cart and its ponderous contents bearing down all before it till it reached, with a thundering shock, the deck of the brig, where but a few minutes previously, three or

four of the crew had been at work. One poor animal, having fallen on its back, could not right itself by struggling, and was speedily drawn under the keel and drowned. The other began to swim, and was soon afterwards towed across the harbour. The escape of the sailors below was most providential.

But here come the *fearfuls* ! Husband and wife, two sons, two daughters, abigail, and bullfinch. It must have been ingenious special pleading which could have brought this about. I saw them severally descend the steps. Let me record the language of six pairs of eyes on the occasion, as addressed in mute expressive eloquence to mine :—

Husband. “ I’ve been and done it. Here we are, you see.”

Wife. “ Ah ! this is *your* doing !”

Elder Daughter. “ People are so fond of giving advice, not considering *other* people’s feelings.”

Younger Daughter. “ And so we are to be victimized, because *you* happen not to care about a dreadful rough sea.”

Elder Son. "Sha'nt we have a nice time of it with the women!"

Second Son. "The gov'nor doesn't know his own mind. First we were to dine and sleep here; then it was to be only luncheon, and sail, if all calm; then, if rough, dine late after *sketching* in the neighbourhood. *Now*, we are hauled off from that prime concern yonder, to sprawl aboard this horrid oily hulk. Confound it!"

However, sure enough, there they all were on deck, for a few seconds of time; for they lost not the earliest opportunity of diving down to secure berths, and take up such positions as their several anticipations of the pitch and toss, roll and lurch, bumping and thumping of the next two hours or more, induced them to single out from the general distribution of sofas, cot-beds, camp-stools, or chairs, in the state cabin of the Prince Ernest:

"And so they formed a groupe that 's quite antique."

I ran down for a couple of carpet-stools to use on deck, and gained a brief insight into the state of things. One despairing maiden had laid herself down in beauty, with dishevelled hair, and

general *abandon*, to the dismal horror of the time—the veritable impersonation of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Dido on the funeral pile. Her sister, the 'Anna Soror' of the scene, was bending over her brow, and steeping a cambric handkerchief—of oh! how delicate a tissue!—in *eau de Cologne*: Sweets to the sweet!

Opposite, lay a matron, whose "still life," in the attitude she had taken up, presented an admirable *tableau vivant* of the Cleopatra of the Capitol at Rome. These chief *dramatis personæ* were supported by two lively girls, of about sixteen, who had climbed into a sort of cot, and, believing it to be a most needful preparation, were unfolding two of the prettiest of all frilled nightcaps. Two prattling lady's-maids, who had been indefatigable on *terra firma* in the embarkation of a spaniel dog and parrot, two guitar-cases, and an enormously disproportionate straw basket of ham and beef sandwiches, brandy-flask, and drinking cups,—had now measured their flounced and furbelowed lengths on the floor south-west of "Dido;" preparing, as I inferred from certain long ivory needles in their hands,

to continue the knitting of some fancy purses *à la crochet*, which probably would have been finished before landing in France, had *they* not, unluckily, been finished *themselves*, within half an hour of distance from Folkestone.

Not far from these was Madame:—She, the too easily persuaded, no doubt, against her better reason, simply because that stout middle-aged gentleman in black had assured Mr. —— that there was nothing to apprehend! I give her credit, however, for that philosophical determination to abide the worst, which seemed to say, “When it’s done, it’s over.” Pillowed on the right hand and left, and propped by what appeared to be a carpet-bag, or a mass of folded cloaks and shawls, she was calmly surveying the opening scene of the two sisters’ “total derangement of system;” and, trying to laugh at their growing apprehensions,

“She sate, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief.”

And, faithful to his vow to take her for better for worse, in *sickness* or in health, lay, outstretched upon two chairs alongside, my worthy

interlocutor, her spouse. He had donned a black velvet cap, loosened his cravat, and prepared for everything and anything but a series of sedulous and delicate little attentions, which, however delightful in theory and contemplation, are quite out of the question when the bile is upset. I think the reader will be of opinion that I comprehended a tolerably wide scope in my survey of somewhat less than a minute below. The occasional rattle and "fitful sound" of seven white mysterious *wash-basins*, piled up between the cot and a table, (a precaution of the provident steward or stewardess) gave "dreadful note of preparation;" and as the shake, shake, shake of the upheaving boat began to do its work, I left all parties to the quiet enjoyment of their own company. Affairs soon began to wear a dismal aspect on deck also. The diplomatist's lady was swinging in her travelling-carriage, which blocked up the passage of communication fore and aft; screwing her courage to that sticking-place. Another carriage was lashed in the same position larboard, effectually spoiling my promenade from stem to stern, in which I rejoice

on shipboard, especially against a head-wind. By a wheel of this barouche one delicate gentle lady, of upwards of five-and-forty years of age, held on during the whole passage; her right hand grasping her son's; eyes closed, features rigid; feet rivetted, as it were, to the plank. It was a singular spectacle; a great experiment. It succeeded.

Not so some twenty or thirty beyond her. What a scene! How soon the loud talking ceased! How stealthily the couples that had begun by nestling into quiet chat withdrew from further gossip. Where are those laughing eyes under the Leghorn bonnet and apricot-tinted ribbons? Alas! they are glaring without "speculation" on the heaving waters; the pretty blue fringed parasol is broken, and "The Traveller's Guide through Kent" lies uncut, unheeded at her feet. The very polite and communicative beau, her particular friend's brother, with that smart Joinville tie and Chesterfield Macintosh coat, who, only half an hour since, was pitying "the landsmen," and proposing lunch, has succumbed to *peculiar sensations*, and grasps the

gunwale with a sick man's clutch, deploring from his heart, that "Nature," as Ben Jonson saith, "hath these vicissitudes, and makes no man a state of perpetuity."

Not two yards off, with a visage to match her soiled lemon kid gloves, sits Madame de Jarnac's lady's maid:—*Pauvre enfant!* The silver topped flask of Eau de Vie de Cognac has been appealed to in vain; she was "willing to make herself generally useful to her employer," but were her titled lady the Queen of England's sister, she couldn't walk a plank at this moment to save royalty itself from drowning.

Why, how fares it now with that "nice young man" abaft the binnacle? Not two minutes since he was asking the steersman for a lucifer to light his Havannah; he had laid down last Saturday's "Punch," and begun to express his opinion that it was rather "slow" to be confined in this manner for upwards of two hours, across the "duckpond." The complainant has now hardly a leg to stand upon, as the lawyers say. He was evidently contemplating a brisk walk backwards and forwards; he finds it won't exactly

do, *under the circumstances*. He resumes his *locus standi*; for the “movement” does not promise well. He has thrown his third-part-unsmoked cigar overboard. The breeze has blown last Saturday’s Punch some four or five feet away into a coil of rope. Never mind; he had *rather not go after it*. The mate comes up with a little blue-leaved cheque-book. “Eight shillings, if you please, sir.” “By and bye; not just now.” If he lifts his elbow from the present position—if he attempt to thrust a hand into either pocket—open a purse, ask for change, wait for silver, speak another word on any subject, it will all be over with him. As the vessel went down in the trough of the sea just now, he felt as if his chin was at his knees, and his stomach at his toes; disturb him in his form, and “he’s a gone ’coon,” as Jonathan would say. Down dips the bowsprit; up come the funnel, carriages, paddle-boxes: he wouldn’t look *that* way again for a thousand pounds. The water-cask is overturned! “Look out, sir!” He *must* run aside a yard or two to starboard, to save his shins, and comes full tilt against a sailor, who has just at that

moment opened the panel of a mysterious, hot closet, appropriated as the caboose of Prince Ernest, and let forth the fumes of sundry fried flat fish, onions, and dripping. This is too bad !

“Beyond that rush, he had no hint of any after deed—
For he was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a weed.” *

I cannot conceive that Dante, in all his fourteen embassies from the Florentine states, ever went on a sea-voyage, or he would have embodied either in the “Purgatorio,” or “Inferno,” or both, a horrifying episode on sea-sickness, which, not the lapse of five hundred years since he wrote, involving the noblest discoveries in chemical and medical science, have availed to banish from the ills that human flesh, once afloat, is heir to. An able article in the *Examiner*, (January 1, 1848) commenting on Lord Ellesmere’s remarks on an invasion, says :—“One ally of ours, whose force is always unnoticed, is sea-sickness, to which the French [?] are more liable than any other people ; and fifty thousand shipped heroes

* Hood’s “Demon Ship.”

would, upon landing, be fifty thousand wretched helpless invalids, nauseating even glory !”

But we are now so close to beautiful France as to be able to see her green crops and promised harvest waving on the slopes of Boulogne. Not Margate, nor Ryde, nor Ramsgate, nor Weymouth, is a *prettier* seaport to enter in sunshine than Gessoriacum Romanorum, now Boulogne.

The mouth of Boulogne harbour, by the bye, has been long sacred to travellers in England and Wales under that most grotesque and fallacious hieroglyphic of the metropolitan coach-office, a highly emblazoned edition of which may, I believe, still be seen, gratis, in Regent's Circus, Piccadilly.



That's *the* column ! The first stone of it was laid by Soult, on the 9th of November, 1805.

“Nothing now remains,” said Buonaparte, when Sir Ralph Abercrombie had defeated Menou at Alexandria, “but to invade Britain.” A passage in the Memoirs of the Duc de Rovigo, relative to the proceedings of Napoleon subsequent to the rupture of the peace of Amiens, states that a naval council was assembled by the ambitious consul on the coast of Flanders, to discuss the means he had to contend with the English; when it was unanimously agreed that the sole chance of competing with British prowess lay in a descent upon their coast. For this it would be indispensable to build a flotilla. M. Decres, Minister of Marine Affairs, deprecated this project, assuring the council that if such a flotilla were constructed, the English would meet it in the Channel with another. One of the admirals present (Bruix) took occasion to observe that much would be achieved if the English did thus build; for they would be obliged to disarm their fleet to fit out their flotilla. This opinion eventually prevailed, and the descent, the invasion, was determined upon.

It has always appeared to me an act of un-

accountable inconsistency and folly, that the French authorities should have permitted one stone to stand upon another at this spot. Give the monumental pillar what name they may,—dedicate it to the memory of never so many legions of mighty men of valour, it is but a record of defeat, and a memorial of folly and criminal ambition. It reminds me of the 18th verse of the 18th chapter of the 2nd Book of Samuel :

“ Now Absalom in his lifetime had taken and reared up for himself a pillar which is in the king’s dale : for he said, ‘ I have no son to keep my name in remembrance : ’ and he called the pillar after his own name ; and it is called unto this day ‘ Absalom’s place. ’ ”

Napoleon shared the royal rebel’s destiny, in being buried far away from the scene of his ambitious enterprises ; and the willows of Longwood, and the desolation of the Rock of St. Helena, where one large stone covered the moderate space sufficient, after death, for the man for whom Europe was once too little, are not unaptly prefigured by the verse that goes before ; to which the reader, if he be disposed, may refer.

My observation applies to the discomfiture and

disappointment encountered in this very locality, from whence the Chief Consul witnessed the loss of three of his gun-boats, as they went down under the fire of our English cruisers, who stood into shore with composure, and occasionally fired at himself and suite as at a mark.

If three alliterative words, in Cæsar's style, might be substituted on the pedestal of the Bononian Column for the vapid braggadocio still extant, I know of none more appropriate than—

VENI, VIDI, VITAVI.

which, being translated and expounded, would intimate thus much :—

“ I came hither for the purpose of effecting a landing with the army of France on the beach at Dover, or wherever our flotilla might effect a descent, and of forcing my way to London, there to establish a Republic and dethrone King George.

“ I saw the British frigates in the offing, and the effect of their twenty-fours.

“ I abandoned all my designs of invasion, and avoided all further contact with such ugly opponents.”

But we are now at the pier, and must fraternize with these long-bearded, mustachioed, indigo-dye-frocked natives, who are trooping along to greet us. Nova Scotia may enjoy its joke of "Blue Noses ;" old Gaul comes before us with that of blue *frock* ! " Oh the blue bonnets over the border !" might be appropriately echoed by " Oh the blue gaberdines over the water !" If they be all smiles and activity, they are also all smalt and blouse. I should say the whole collective multitude of French *operatives* (that's the modern term in vogue) are thus habited. Every class of artisan, in or out of the mill or manufactory, is invariably the wearer of this coloured frock : *item*, the farmer, vintner, butcher, fishmonger, greengrocer, carpenter, blacksmith, bricklayer, railway-labourer, engineer, stoker, coachman, ploughman, shepherd, baker, pastrycook, scavenger, tinker, water-carrier, &c. &c., and so I might run through the list of some hundred besides, habited in this uniform short slop, which is only varied in tint according to the alkali employed at the wash-tub or washing-barge, by the fair hands that beat and batter the soiled gar-

ment (*more Gallico*) into a state of azure cleanliness.

Another step, and we are actually landed. My lively companion, a thoroughly good sailor, as the phrase is, bounded gaily into the frontiers of the land "without impediment." Yes; but I have a little note, also, on this head. Wood and stone now do the kindly office for which, seven-and-twenty years ago, the brawny flesh and mermaid bone of Boulogne's *poissardes* alone sufficed in the matter of landing at low water. Fancy a Fellow of Brazenose College, Oxford, being hoisted on to the shoulders of one of these amphibious nymphs with "a very ancient and fish-like smell, legged like a woman, and her fins like arms," who bore him off, tenpence the ride, from the row-boat to the shore; the "sailing-packet" not being able to get in by half a mile. *On a changé tout cela*; but, however grotesque and inglorious as a *première entrée* and *débüt*, it caused a great deal of laughter at the time, as poor Matthews used to say.

Another alteration, likewise, struck me forcibly; we walked forth at ease on our way to the

Rue dé l'Ecu without let or hinderance. Now, at the period to which I have just referred, there were annoyances of the most harassing and outrageous forms of nuisance from some twenty or thirty clamorous ill-conditioned "touters" from the various inns of the town, who thrust cards of address into the passengers' faces, and roared out their pretended claims to preference and patronage "betwixt the wind and their nobility," with a vicious pertinacity in all the modes of intrusion that nothing in France could afterwards exceed. There was then no protection for the trembling, almost fainting female, who had just been lifted on to the jetty more dead than alive from the effect of the passage across. Ladies of rank and beauty, mothers or daughters, were hustled and affronted by these unmannered scouts even while their escort was at their side; the husband, father, or brother, however, having more than enough to do in preventing forcible seizure of the family *sacs de nuit* permitted to pass without custom-house scrutiny.

I remember one unfortunate elderly gentleman's dressing-case being "spirited away" to the

Hôtel de l'Europe, and his bag to the Hôtel de Londres, while umbrella, cane, and refreshment-basket, *aliaque impedimenta*, were being tied to a wheelbarrow going off to the Hôtel d'Angleterre. It was all but as distracting and disgusting as being waylaid by Neapolitan brigands.

Nothing of the kind occurs now. Two cords tightly stretched in diagonal line, from iron post to stone pillar, formed a sort of lane fourteen feet wide, along which the newly-landed walked undisturbed from the platform to the Market-place on the Quay; the lawfully-deputed "commissioners" alone coming among us to receive instructions as to our luggage, and to see it forwarded to the hotels we severally named. The spectators of the scene, including many of the class of candidates for patronage already denounced, are effectually parted off, right and left, by these ropes; the *gens d'armes* (armed police) prohibit all interruption of the progress of the parties proceeding into the town; and the ropes are not loosed until the whole of the passengers be gone forward, and the scrutineers, sent

from the Custom-House and harbour-master, have completed their commission. The whole arrangement is admirable; appreciated most by those who have experienced the by-gone evils just mentioned; and worthy of close imitation on the part of our functionaries at the Tower Wharf and other landing-places, where the clearance of a foreign steamer is accompanied with every form of worry and confusion, discomfort and inconvenience, with the additional drawback of one of the dirtiest, dingiest, and most uninviting localities in the capital.

Took up our quarters at the Hôtel d'Angleterre;—simply because I was given to understand by one of the proprietors who came across with us, that there was absolutely *nothing of "Angleterre"* about it. Monsieur Foubé's waiters, chambermaids, concierge, secretary, chef, and commissioner, are all and each guiltless of any familiarity with our language, or of the slightest tendency to Anglicism in any of the appointments or usages of the Hôtel, which, I am bound to record, is one of the most agreeable for any one travelling as I was, *en garçon*, that a man speak-

ing the language of the country could desire. I cannot vouch for its excellence in respect of *families* ; but there was one domiciliated in the first range of apartments, of the name of Dalston, or some such sound, who had been there upwards of six weeks, and lived *en particulier* very cozily. Lime-washed walls, in all the passages, were gleaming white as snow, and as clean ; with divisions, to imitate blocks of stone, traced in distemper ; the floor-boards on either side of the carpeting being painted to represent oak. "*Cave ne titubes*" (keep your body up !) was my first caution to Horace, unless he was prepared for close imitation of his namesake at Philippi, *solum tangere mento* (to touch the ground with his chin). He was on the point of measuring his length on the floor of his bed-room, whose hexagonal-bricked surface was, according to the invariable custom of the country, polished up to a perilous degree of slipperiness. There was a carpet in mine, and, indeed, in almost all the sleeping apartments we subsequently occupied between Boulogne and Tours. Toilette accessories have been enlarged and improved. Thirty-two years ago, I observed

that there were tart-dishes doing duty for wash-basins, milk-jugs for ewers, and large butter-boats for some of the usual appendages of a dressing-room. *Now*, an Englishman may perform his frequent and favourite ablutions with considerable satisfaction; though the foot-bath is not produced till asked for, and no huge pitcher or can is placed as a reserve, for replenishing the stock of water on the washstand. The French are inclined to be somewhat niggardly in their notions as to water in bedrooms. In Paris, especially, (where that invaluable element of comfort, and absolute essential of health, is only to be had by daily purchase from the carriers,) the hotel-keeper seems to rely on the economical habits of his patrons in residence, who cannot but perceive, that at times, as on our highest hill-residences in Kent, there is greater readiness to give away beer or wine than to supply water, even were it paid for. Moreover, there is either no soap set out by the chambermaid, or such a nondescript unctuous mass as might be easily mistaken for half a Neufchatel cheese, or an ounce of moistened marl. I had anticipated this,

and was glad enough to avail myself of the precious reserve deposited by a careful hand, alongside a bottle of colchicum, &c., and ditto of carbonate of soda. Apropos of dressing-cases and outfits, let me counsel my readers, who may at any time go abroad, to lay in a good store of gold-beater's skin. It is invaluable in the treatment of galled feet (and the pavement will soon introduce them to *that*); but is not known on the continent except to shopkeepers who lay in half their counter's supply from London, and are thus familiarized with the article.

The only *fabrique* we could find as a substitute, was what the vendors called "Taffetas Anglais." We exhibited the remnant of our English "skin," but it had never been seen; and the white gummed taffeta was the substitute we were compelled to accept. It is a very inferior production, being little else than thin white silk washed over with isinglass.

However, the day is wearing away apace; I hope my reader's patience is not, for I have much to talk about before I say "good-night," on the evening of the 22nd June, 1847.

Ordered a repast, a supper rather than dinner, for eight o'clock; and then, "trim, neatly dressed," strolled forth into the pretty white and green streets of Boulogne. Commend me to their pale green shutters and blinds and white-walled houses, with all the ingenious little *additamenta* of French decoration, fearless of blacks and unassailed by smoke. There is an inviting appearance about the streets of this town which "nimble recommends itself," at first sight, "to the gentle sense" of every new comer; and, as far as my own personal experience enables me to speak, I know not where I have met with greater civility and kindness of manner, or had less cause of complaint in respect of pecuniary dealings, whether in the hotel or in the shops, than in this place.

It struck me that there was somewhat less of that light merry-heartedness among the common people than was usually perceptible some thirty years since. I fear they have compromised much of that "mirth and social ease," of which Goldsmith made such encomiastic mention in his day, by the assumption of epaulets, firelock, and car-

touch box, with that inseparable concomitant of military profession, the moustache. The parade-step has superseded on many a green sward, the *pas de cotillon*; and even the little *coiffeur*, whose unpretending shop I entered to have my hair cut, was cleaning his accoutrements instead of his combs, and was far better acquainted with the great facts of "Mille huit cents trente," than with the soaps, oils, pomades, and cosmetics in the glass case of his counter. The wigs, scalps, and false fronts, might suffer for all this, as his pretty little grumbling wife intimated; and a due proportion of deficits must be perceptible from time to time in the till, compared with the balances cast in the years when little men were less anxious to wear long swords, and mount guard, and turn out to the sound of drums and bugles. Probably, it was some unpalatable *memento* of this state of things which prompted a facetious shopkeeper to keep his present stock under the peculiarly expressive notification "*Au pauvre diable*," which we saw affixed to his house front. The "glorious days," made many such poor devils. It would have

been of still more pointed signification, had he quartered himself in the immediate vicinity of the fish-market, where there is a street, named "*Rue tant perd, tant paie*;"—and this uninviting locality might take a hint from some of the alleys in Rouen, where I was piloted through *Rue Coupe Gorge*! (Cut-throat-street,) and *Rue du petit Enfer*! (Little Hell-street):—

"The mind is its own place ——"*

The remainder of the passage is too trite to need repetition; but it is to be supposed that the inmates of this murky thoroughfare have, through successive generations, unconsciously "carried out" the leading doctrines of the lost Archangel's theory, and lived without dread of ejections!

Five minutes more, and we were in the vegetable and fruit market-place.

Golden ear-ornaments, four inches long, are still to be seen pendent from the women's ears, but not a *fichu* or picturesque red and blue pocket-handkerchief, as of old, was visible around

* Milton's *Paradise Lost*, B. i. l. 270.

the brows of any. The bulk of the female population of low degree, appear to have conceived *une grande passion* for the commonest description of white nightcap worn by women and children in our country. Even the *Cauchoise* cap is disappearing from Normandy, to the regret of every artist, the Prouts, the Dewints and Hardings, all who have rejoiced in many a smiling summer's sketching excursion between Alençon and Dieppe. But this is anticipating my memoranda of Rouen. The English traveller, however, cannot fail to perceive that, on landing in France, he has entered a country where hundreds of thousands of women live and die without having had, at any period of their existence, even the semblance of what we call a *bonnet* on their heads; and where shawls are supplanted by jackets. (By the bye, the French for our bonnet, is *chapeau*. Bonnet, in French, signifying a cap.)

Very slight difference prevailed in the prices of vegetables and fruits, in comparison with ours. The cauliflowers were of magnificent growth, and were purchasable at twopence English money.

Strawberries were of very inferior quality, and dear. But it was late in the day for an inspection of markets; not too late, however, for an opportunity of walking round the interior of the parochial church of St. Nicolas.

Our attention was drawn to a sarcophagus elevated to the height of about ten or eleven feet from the pavement, on a tomb-like monument in the aisle, on our right hand as we entered. It bore this inscription :

A la mémoire de l'AMIRAL BRUIX,
Aussi bon père que grand Général :
Sa famille et la patrie le pleurent.
Il fut honoré de la confiance de son Souverain,
Et mourut en le servant.

[TRANSLATION.]

To the memory of ADMIRAL BRUIX,
As good a Father as he was a Commander :
His family and country deplore their loss.
He was honoured with the confidence of his Sovereign,*
And died serving him.

This monument was erected by the officers of the Flotilla to the memory of their brother in arms, who died on the 18th of March, 1805,

* Napoleon Buonaparte, then Chief Consul.

whether in an engagement off the coast, or in his bed, I could not learn. The veteran, at any rate, was spared the mortification of seeing the fleet annihilated by Nelson in the ensuing October.

The desecration and ravages to which this church was abandoned during the ascendancy of Robespierre were sorrowful indeed. The burying-ground, which surrounded it till the year 1790, was condemned by the utilitarians of the day, and broken up to form a market-place; the coffins were dispersed in all directions;—the bodies carted off to a cemetery which stood on the spot now called Place Navarin. After the murder of Louis XVI. in 1793, a detachment of regular troops was quartered within the walls; and on their quitting the violated sanctuary to join the grand army, the pavement of the nave and aisles was removed, and vaults were constructed to hold barrels of gunpowder. Possibly this appropriation eventually preserved the church, when, in many a fair city, the holy and beautiful house where the fathers of the people had praised God, was burnt up with fire, and all

pleasant things were laid waste :—" Temple and tower went to the ground."

It was now seven o'clock, and a mass was being performed for the benefit of the Irish suffering under the combined calamities of pestilence and famine. The voices in the choir were of excellent quality, in the proportion of ten boys to eight men. The upper-line notes were played by a youth of fifteen on an ophicleide as big as himself. He acquitted himself admirably. I perceive that this instrument has universally superseded the twisted bassoon or serpent, which was formerly the only accompaniment of the choral chant. In addition, we noticed in every church two double-basses, or one double-bass and one violoncello, at the eagle-desk, which are played at the same time with the choir organ. I mean, by the latter term, not that portion of the great organ of the church which is so denominated, but a smaller and subsidiary organ, set up now in almost every church, either on the right or left of the choir, and which is played either alternately with the vast instrument at the western extremity of the nave, or at the same time with it, accord-

ing to the composer's taste in the instrumentation. It is also very convenient (as I had subsequent opportunities of remarking) for the practice and rehearsal of the choral music.

A procession now advanced towards us—very imposing—the procession of the Cross. It passed quite round the aisles, and returned up the nave into the choir, with choral chant and anthem of soul-delighting melody. Whether in respect of vocal or instrumental music (and I have been long familiar with the finest) I hardly remember having heard strains of more thrilling sweetness, or compositions of greater beauty. There was a considerable gathering of priests and deacons, preceded by a score of singing-men and singing-boys, each in their transparent, plaited, muslin surplices. Two canons also appeared in the line.

I pointed out to Horace our redoubtable cicerone, "the Swiss," that half-footman, half-soldier, less a beadle than a drum-major, either *quoad* belt or staff, whose bodily presence seems to be absolutely essential to the rites and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church. The

clang of his halbert, (which is of the elaborated cut-and-thrust style of François Premier, and a very formidable weapon, too,) when he stamps upon the pavement to scare the crowd, clear the passage for the procession, and magnify his office, with a look which, being rendered into Virgilian Latin, would bespeak "Procul, oh ! procul este, profani !" (Stand off ! keep your distance, oh ye vulgarians and heretics !) is, taken for all in all, the most effective remembrancer of human authority I ever heard doing its work. It is to be noted, however, that we have retained more than the shadow of this personage even in our own churches, in the consolidated dignity of gold-laced hat, red collar, long blue coat, and silver-headed staff, presented to view by a thorough London parish-church beadle. Such was Muggeridge at St. James's, Piccadilly, who could expel disorderlies with merely his gazing eye of indignation.

The compliant functionary at St. Nicholas, however, did his bidding gently enough, when, seeing my son's arm in mine as we slowly paced across the church, he approached us, and, after withdrawing the arm, reminded us that it was

contrary to the regulations that any persons should walk arm in arm within a church. Almost immediately afterwards we saw a printed notice in a black frame, in French and English, interdicting conversation or walking about arm in arm ; strangers being expected to conduct themselves in accordance with the object of the assembly ;— as assuredly they ought.

We counted eight confessional stations. On the front of each was affixed the name of the priest who attended at that particular closet to receive confession. One was designated as the station of M. Burke, “for the English.” “If called, resident at No. 23, Rue de l’Ecu.”

We also noticed the many boxes affixed to pillars for the reception of contributions to various funds. A money-box of this sort is called in churches a “*tronc*.” There was one for the general maintenance of the fabric of this church of St. Nicholas ; another for the support of the chapel of the Virgin at Arras ; a third for the Chemin de la Croix,—possibly for keeping in repair some road or pathway in the skirts of the town leading to a crucifix ; or, as the Roman

Catholics term it, *Un Calvaire*. Another for the prisoners in the town-gaol; a fifth for the Bureau de Bienfaisance, or Board of Bounty; the next for the poor of the parish of St. Nicholas in particular; a seventh, for the procession of the Cross.

This Bureau de Bienfaisance is a charitable fund, supported chiefly by casual contributions, and a grant of four hundred pounds yearly from the municipality. One-fifth part of the receipts of places of public amusement (concerts, balls, theatricals, &c.), is by established rule appropriated, under the title of "Droit des Pauvres," to the increase of this fund, the resources of which are thus augmented to about £1860 yearly. From this the poor are relieved, both in respect of the necessities of life and of medicine; there being no organized system of poor-laws, as in England.

"Beggary is valiant," as the weaver said to Jack Cade; and the alms collected every month in these depositories are of no insignificant importance, in reference to the method of application. The expense of tapers and surplice-wash-

ing is probably covered by offerings thus dropt in for the "Procession;" and many a dole may be distributed to the paupers who occasionally attend the services, and receive a farthing with joyfulness, from the total of four or five francs' worth of copper coin found in the "*tronc*" in the course of four or five Sundays. This is upon the well-understood maxim that every little helps; and the political and religious communities throughout the world "suck thereout no small advantage."

A large printed *affiche*, pasted at the western extremity of the nave, against the wall, struck me as being of a singularly grave character. The daylight was fading too rapidly to permit my reading a mass of letterpress sufficient to form a tolerably-sized pamphlet; but the heading, in Roman capitals, was to this effect:—

"INSTRUCTION pastorale contre la suicide; fléau qui semble vouloir desoler ce diocèse." *

Signed by the Bishop of Arras, within whose diocese Boulogne is situate.

* Pastoral warning against the practice of suicide; a scourge which threatens desolation in this diocese.

The aisles of this church, as of most other in France, are rendered unsightly, and deprived of a valuable portion of architectural beauty by the vast stacks of white beechwood chairs piled up to a height of four yards from the pavement. These are taken down by the dozen, according to the demand for them. If the last arch were reserved for this indispensable store, and a dark curtain lowered, so as effectually to conceal them from the public eye, this very common-place and derogatory spectacle would no longer obtrude itself on the sanctity of the spot in the disagreeable manner I found occasion to condemn. The letting out of these chairs forms one of the sources of revenue for the maintenance of the fabric. They are supplied by the *marguilliers* (churchwardens); and all the money accruing from the hire of them, after the first outlay is repaid, (and they are made for three shillings and sixpence, English money, each,) is appropriated to the general purposes of repairs. Whoever uses one of these chairs pays one penny, which is speedily applied for by the woman or women, who, like our pew-openers, keep a look-out on

the applicants for such accommodation. There are generally two of these women in the large churches. In the smaller, one is competent to collect the pence; and the "Swiss" acts as a sort of inspector of the toll, *custos custodis*. As the same chair is often hired by ten different individuals in one day (the churches being open from seven till dusk, and occasionally for sixteen hours), a very large sum is sometimes raised hereby, amounting—in Paris, for instance,—to upwards of ten or twelve pounds in one Sunday.

It was painful to see the rough, I might say the profane, interruption of several seemingly devout worshippers, in the midst of their prayers on bended knees, who were assailed by the graceless collector for their two sous each for the chair they were using. I suppose, however, that there is some difficulty in securing each individual's payment in a congregation whose members appear to be wholly independent of any authority or usage that might enjoin them to stay till the service should be concluded. It has been facetiously observed by some one in by-gone days (at this moment I forget by whom), that the Roman

Catholic congregationist's prayers are, like stirrup-leathers, long or short, according to the inclination of whoever has recourse to them. I noticed this several times. Some parties *began at the beginning* (as we used to say with our nursery spelling-books), and stayed till the mass was entirely ended. Meanwhile a score would come in, drop into a chair, remain in prayer for ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour, and then walk away. Of course the collector had enough to do in *dodging* these flitting visitants.

I counted one hundred and sixty persons present at one time, on this occasion of their attending the extra service at St. Nicholas, and of making contributions for the Irish. Twenty-six of this number were men, very respectably attired. This is not the usual proportion, however. I should say that in all the Parisian congregations, week-days and Sabbaths, one-third present were males.

At 8 o'clock, French repast and French climate. We sat down alone in a long saloon, the dining-room of the hôtel; the wide glass doors of which opened into the court-yard. The room

was about forty feet long, broad, and high in proportion. There was no fire. The flame of the candles did not flicker ; nor did the full drapery of the curtains near the door move. The temperature was delightful : the thermometer outside indicated 59° English reckoning. Two evenings previous I had enjoyed my seat by a brisk fire in our drawing-room in Kent, at the same hour.

This is the charm of the climate of *La belle France*. I felt light and active as my companion ; and, instead of looking around for an easy-chair, as at home, I proposed another ramble before bedtime, and walked up into the Hauteville. Every step introduced me to some great improvement. The pavements, the drainage, the gas-lights, the amazing changes in respect of ventilation and cleanliness, compared with the state of things in 1820, could not fail to arrest even the most careless traveller's notice. In fact, I detected not one of the old abominations. Whether this be attributable to the settlement of so many English families in the town, or to the convictions gained by the French proprietors or authorities, who have from time to time gone

across, it is matter of congratulation that a code of decency and life-preserving cleanliness should have been adopted on all sides, to the exclusion of almost everything that could offend the senses ; and to the establishment of conveniences, comforts, and refinements, to which, at the period of the long war, every British subject bade a melancholy farewell when leaving the opposite shores of his own country.

On passing under the old gateway of the ramparts, we heard a large bell tolling the curfew ; “ *que tout le monde se rendroit chez soi,*” as a “blue-frock” observed to us. As we contemplated neither the raising of the garrison, nor the slightest attempt at disturbance in the quiet streets of the town, we pursued our walk according to the sober citizen’s assurance that *we* might roam as we chose, without taking thought for sentinels or challenge in any quarter. Profound stillness prevailed throughout the town. The curfew, I presume, is not altogether inoperative ; but I omitted to inquire whether the original interdict against fire and candle being used in the barracks after the bell has ceased tolling, is

still enforced. The old *sobriquet*, or nickname, given to this iron-tongued monitor, when I was a mere lad in France, used to be “*Marie gêne*,” Mary being the name of the bell itself, and *gêne* signifying “is a nuisance.”

Once more in a French bed ! and a luxurious place of rest it is. I have slept through many a summer and winter night in France, and never felt the annoyance of any description of insect at night. In this particular even their fifth-rate hotels in the capitals, ay, and the post-houses and little public houses on the road-side, in the most lonely districts, are entitled to the highest praise. Without being “un-English” in my censure, I wish I could say as much of our own country, in the blankets or sacking, or framework of whose “Good beds for travellers,” there is but too frequently “that within which passeth show,” or Messieurs les Voyageurs would not get into them. But “night’s candles are burnt out.” It is high time I put an extinguisher on the expiring wicks, and on this my first and long introductory chapter.

CHAPTER II.

A SUNNY morning in France. *Couleur de rose!* How joyous! No fog, no smoke, no flies, no currents of air, or demands on flannel waistcoats. Where I live in Kent (and it is a genial locality) I sometimes think the church vane sticks fast, for lack of oil, in the north-east. We spent twenty-one days in France without knowing or caring which way the wind blew; so happily is the "*juste-milieu*" observed by that ideal, mysterious agent, whom the facetious persist in calling the clerk of the weather.

Arrived at the fish-market: a glut of skate;—but *Ophiura* might have been supposed to have emancipated her territory of all the serpent tribe to whose fecundity she owed her name. I should estimate the supply of conger-eels, this morning, at about six hundred. Some were of most for-

bidding dimensions. The monster brood lay scattered on the slimy ground in every hideous convolution of their tribe ; and the usual thoroughfare of the stalls had become impassable. Who are the buyers, or, rather, let it be asked, who are the eaters of these dragon dainties ? I gazed on one most Python-like, whose equanimity seemed disturbed by the horrid din of the infuriated fishwomen at that moment making active preparation for "a very pretty quarrel," (as Sir Lucius would have said) originating in some contested biddings at an auction of plaice and maids. I thank the eel for teaching me that word "Python ;" it was a classical *souvenir*. Let me for a moment indulge in it. There was no Apollo, save the ruddy, radiant-nosed, marine deity, who seemed to dictate law and discipline among the nymphs to whom he was knocking down his bushels of flat-fish ; but all that in the olden games of Greece constituted the *Πυθικός νομὸς* was here to be found in most exact order and accuracy of celebration. As we drew a little nearer to the haddock-stall we heard, 1. the *ἀναγούσις*, or preparation for the fight. We

then witnessed, 2. the *εμπειρα*, or first attempt ; 3. the *κατακλεισμος*, or taking breath, and collecting courage ; then, among heaps of soles and mackerel we overheard, 4. the *ιαμβοι και δακτυλοι*, the insulting sarcasms of the god over his vanquished enemy ; and, by the bye, the manner of the Bononian “ fish-fag’s ” application of *her δακτυλοι* to her teeth in the expression of derision and contempt, is quite unique : 5. we heard the *συριγγες*, or hisses of the serpent Python, who found incomparable proxies in these female belligerents, one glance at whom sufficed to teach us, in real life, “ *furens quid foemina possit*,” or what womankind can do “ when her dander’s up ! ”

The French tongue articulated in a state of mania is the most astounding utterance for which jaw can move, or lung give breath. I question if any civilized native, *même académicien*, could interpret a word of the “ angry parle ; ” and, so far, their open war is altogether *en particulier*, and they have all their salt wit and slang entirely to themselves ; but how they manage to dispose of their creepy, crawly, serpentine stock,

(the greater part of which measures nine inches in girth and five feet in length,) and keep the lobsters from taking a grab now and then at the smaller fry at their feet, while they have to answer such stern demands on all their *force physique* and mental energies, in the course of these regular stand-up fights, is, in my esteem, a marvel and a mystery, not undeserving of a certain extent of philosophical research. I cannot conceive that Billingsgate itself, when things don't go off quite pleasantly alongside the boats, could send forth a legion of more terrific scolds than these.

It was ludicrous to see here and there an old crone perched on the top of a barrel, under the shelter of a high dried salt umbrella, and, to all appearance, nodding off into a doze, all of a sudden jump up as if dislodged by a maroon or petard beneath, and rush across in a paroxysm of party spirit, wrath, and indignation, prepared to achieve any extent of prowess with tongue or talon among the distant belligerents. This must have been for the pure love of a "skrimmage," and to let the raw levies, whom mere curiosity

had inveigled into the fray, perceive that there was life in the old girl yet !—So much for Pisces, the Virgins, and the Scales.

As we strolled to our hotel to breakfast, we met a girl of about eight years of age carrying home a loaf upwards of two feet in length, between her teeth ; doing duty, perhaps, for some absentee dog, who had been accustomed to carry it for her, but who was, just at present, staying to see the row completely out, and probably speculating on the favourable opportunity of taking home a captive maid or a thornback, unperceived, from the scene of war. I thought it a pity the ladies on the quay we had just left did not adopt this mode of carrying about their samples of finny merchandise, and, as Ben Jonson's Truewit says, display their strength *magis ferendo quam feriendo*.

There are two or three shops in Boulogne in the windows of which are exhibited for sale some of the most beautiful specimens of carving in ivory to be met with in the country. These exquisite works are wrought chiefly by the poorer class of mechanics in Normandy, (about Dieppe

and Caen,) who procure good engravings, and produce therefrom admirable likenesses of celebrated men and women. Some busts (the head not bigger than a small walnut) of Louis Philippe, Queen Victoria, Napoleon, Voltaire, Walter Scott, Shakspeare, Byron, and certain other, were faultless in execution, and not exorbitantly priced. I purchased the only bust of Shakspeare I saw for fifteen shillings, mounted on a pedestal. There were also several sizes of Joan of Arc, two of which, with a full-length Napoleon, found their way into my portmanteau.

M. Lalouette's stock-in-trade of these objects at No. 32, Rue de l'Ecu, will amply repay a visit, though I know nothing about his umbrellas, which, compared with our British specimens of the article, are probably more for show than use; according to his native proverb, "When it is fine carry an umbrella; in rain do as you like."

Just as we drew near to our hotel, up came the light four-horse English stage-coach, built and coloured royal mail fashion, with two pair of greys, shining black leather and brass-ornamented harness, and "bugler." The whole turn-out is

ad captandum, and it is said Mr. Angle, the proprietor, has succeeded. I must confess, however, that my voice is still for the old diligence; unless I have a lady to escort, in which case a private carriage, alternately with the railway carriage, is indispensable. But though the "Boulogne Mirror" designates this native vehicle as "rumbling and clumsy," and pities it on every occasion of its being in juxtaposition with the British turn-out, I take occasion to observe that "the splendid scenery which presents itself on every side in the course of the journey from Boulogne to Abbeville," (as the advertisement states,) may be viewed to the greatest advantage from the *coupé*, and still better from the *banquette*, of the huge old-fashioned five-ton-weighted edifice on wheels, of the Messageries Royales, in which we had secured the best and most expensive accommodation by a letter previously addressed to the book-keeper from England. In neither of these places were we subjected to the annoyance of tobacco-smoke: One of our drivers, indeed, contemplated a quiet whiff; but half a word from the conductor consigned the pocket-pipe to the re-

cesses of the pouch from which it had issued. I saw five cigars in full puff on the summit of Mr. Angle's English "Nonpareil," and rejoiced in the sweetness of the desert air around our *coupé*, in which, reserving any further inspection of Boulogne till our return, we at length started for Abbeville and the railroads.

Of our five horses, (the three leaders abreast,) one stood sixteen hands and a half in height:—it was a wheeler. The three leaders carried on their collars eighteen bells. We left the town with the customary "clack! clack! clack!" of the whip, one of the most genuine French sounds that greet the English ear across the straits, and no easy thing for an English hand to produce. The whipstaff is made of a very pliant wood of the willow tribe, brought in large quantities from Perpignan in the south: it nearly resembles a stout willow-rod, and is elastic as whalebone. To this is attached a long strip of white leather (we should call it buff), about five-eighths of an inch broad through its entire length of five feet eight or ten inches, at the extremity of which is fastened a lash of whipcord ten inches long. This

constitutes the whip universally employed by drivers of every variety of vehicle, except the postilion, who still uses a whip somewhat like our post-boys', but larger. He, also, cracks away marvellously. There is no plaiting in the thong. It is as plain as a garter; and, as I was informed by one of the "coaching folk," is, in all cases, made out of old harness. When the buff leather reins begin to shew wear and tear, and are incapable of improvement by splicing or stitching, they are invariably cut up into these strips, and fulfil another long period of service under the new form of a whip-thong, making no light noise in the world. The economy of the thing is as creditable as the *sclat* with which, aided by a few cabalistic words best understood by the team, these admirable drivers cut along, on excellent terms with their cattle, and at a pace which, considering the weight behind, is absolutely wonderful. I inquired, as we left one of the weigh-bridges, what might be our weight, and ascertained it was something over eleven thousand three hundred and forty-six pounds!

Our accommodation in the *coupé* was very

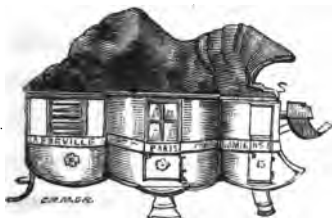
good, but I have no hesitation in giving the preference to the *banquette* above it, which resembled a roomy phaeton, (with German shutters, and comfortable cushions and padding,) placed on the roof of a travelling chariot. From the top of this is stretched a vast leather covering like our rick-cloths, terminating at the extremity of the diligence itself, and overspreading all the luggage.

The highest altitude to which this accumulation of boxes and bags may chance to rise is called *la Montagne*; and when the yard porter, who climbs up to the roof of the diligence to stow away the twenty or thirty packages belonging to the passengers, has, as he supposes, nearly completed the pyramidical form in which, *selon son métier*, he builds up these component parts, he calls out to the ostlers and stablemen below, “*La montagne, est elle complete?*” which literally means “Is the mountain completed?” but otherwise might be interpreted, “Shall I have occasion to build up any higher?”—“*Qu’oui*”—“*C’est fait!*” “All right!” and he buckles all round, stretching and strapping till the coal-black coverlid is extended as tight as a leaden roof over

the concentrated *proprium* of the whole of the passengers on that day's journey. Once secured after this fashion, the Stultz coats in our valise, or the coifs and rosaries in our fair fellow-travelers' *cartons* (there were two nuns, inside, on their way to Amiens) might travel to the shores of the Bosphorus unharmed by the elements !

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages !
Nothing ill come near thee !"

Cymbeline.

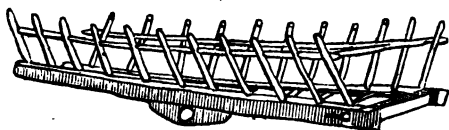


It was in the *banquette* here described that we subsequently had an opportunity of enjoying the recollection of Mr. Haliburton's admirable chapter on the *méchanique*. This *méchanique* is a handle like that of a coffee-mill, to the left of the conductor's seat, which I have marked s on the

near side. By turning this round about four times, he draws forward from behind a bar, which, pressing tightly on the hinder wheels, retards their motion down a slope, and supersedes the use of the chain and skid, for the application of which some one must always get down from our English carriages. When the necessity for checking the velocity of the progress of the vehicle has ceased, three or four turns from left to right relax the pressure, and the wheels revolve freely. The process is admirable; nothing can be more simple or effectual. Of the perils, however, attendant on the neglect of its application, the memorial of the "Attaché" above-mentioned gives a description too comical to admit of my spoiling it by never so slight an allusion.

Met a dozen donkeys ridden by women, bringing baskets of butter, fowls, fruit, and eggs to market:—all the women white-nightcapped. The greater number of carts are open at the sides, and in many instances at the bottom also. This lessens the cost of building them by one-third, and enables one horse to do the work of two, if allowed a donkey; just as cooks, in a small way,

undertake to dress a dinner of two moderate courses, if "the charwoman" be "laid on." When I say open at the sides, I mean that those sides resemble ladders placed horizontally. Strange



as it may appear, the French carter will convey in one of these primitive wains, with two wheels, and without planks, a thousand or twelve hundred *bricks* or *tiles*: I saw both. Not an atom of the load was sliding or slipping; all lay as compact as in the kiln. The method of packing is simply to spread tolerably large rush mats at the bottom and along the sides, which, independent of all string or rope, supplies the place of boarding, and, as before mentioned, diminishes to a considerable extent the weight of the carriage.

Many of their dung-carts, drawn by one horse, are also of peculiar construction: they are *not a yard wide*, but measure four in length, and bear a near resemblance to the egg-chests we occasionally see outside the egg-dealers' shops in London,

all of which are French or Flemish. I met several of these carts. The wheels were five feet six inches in diameter; two only. One Norman mare was invariably drawing along as much manure as two of our sturdiest Kent horses could manage with the ponderous tumbrel. The French carters appear to be perfectly conversant with the theory of traction. They poise the weight with wonderful exactitude, and never leave the animal to a "dead pull." They are careful not to press on his loins by hanging his load too high; they are equally circumspect in guarding against the exhausting drag to which the horse is subjected, when his burden is deposited too near to the road.

We observed oak-trees and apple-trees growing together in the plantations. Vast quantities of oak-timber are to be seen wherever the soil is adapted to such cultivation. This is principally for the supply of fuel, enormous loads of which were being carried into the town, chiefly composed of oak, beech, elm, and young chestnut.

In the marshy lands vast tracks are cut up into peat for firing. I remarked that oak-trees, not

apple, as formerly, are planted, according to Sully's most discreet judgment, on either side of the main roads. For some miles' length we noticed pollard elms.

The heavily laden wood-carts were drawn by two horses at length, managed by one rope, like a clothes-line, which communicated with their bridles by a ring at the top of the harness. The road was the very perfection of macadamization, from forty to forty-five feet wide, in thorough repair, smooth, clean and even. It was more like an ornamental drive through some fine park, than the highway of the public. I observed, however, in some localities, that more pains had been bestowed on the centre than at the sides. Wide breadths of grass are left between the causeway and the fields, right and left. The common practice is, when scraping the road, to raise a long narrow heap of road-dirt in the shape of a small potato or mangel-wurzel mound, and to cut turf from the plots of grass, and cover this with it. I counted some scores of these green grave-like mounds, and at length saw one that had just been opened for a supply of material, in a hollow which

evidently required some loam to bind the stones just thrown in.

It is almost needless to record that the public roads are managed by the government. They may well be termed royal routes. A certain individual, in every commune or parish, undertakes to keep in repair a stipulated extent of distance, and to carry out the government regulations. He contracts with the royal commissioners, and engages to keep in employ, whenever occasion shall require it, a certain number of hands. He is denominated the *cantonnier*, and, wherever he sets three road-men to work, he is required to erect a post, like our wayside direction-posts, to which are affixed two little tablets, bearing his name and the number of the canton. But there has been a thorough reform in the whole matter of road-making, within the last twenty years. Monsieur Dupin, speaking on this subject in 1824, said, "We (the French) scarcely confide to the zeal of the inhabitants the repair of a village footpath. Before a basket of pebbles can be thrown upon the smallest departmental road, we require imperatively that the future expense of this basketful

shall be carried to the budget of the *arrondissement*, then to that of the *departement*, then submitted to the grand council of bridges and highways, sitting in an office at Paris, at the distance of perhaps six hundred miles from the locality in which the work is to be executed."

Things are ordered far otherwise now. I travelled several leagues with one of the mayors of the *communes*, and learned from him that the system of the *corvée*, as it is termed, in respect of the highways, has been materially improved; and that every facility is now afforded towards the *entretien de route*, the preservation of the main roads, and even of the cross-roads, and what we call parish roads.

Every labouring man is required to give a certain number of days' labour; more or less, according to the population and the influence of the dry or wet seasons on the roads. Some work six days, some only three, in the year, without pay. Those in grade above them, who will not work, pay such sums as will remunerate those who are summoned to work *out of turn*. In short, it is the application of our highway-rate

under an altered form. Many, if not most, of our Kentish cottagers, for instance, are small rate-payers. The French system would say to them, as it were, "We do not require you to pay your quota in purse, but in person." In England, however, four rates may not tax such a rustic parishioner to a higher amount than six or seven shillings in the twelvemonth; and this they would pay rather than give three or four days' labour on the road in a county where thirteen shillings and sixpence a-week are, at this moment, the current wages.

The stone-breakers we saw on the road take good care of their brains and complexions: an armful of straw and a sheep-hurdle (*Juvat ire sub umbrā*) set the great tanner and baker at defiance!

But when the work is done, "'tis well done," beyond doubt. They conform to Sir James's father's earliest regulations, and guage with a precision I should be glad to witness here. Not a fragment does their busy hammer leave on the heap which a man might not easily press between his upper and lower front teeth; and I question

still whether any stone of larger dimensions should be laid into a macadamized road ; though it is said that the intelligent knight has, for a considerable period, abandoned his progenitor's "narrow guage."

Met ten or eleven farmers riding to Boulogne market (Wednesday) ; all in blue frocks, fresh-complexioned, healthy, sprightly-looking men, under forty years of age. Their horses trotted at a brisk pace ; but were of the common hack family, and badly groomed.

No mile or league-posts now. The distances in France are indicated on the stone post, or wooden white painted panel, as the case may be, by kilomètres. The kilomètre is equivalent to five English furlongs, and the old "*poste*," by which post-travelling was formerly reckoned, and which mostly comprised about five miles and a half, is superseded by the myriamètre, equal to six and a quarter English miles. When, therefore, at a point in the road commanding a delightful expanse of hill and dale, and almost everything that constitutes *paysage riant*, we saw the affix "230 kil.," we were taught that we were at the

distance of fifty-seven leagues from Paris. This mode of reckoning was adopted in the first week of January, 1840.

We were travelling at this point over land as hilly as Kent, undulating in all the lovely varieties of the vicinity of Tunbridge and Sevenoaks; and rich as Somersetshire in elm and other timber-trees. The declivities down which we dashed, and the steep ascents up which our Jehu-like driver sprung his five mares at a gallop were full of beauty. I refer principally to the right of the road, towards Samers. The wood-scenery is splendid. One would say the eye could never tire here. It is the *tableau vivant*, which, as sun and cloud succeed each other, is ever new and ever changing, and the poetical exclamation, "God made the country, and man made the town," is borne out with sublime truth.

Some kilomètres further on we walked a long hill. Here we encountered the first beggars we had seen in France,—a man and five children. It is creditable to the country that we subsequently saw no more till we were in Paris.

By favour of the large quarries hereabouts the

cottages are substantially built, and the stone-walls do infinitely better service than our fences and palings, which are but too commonly regarded as the standing supply of fuel by the British "rurals."

Tiles are now more common than thatch in the roofing; and large panes of glass are to be distinguished even in very lowly dwellings. It is of a very ordinary quality, wavy, rather green, and knotty; but presents a most respectable appearance when contrasted with the mere holes in the wall of the last century.

Saw a solitary specimen of thorough slovenliness in farming. It was a six-acre field of beet-root. I thought there were cabbages interspersed throughout the crop. They were huge thistles! This was the only instance I met with in eight hundred miles. I must believe, in charity, that the owner or occupier was an "*éleveur de baudets*" (a breeder of asses); and that this *entre-met de chardon* was intentionally reserved for the special relish of the stud. Joking apart, however, I ascertained that, even on the best farms, a slovenly custom prevails of pulling up such

weeds only as are sure not to overtop the standing crop before harvest. This is toleration of the worst spirit, assuredly.

A little farther on, at a small house of refreshment for man and horse (or, as the French say, *à pied et à cheval*,) I noticed that the keeper of the hostelry sold "after-grass," made into poor hay, and disposed of it at half-price. It is surprising to observe how little inclined these people are to make the best use of pasture. Their cows are mostly stall-fed. They will choke a horse with chaff, rather than turn him out into a meadow. The fact is, their country (Picardy) does not produce the grape-vine, and, as in Normandy, cider is the general beverage. Hence their practice of converting pasture into orchard; where, if their cow or horse were turned loose, the animal would unhesitatingly devour apples like a school-child in October. In the marshlands alone saw I any horses or cows grazing.

The farmers raise excellent white-thorn hedges, but nowhere did I see them *laid*. There was either utter ignorance of our system of laying the

quickset, or culpable indifference; the more astonishing, inasmuch as they are evidently obliged to intertwine a kind of rattle fence below, because of the unchecked growth of the thorn; the bare stems of which no longer sufficed to act as a fence. Had I been travelling leisurely I should, to a certainty, have requested permission to handle the bill, and explain how we manage the matter in our part of the world; in other words, "show how fields are won" from the state of deterioration sure to follow from unchecked trespass of man or beast.

Where there were no fences of any sort—and in this part of the country they were comparatively rare, the crop, especially wheat, terminated within about ten feet of the sloping grassy bank which abutted on the greensward bordering the main road. This struck me as a waste of ground. In Touraine and Normandy I subsequently found the soil cultivated up to the last inch. Where the plough had stopt short, the spade or dibble had begun; and a thriving little border of potatoes or French beans, or peas, carrots, and beetroots, even onions and small cabbages, would

contribute its varied produce for the market-pannier, in the same harvest which would gather the staff of bread into the barn. I noticed similar husbandry, *in gemälde*, throughout Flanders, in 1816. A far better understanding must subsist between the cultivators of these miniature crops and "all them who pass by the way," than prevails in our country, where an occasional halt of gipsies, with horses, asses, small children, and large soup-caldrons, would very soon undeceive the spade-labourer as to his expectations of gathering for himself in such exposed situations.

Changed horses at Samers. The "out-going" driver, the "in-coming," and two stable-helps detached our five mares, and had placed six fresh, in complete readiness for the start, within fifty-seven seconds. I observed the alacrity with which all hands went to work; and, like the critic of Garrick's soliloquy, I made a point of timing them by a stop-watch. This is a feat consistent with the title borne by these extraordinary carriages (*La Diligence*). I think their speed is enhanced by the modern plan of the driver being placed in a sort of dickey-seat, and

supplied with reins—like *clothes-lines*,—instead of riding, as formerly, on one of the near horses, and running all chances with them of dispatch and death.

The horse-keeper feeds these diligence horses chiefly on oats and sainfoin ; and they repay the nourishment with exertions of marvellous power. It is an amazing, I might say a frightful, spectacle to see one of these triple coaches plunging down a hollow at full gallop, and springing up a road, twice as tedious in acclivity as Holborn Hill, with an impetus worthy of the express train. Let the reader imagine himself on board a collier hulk, dipping down into the trough of a maddening sea off Cape Finisterre ; and this conception will suffice for once. Joking apart, if the centre of gravity be lost, and man and “mountain” aforesaid be removed and cast on either side, the annihilation of the whole concern would probably be total ; the trunks at top and *the trunks within* would fare equally ill, and the amputation of limbs would be called for as imperatively as the cutting asunder of the rope-harness. Accidents, however, are exceedingly rare.

At the distance of a mile and a half from Samers, we took in a reinforcement to our train, a lad and pair of horses, which he hooked on before our leaders, without obliging us to stop. Our whole length was now fifty-five feet ! This young stripling rode to admiration. In attire he seemed half sweep, half butcher-boy, wearing the blue slop frock, and a sooty black cap with long tassel. In activity he rivalled the tall quadruped of which he seemed, as it were, a part, as he cut along, up hill, down hill, with the ponderous mass and half wild Norman mares in his rear ; never rising from his saddle, or diverging from the perpendicular, except now and then to turn round with a broad grin and joke for the driver, when the dust and danger thickened, and forced from his light French heart a sally of irresistible humour, tantamount to “ Ar’n’t we going it now ? —My eyes ! how jolly !—what fun ! ”

There is a view of a rich valley at about three miles beyond Samers, well worth all the journey from England. The landscape is equally beautiful on either side of the road ; but the prospect from the summit of the hill, where we dismissed

young black and blue and his pair, was in no single respect inferior to the vales of Taunton or Aylesbury in our own country, or to the renowned Pianura dei Greci in Sicily. Enhancing the delight of gazing on this fascinating spot of divine creation, here was the additional charm of grand historical associations, such as make English travellers stand on tiptoe when such days are named as Cressy and Agincourt ; the plains of the latter being, in fact, extended in the vast breadth of country beneath our gaze, where, four hundred and thirty-two years since, the valour of Dukes Alençon, Orleans, and Bourbon, shed lustre on our Henry's victory ; and one hundred princes entered into battle, each with his banner before him. There were also churchmen militant in that day, old Montaign, Archbishop of Sens, having fought with indomitable courage, and quitted this planet in company with three dukes, six earls, ninety barons, fifteen hundred knights, and seven thousand esquires, or gentlemen ; a tolerably select assembly of *esprits forts* to tread the way of dusky death, between ten o'clock in the forenoon and five P.M.

Shakspeare introduces King Henry recapitulating the loss of the French as follows :—

“ This note doth tell me of ten thousand men
That in the field lie slain. Of princes in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six : added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred : of the which
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb’d knights ;
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries ;*
The rest are—princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
The names of those their nobles that lie dead—
Charles Delabret, High Constable of France ;
Jaques of Chatillon, Admiral of France—
The Master of the Cross-bows, Lord Rambures ;
Great Master of France the brave Sir Guischart Dau-
phin ;
John, Duke of Alençon ; Anthony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy ;
And Edward Duke of Bar. Of lusty Earls
Grandpré and Roussi ; Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death ! ”

Hen. V., act iv. scene 8.

Shortly after we left this interesting locality, we passed the 218 kilomètres stone, galloping into a range of country resembling the level land

* Common soldiers.

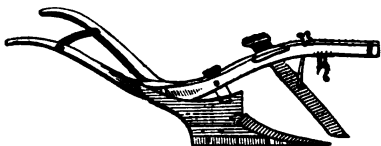
of Wiltshire. And here we saw one of the peculiar mills of this part of France. A stone-built round tower, surmounted by a slated roof, rising into a cone, after the style of the most ancient pinnacles of the fifteenth century.

The road was broad as hitherto, and planted at the sides with elm, lime, and, occasionally, ash-trees. The husbandry good; no poppies, charlock, thistles, or other weed visible; and the wheat standing very thick. The rye was ripe for the sickle. A wide extent of land was cropped with peas; beans we saw none, nor turnips.

The generality of the barns were built with timber and clay, and tiled. Not a hedge or fence of partition in sight, nor, indeed, a labourer. We travelled several miles without discerning a living object. At length we fell in with a stone-breaker working under his screen, as already described. Not far from the scene of his labour lay a harrow; the teeth, as usual, all of wood, and curved.

Near Cormont we saw two ploughs, of the simplest possible construction, and rather uncouthly framed. They were much the same with

Small's plough, which may still be seen in England, and in some parts of Scotland. The French use two horses with it, and plough the



half hectare, that is, one acre thirty-seven perches and a half in ten hours and a half.

At length we approached Montreuil. At about two miles distant from the outworks of this strongly fortified place, I noticed several acres of beans; they were overrun with charlock; and the work of extirpation, better late than never, had just begun under the hands of two old women, who were plucking up the yellow intruder with busy fingers, which rapidly filled their aprons; whereupon they began to stuff the weeds into a large sack, like a foul linen bag, tied across their shoulders, and hanging down behind. When both bag and apron are filled they waddle off, deposit the contents at the extremity of the furrow and begin again. Three men, not far

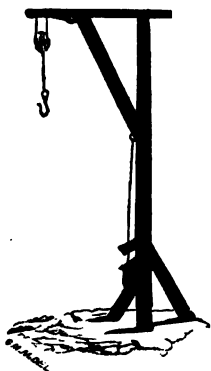
from these weeders, were digging a pit: I remarked the spades they used; the handle was five feet six inches in length, without a hand-piece or "poignée" as they call it. The labourer relies on the impetus given by the grasp of his left hand in the middle, and of his right at the upper part; and I have seen the excavators on some of the railways now in progress in France, using this, to our notions uncomfortable, tool with considerable effect.

"There is not a town in all France," says Mr. Shandy, "which, in my opinion, looks better in the map than Montreuil."

Uncle Toby's and the corporal's military ardour would have been most assuredly damped had they crossed the first moat of this fortress with us on this occasion, when the farmers who occupy the marshes hereabouts were busily employed in superintending the washing of about one hundred and fifty sheep, for whose effectual ablution the water in old Vauban's deep ditches was now doing its peaceful office, after a lapse of a century and a half since the Marshal engineer raised scarp and counterscarp, platform and glacis,

chain and drawbridge, to render Montreuil impregnable.

The lamp-posts in the fortress are the veriest



gibbets in Christendom ; black as ebony, and looking as grim as if impatient of doing execution on somebody or something in the course of the day. This is "hanging-wood" on the hill-side in terrible reality. I never saw such truly gallows, dark

designs for dispensing radiance. Turpin himself would have quailed at the sight !

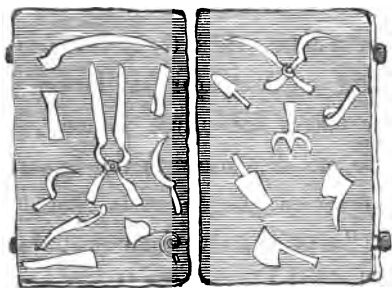
Well ! this is where that creature of Fancy, Yorick, engaged La Fleur as a valet. La Fleur's qualifications being stated to consist of his ability to beat a drum, play a march or two upon the fife, and make spatterdashes ! Sterne's Sentimental Journey must often recur to the traveller who is conversant with that amusing, but not unexceptionable volume ; and I confess to having glanced at some extracts from its pages

while in Picardy, with sufficient relish of the letter-press to render the real life around me more and more interesting.

The town was garrisoned by the 70th regiment of infantry, in an uniform of blue frock coats, crimson red trowsers, and holland gaiters. This seems to be the favourite uniform in the French army. The men seem shorter than ever; five feet six and a half appears to be the standard, though some do not reach even that. The red in the trowsers owes its prevalence to the extensive growth of madder, which the government patronize as being much cheaper than foreign dyes, and as it encourages agriculture at home. With a view, also, to dispense with the importation of indigo, every encouragement is offered to cultivators of the plant *Polygonum tinctorium*, which yields a beautiful blue; and it is expected that the growth of it in the South of France will eventually become a source of vast retrenchment in the expenses of the army clothing.

Opposite to the post-house was a shop, which I supposed to be a tinman's or brasier's: it was painted in white and green, and had two well-

glazed window sashes. I was not a little surprised to find it was a forge; I could never have imagined so reeky, dingy a craft capable of being plied in such remarkable cleanliness, and, as it were, in a parlour. My man of the smithy was evidently a patron of fine art. The pale green shutters of his *salon* were illuminated (as we say of missals,) with milk-white representations of the chief articles on which he employed at least fire, water, and air, and *all* the elements



of industry and ingenuity. I here present a faithful copy of his *ensigns* to the reader, and record my opinion, that not even the "original little dustpan" in Holborn, or Tottenham-court Road, has ever bespoken the capacity or stock-in-trade of the proprietor with such effectiveness,

or reflected so much honour on the taste and discernment which preferred this class of *cabinet picture* to any other sort of advertisement or proclamation !

“Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.”

The ear may listen, but the thoughts will stray—
The eye retains the object you display.

I think Jean Rubichon ought to be grateful for these classical reminiscences of his shop and shutters at Montreuil.

CHAPTER III.

Six horses again. The country beyond Montreuil reminded me of Norfolk; and by the time we had reached Nampont, the open unclosed fields began to assume the aspect of the neighbourhood of Cambridge. Large tracts of pea-crops were in sight; wofully overrun with poppy. Saw another detachment of old women bending under the weight of their bags full of charlock weeds.

Came to another stone-built mill; octagonal. The roof of slate, as in the other instance, and beautifully constructed. Just as we left it, we met a flock of seventy-five sheep, gawkey, raw-boned, long-necked, long-legged, long-tailed animals; (most of their tails were upwards of twenty inches in length;) whose *scrags* indeed would

have done good service in the production of strong mutton broth, but whose legs were better made for *their* walking than for man's eating. It may seem a ridiculous thing to record, but most of the sheep I have met from time to time in France appeared to be under the influence of *low spirits*! There is a hypochondriacal aspect about them; a joyless eye in their outstretched head, which reminds me of Squeers's boys at Greta Bridge, and seems to say, "If we were but fed as a Christian man's sheep ought to be fed, and could but dine and sup on turnips, we should show fat on our loins, and contentment in our physiognomy." I could never divest myself of this notion across the water, even when discussing a Maintenon cutlet, the only tolerable sample of cooked mutton in France.

But now we crossed the plains of Cressy! Five hundred years had sped since the French King, gazing on the compact well-disciplined host of England, changed colour, and said to his marshals, "Make the Genoese (Doria's crossbowmen) go on before, and begin the

battle in the name of God and St. Denis." Of these Italian crossbowmen there were fifteen thousand; but so worn out were they by an eighteen miles' march, that they said to their officers, "We are in no condition for fighting to-day, being too fatigued to achieve any deeds of arms; we have more need of rest." When the Duke d'Alençon heard this, he said, "This is all one gets by employing such a pack of scoundrels, who fall off when there is any need for them." It was now pouring heavy rain also, and the thunder rolled overhead; and besides this, there was an eclipse of the sun, very startling. Upon which came a vast multitude of crows, hovering in the air above the French troops, and screeching outrageously. Then the weather cleared, the sun shone very bright, (it was on the 26th of August,) and the Frenchmen had it in their faces, the English at their backs.

When the Genoese had formed into something like battle array, and were advancing towards the English, they set up a loud shout, intending to

strike a panic into them ; but the English did not budge. They shouted a second time, but the English paid not the slightest regard to their clamour. They hooted in like manner a third time, advancing with their crossbows presented, and began to shoot. At that moment the English archers advanced one step forward, and shot their arrows with such force and rapidity, that one would have supposed, as the white-feathered shafts came down, that it snowed. When the Genoese felt these arrows piercing their arms, heads, and every part of their armour, some of them cut the strings of their crossbows, others flung them on the ground, and all turned right-about and retreated in thorough discomfiture. Now the French had a large body of men-at-arms on horseback, richly accoutred, to support the Genoese. The King of France seeing them thus falling back, cried out, “ Kill me those scoundrels, for they are stopping up our road without reason ; ” and then might be seen the men-at-arms laying about on their right hand and left, slaying the

Italian runaways without reservation. The English continued shooting as vigorously and quickly as before ; some of their arrows fell among the horsemen, who were sumptuously equipped, and, killing and wounding many, made them caper and fall among the Genoese, so that they were in such confusion they could never rally again. In the English army, there were some Cornish and Welchmen, on foot, who had armed themselves with large knives ; these advancing through the ranks of the men-at-arms and archers, who made way for them, came upon the French when they were in this extremity of peril, and falling upon earls, barons, knights, and squires, slew great numbers ; which massacre grieved the King of England not a little, and greatly exasperated and chafed his spirit."

I quote my favourite Froissart, and feel that no apology is due to the reader for an extract, which, being read, sounds more like the oral account given by a soldier who fought in such a fray yesterday, than the record of a chronicler who penned the history at an interval of thirty years subsequent to the action.

The loss of the French was immense.

There fell 1200 Knights.

1400 Esquires.

4000 Commissioned officers.

30,000 Rank and file.

Dukes of Lorraine and Bourbon.

Earls of Flanders, Blois, Harcourt, Vaudemont and Aumale.

The King of Bohemia.

The King of Majorca.

The English lost one esquire, three knights, and less than one hundred rank and file. Here did they first use field artillery; and on this battle-field did the young Prince of Wales adopt the ostrich plumes and motto of the slain King of Bohemia, who, being blind, desired to be led at a gallop between two knights into the thick of the fight, and thus met death.

Those feathers and the two words "*Ich dien*," "I serve," are to this day the heraldic bearings of the Prince of Wales, whom God preserve!

So much for Creçy or Cressy!

At the distance of forty-seven leagues from Paris we descried the first row of apple-trees

planted on the road-side. This was observable for about a mile's length. After quitting Nampont, I observed the great extent of the potato crop. This and the growth of peas seemed to be the principal cultivation hereabout. The face of the country is very flat and Cambridgeshire-like, but timber is abundant. The demand for wood-fuel must always render forest land especially valuable. The road was fifty feet wide. At Bernay, forty miles from Boulogne, the plantations are more and more extensive. Such a commixture of trees I had never seen. In one very broad coppice I perceived oak, elm, apple and cherry-trees growing together most luxuriantly :—

“ When they *do* agree their unanimity is wonderful ! ”

Here the scenery improved ; the wide-stretched plains being superseded by hill and dale. Saw two barns, mud-built and tiled. The roofs of the barns, and, indeed, of most of the dwelling-houses in the district, appeared to be laid on a principle altogether different from the *lapping* of our bricklayers ; and the roofs seemed ribbed after

the fashion of leaden work, the outer tile being laid in reverse order at both extremities : a broad ridge tile covers the apex, and the gables are barge-boarded ; the eaves have a flushing of broad slate. This roof, I was given to understand, is calculated to endure for two centuries ; but the poverty-struck aspect of the mud-and-timber walls contrasted vilely with the highly finished and almost decorative roof. It was like a hazel-stick cut out of the hedge, and fitted with a carved gold head.

Before we reached the inn-yard at Bernay, we saw several hands getting in a hay-crop outside the village. The farmers do not stack this crop as we do. Having made the hay, the mowers gather the swarths into masses of about fourteen feet length by five in breadth, and five feet six inches in height. In about two or three days' time they thatch these, only to protect them until the farmer finds leisure to do what follows.* At the fitting opportunity he sends in one, or, if there be more than two acres' breadth, he sends

* They adopt the same system with regard to wheat or oats which have of necessity been cut before maturity.

two men into the field. In case the field be very near the farm premises, a wagon comes with them, loaded with inferior straw : this is taken out of the wagon, as it moves among the hay-cocks ; an armful or two being deposited by each. But if there be an abundant crop of hay, no straw is sent ; the bands are made up from the hay.

The labourer now begins his peculiar job.* He pulls to pieces the mass (or haycock, as we will call it), of the dimensions already stated, and forms the hay into bundles, weighing fourteen pounds each. From long experience, he

* Pole, in his "Synopsis," introduces a note at the 7th verse of the one hundred and twenty-ninth Psalm, which seems to bear upon this mode of gathering the hay-crop. I will not trouble my reader with the Latin ; but the purport of it is, that in the earliest days of husbandry, *before sithes were invented*, the standing grass was plucked up, and thrust into the labourer's "ora vestimenti,"—i. e. into the fulness of the frock he wore ; as a man might now stuff a large quantity of green clover within a smock-frock : so that the Psalmist's binder up of the sheaves of *grass* (i. e. bundles of hay) disdaining to fill his bosom with prematurely withered produce, might possibly be working on the self-same plan with the French.

reckons the weight by his eye, and, as I learned from the farmers, with a precision which is quite marvellous. These bundles he ties up either with the straw, as I have mentioned, or with the hayband. The bundle of fourteen pounds thus made is called a *botte*, and the verb in the French language, *botteler*, signifies to make such bottles. In fact, this is the old "bottle of hay," in which our favourite adage challenges the most inquisitive searcher to find a needle. Four of these bottles make, therefore, our truss of *old* hay ; four and a half, the truss of *new*.

When the *bottle-maker*, as we may call him, has made up a sufficient number of "bottes" to fill a wagon, the vehicle is sent in, the farmer or bailiff knowing with tolerable accuracy the space of time required for the making up of the whole crop ; and these "bottes" are forked into it, and borne off to that barn which is reserved for the hay ; and there the whole crop is stowed away.

The farmers stated that they thus knew to a fraction the amount of the "yield," and the consumption of the provender, and were, moreover, enabled to regulate with exactitude the precise

allowance which each horse, cow, or sheep should receive in conjunction with other *fourrage* or provender. I must, however, reserve this part of the subject for further mention, merely recording by the way an opinion delivered by one of my agricultural acquaintances in Normandy, that our English method of stacking the hay, and letting it stand for upwards of a year, till the mass becomes so compact as not to admit of even a man's finger being thrust into it, was, for many considerations, a very superior arrangement. The reader will find this subject fully discussed in a future chapter.

In the inn-yard at Bernay stood the wagon : from the tip of the shafts to the last rail behind was a measure of thirty-eight feet ; hinder wheels six feet eight inches high. The sides and bottom (or *bed*, as we term it) open, as shown in the sketch of the cart near Boulogne.

This was to fetch in the bottled hay.

Five miles and a half further brought us into Nouvion,—as pretty a village as was ever imaged on the nursery table by favour of a Dutch toy. Our six milk-white steeds supplied to us at Ber-

may were quite in keeping with the delicate tints of dainty Nouvion's cowslip-coloured houses, and dove-grey shutters and *jalousies*, interspersed with other dwellings, fantastically "got up" with butter-like walls, and light pea-green doors, sashes, and trellis, in china-plate style !

We had travelled over a magnificent road nearly seventy feet wide, planted on either side with elm and lime-trees of ancient growth. Their lofty forms reminded me of the chestnut avenue at Bushy. The farming hereabout was excellent. Rich crops of clover-hay were being gathered in on both sides of the road. I saw seven labourers actively at work, in dark blue slop frocks, corduroy trousers, and black woollen caps,—the universal costume of French farm-servants. In the next field were eight women abreast hoeing *mangel-wurzel* ; and here we met sixty lean sheep coming from Abbeville.

Took out my watch again to time the horse-keepers while changing. They got out the six horses and equipped their successors within the minute. While this was being done, my eyes glanced at the title borne by a little *cabaret*

(public-house) opposite : "*A la descente de l'Empereur.*" Query : Did this mean "at the fall of Napoleon," or the emperor's intended descent on the shores of England ?

Just outside Nouvion, in a field of rye, we espied a white post with a board affixed, for the protection of game. It bore the inscription—"CHASSE RESERVEE," which intimated "You are requested not to shoot in this locality; the game being strictly preserved, and the proprietor contemplating good sport in September." To which, I apprehend, many an active investigator of natural history and wild life in the animal kingdom, *in our island*, would be inclined facetiously to reply, "Doesn't he wish he may get it."

Most of the country houses in this district are painted throughout their length, breadth, height, and depth, in one unvaried white. The blinds being closed, there was not even the dark relief of the windows. These candid mansions resembled so many edifices made of playing-cards. Economy originated the plan, but nothing can sanction it in respect of taste.

We were now approaching Abbeville, the cul-

tivated heights around which reminded me of the country between Boughton and Harbledown parishes and the hills nearest to Canterbury. We raised the dust around us in clouds as we quickened our gallop towards the drawbridge moat, and startled from their reveries four demure nuns whom we overtook within a stone's throw of the gates. These, the first indices of Roman Catholicism we had met with, on the road-side, since we landed in France, were very passable living substitutes for the Virgin Mary's effigies and the crucifixes of various dimensions, which, thirty-two years ago, were still to be seen frequently on the banks, against the trees, in the middle of the hedges, and, occasionally, against the gables of houses, between the coast and the capital. There is now not one to be seen throughout the whole line of road. I observed a few between Dieppe and Abbeville, when coming along the crossroad from Normandy, but nowhere else.

A handsome station is in progress of erection at the entrance of Abbeville, for the Northern Railway line from Abbeville to the coast. Two

or three years, therefore, will give a *quietus* to the sturdy, galloping, grinding old diligence, and consign both "Mountain" and "Mechanique" to oblivion.

As it is, we were hurried along to the inn where alone any vehicle was to be found to transfer us from conducteurs to engineers, from drivers to stokers; and, had I not visited the dull old town three times previously, I should have taken up my quarters here for the night. It is an interesting locality, being the capital of Ponthieu, which, be it remembered, passed by marriage to the English Crown, and in 1329, (seventeen years previous to the battle of Crécy,) Edward the Third did homage for it to Philip de Valois, who, on the eve of that momentous action fixed his quarters here, and built a bridge for the passage of his army. Speaking of bridges, there are upwards of sixty in Abbeville, in consequence of the course taken by the river Somme through the town, and three smaller streams which intersect it. The immediate neighbourhood is marshy, (abounding during winter in snipes and British *double-barrels*,) and the fens of this part

of the province of Picardy are considered as the originators of the name of Ponthieu—so many “ponts” (bridges) having been of necessity thrown across the morasses for the convenience of the population.

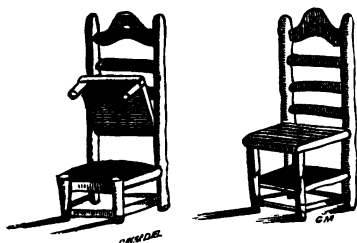
We managed to spare ten minutes for the old collegiate church of St. Wulfran; or, as some call it, the Cathedral. The portal is decidedly a very fine specimen of the rich Gothic style; and the whole edifice, founded originally by the Counts of Ponthieu, would rivet the attention to close and admiring inspection, were it not hemmed in by mean houses in every direction, as is, unfortunately, but too often the case with beautiful structures, both at home and abroad.

The interior is frittered away into chapels overlaid with ornaments in the worst conceivable taste, and repels rather than invites careful examination. We saw two models of ships dangling by a wire from the groined ceiling of the north aisle; votive offerings, probably, from some one or two individuals who had narrowly escaped shipwreck. I reminded my fellow-traveller of the last stanza of his Roman namesake's

fifth ode, Book i. which runs much to this effect :—

“ Old Neptune’s consecrated fane,
With votive tablet, will explain
The doom I chanc’d to brave :
There my drench’d garments, hung on high,
Proclaim to all how very nigh
I ’scap’d a watery grave ! ”

Chairs, as usual, were heaped up in hundreds in the aisles. One of the chairs in the nave was ingeniously made to accommodate its occupier either sitting or kneeling, by means of two bottoms and two hinges.



But now we are to get over the ground at railroad pace. My reader will perceive, I dare say, how limited my opportunities became of looking right and left into men and things. The rattle

and rumble of these locomotives are not friendly to memorandum writers ; but I can assure the indulgent and the critical that I never fell asleep ; and if I can keep the curiosity of others equally wide awake, I shall not regret my translation from the *coupé* to the corner-seat of a second-class carriage, in the train leaving Abbeville at four o'clock in the afternoon for Amiens.

I have no hesitation in declaring that these second-class carriages are as comfortable as our first. We found ourselves seated on thick cushions, covered with soft leather, and stuffed either with wool or horse-hair. No easy chair could have been more delectable ; there was padding behind us, above the shoulder, and in the panel at the window. They are six feet across from back to front, and five feet eight inches high, holding, without inconvenience, five persons on each side ; let a man's legs be never so long, he can stretch them out before him in these carriages, the fare by which to Amiens (thirty miles distant) is 2s. 11d. each. Our portmanteau, weighing eighty-four pounds, and two hat-cases, were charged at twopence. In three stations out

of four, generally speaking, we found women officiating as the ticket dispensers. They are placed at a glass window in the partition of the waiting-room (*salle d'attente*), well secured by wire-work, in which a small hole is reserved for the female clerk's fingers, to deliver to the traveller his ticket and such change as he may be receiving for his piece of money.

These dames, or demoiselles *du bureau*, are rather offhandish "critturs" as Mr. Slick would say; "Short's the word, sharp's the way," which, probably, for railway punctilio and punctuality, is the most business-like way of proceeding. I found these *financières* would in no instance give any centimes (according to the rate of exchange between the two countries) over and above the twenty-five francs (one pound and tenpence) awarded to our English sovereign-piece. In Paris, the sovereign was being exchanged on this very day, June 23rd, for 1*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.*, that is to say, for twenty-five francs and forty centimes. I recommend Messieurs les Voyageurs to present French coin, only, at French railway stations.

We found very respectable company in the se-

cond-class carriage. A fine military-looking man occupied the corner seat of the right window ; we took the two left. He entered into conversation with an elderly gentleman who was one of the directors of the line ; and I gathered from what transpired in that short colloquy, that great expectations are cherished of Abbeville's becoming, within three or four years, a very important point of communication with all great towns that anticipate advantages from the Great Northern Line.

Leaving Abbeville for Amiens, and looking out at the left window, the traveller beholds pastures of enormous extent, but proceeds some miles without seeing sheep or cows thereon. A vast amount of trade is carried on here in peat. The marshes are cut into sections for the supply of this description of fuel, which is stacked like bricks, and looks uninviting enough, where the eye of the artist is searching for Cuyp-like pictures of real life among short-horns and fleeces. The surface of the country seemed chopped up into pounds of turf ; acre upon acre exhibited its stone-grey coloured *dépôt* of bog-earth, beyond which are discovered lime-trees, willows, and gi-

gantic poplars. The view from the right window comprised large breadths of arable land, rich in wheat and rye, oats and peas. This side of the country lies much higher than the left. As we approached Saint Remy, the first station after Abbeville, we entered the rope manufactories. This is the district for twine, mats, cordage, and many other articles fabricated from hemp, vast fields of which were growing alongside the Somme. Interspersed with these were acre-breadths of poppies for the preparation of laudanum. Then were seen square areæ enclosed on every side by poplars of stupendous height, trimmed and docked as high as ladder could be raised against them, and looking deplorably naked and comfortless. I was informed that the wood of this lofty tree is used almost as generally as we use deal. As "use poles," our Kentish term, they are *highly* serviceable. (I do not mean to pun.) They are employed in the construction of every variety of cart, tumbrel, and waggon, troughs, and wheelbarrows. The French farmers, moreover, house their crops to a great extent, and know the value of poplar boards in granaries. The ordi-

nary sort of chairs and tables, and even ladders and mangers, are very commonly made of poplar. Hence the unchecked growth of this gawky, most unpicturesque, and hungry-looking tree, in most of the departments.

It was refreshing to see, after so much peat, poplar, and poppy, some few well-drained acres of dark prolific soil, laid out in charming varieties of market-gardeners' crops. Did I not envy them their noble cauliflowers, and early beans, and endives, and lettuces, and beetroots, a month in advance of us ! But the irrigation is unfailing, the waters of the Somme flowing alongside ; and this is one natural cause why their leaf does not wither, and the fruit is brought forth in due season. Indeed, it is a practice among the occupiers of those estates around St. Remy to flood the pastures every now and then, as I presently had an opportunity of observing through upwards of a hundred acres ; contiguous to which lay extended a noble area, emerald green, of the richest herbage, on which were some eighty or ninety cows, horses, and asses, browsing luxuriously.

At Pecquigny, about three-quarters of an hour

(rail-reckoning) further on, it was amusing to see the order of field-labour reversed in a gang of old women *digging*, and another of able-bodied men engaged in hand-weeding; as if the weaker sex, altogether baffled by the *herbes sauvages et mauvaises*, had voted that these evils "required more hands than theirs to lop their wanton growth." It was in this neighbourhood, however, that Mr. Young, travelling in 1802, by favour of the treaty of Amiens, saw women ploughing with three asses, and even girls guiding single-wheel ploughs, drawn by two goats. Such husbandry is now only matter of history; but the sturdy "old girls" I saw handling their spades to-day with such dexterity might have figured in the rural scene described by our countryman at that period.

Entered Amiens station at twenty-seven minutes past five, and took up our quarters for the night at the Hôtel de France.

I had visited the cathedral three times previously, but rejoiced once more to find myself beneath its hallowed roof. It is verily a magnificent temple! one in which an apostle might have exclaimed, "See! what manner of stones is here!"

The pulpit has been considered by some connoisseurs the most splendid in the world, not with reference to wood-carving,—because in this respect the Flemish pulpits are of matchless beauty,—but as regards its general effect, produced by stone-white paint (flatted) and gold. All the sculpture is painted. The cardinal virtues, “Faith, Hope, Charity, these three,” impersonated by three draped female figures, of marvellous execution, sustain the preacher’s standing-place, or rostrum. A conglomeration of cloud, resting above a palm-tree, and darting forth in every direction broad beams of glory, forms that portion which, in *our* plainer erections, is termed the sounding-board. Hovering above this is an angel, life-size, holding the volume of Scripture, on which is emblazoned in golden letters, “*Hoc fac ut vivas,*” (Do this, and thou shalt live.) Two cherubim, holding each a corner of such a sheet as St. Peter may have seen in his vision, uplift it in beautiful folds, as if in the act of stretching a tent under the palm-tree, and thus provide a breadth of back-ground, so to speak, behind the preacher, whose ardour in the holy

cause of truth and righteousness is further awakened by a stupendous cross attached to the wall facing him, on which hangs a finely-carved figure (life-size, and painted flesh-colour) of the Redeemer. I suppose the height of the entire pulpit, from the plinth on which the three "Virtues" stand, to the tip of the angel's wing, cannot be less than thirty feet. It would bear too much of the appearance of a ponderous mass of machinery in one of Ben Jonson's favourite pageants, but for the very judicious blending of dead-white and gold, which imparts the exquisite delicacy of biscuit-porcelain to every portion which is not of burnished gilding.

From the contemplation of this masterpiece of art we passed on to another, commonly designated "The weeping child." This is a cherub, in marble, sitting at about the height of eight feet from the pavement, on a monument behind the great altar, raised in memory of a canon of by-gone times, whose effigy is also a part of the group, completed by an ill-formed statue of the Virgin Mary. These three surmount the canon's tomb, and, in my opinion, have been

brought together from three different sources. The cherub is of surpassing excellence as a work of sculpture, and would have reflected credit on Bernini or John of Bologna ; the canon is of common-place handicraft, in a totally different species of marble ; the Madonna resembles a small leaden statue, occasionally purchaseable at plumbers' store-rooms in London, or at statuaries' repositories in the New Road, St. Marylebone.

As we were about to quit the cathedral, we noticed a shrine in the northern transept, before which some tapers were burning ; and, on a small altar, enclosed within a railing, lay an octagonal dish with gilt edges, somewhat like a cabinet picture-frame, on which was deposited an object very much resembling a pale transparent jelly out of an oval mould, with some dark fruit at its base. Every individual that came within sight, even children of eight and nine years, walked up to this enclosure, and, if too short to reach the top of the altar by stretching out the head, began to climb the slight railing, and so succeeded in the manifest object of kissing this mysterious-looking mass. They then crossed themselves,

and went away. During an interval when no devotees were at hand, I drew near to the spot and perceived that the shining pellucid lump I had noticed, and which had already been saluted upwards of thirty times in my presence, was a casket of crystal, deposited on a surface of crimson velvet, and covering what seemed a fragment of a skull.

It at once occurred to me that this must be the very relic which the ecclesiastics of Amiens hold in reverence as one of their greatest treasures,—to wit, all that is come down to these times of the cranium of St. John the Baptist. On inquiring of a sort of beadle, who was in attendance on a priest not far off, I found my surmise was correct.

“But,” said I, “it is only a small portion ; that crystal cover could not enclose the entire skull.”

“Ah ! mon Dieu, oui !” replied he, “that ’s true ; but *to-morrow* all the skull will be here !”

Now, the next day would be the festival of St. John the Baptist. It was, therefore, evidently an understood affair, that the faithful of Amiens

should enjoy the full privilege of whatever process might be employed, according to yearly custom, for the reproduction of the whole skull. It had not, however, become manifest at breakfast time next day, when we again walked into the cathedral. Possibly, unless fresh querists should come, and make ugly interrogatories, as I evidently had done, nothing more would be got ready.*

We observed on the other side of the church a very serviceable appropriation of the little niche in the column in which the vase or shell of holy-water was fixed. As every good Catholic is bound to walk up to this *eau benit*, dip the finger, and touch the forehead, no station in the whole cathedral could have been selected so well

* I am tempted to back this true and particular account by another which has been delivered down to the "Raconteurs" of the present time from some of the wits of Alma Mater Oxoniensis. A gentleman visiting the Ashmolean Museum, in Oxford, was not a little astonished when the "man in attendance" drew his attention to what he called the skull of Oliver Cromwell. "Indeed!" said the stranger; "why this is the cranium of a mere boy."—"Yes, sir!—but this is Oliver's skull at the time when he was a boy."

adapted for the purpose of *advertisements*. Accordingly, just over the water were two written notices, offering rewards to whosoever should bring to the owners a jasper-coloured silk umbrella, lost in the building on the 29th of May, and a black veil, dropped somewhere about the church in June. ‘Apply to the woman who looks after the chairs.’

The mechanism of the clock in the splendid western window, is still in perfect action. The hand spans the “Rose” circle, effulgent in stained glass, and indicates the time of day as it passes from hour to hour marked in the circumference. The stalls in this cathedral, carved in dark oak, and here and there chestnut and walnut-wood, are beyond all description beautiful. The cutting is as delicate in some of the features of the myriads of figures raised in *relievo*, as in the most highly elaborated cameos of Italy. The high finish perceptible throughout the details of every compartment of the scriptural subjects here illustrated is the most marvellous perfection of this class of sculpture that the world perhaps can exhibit; and the traveller who would leave

London or Florence for the express purpose of studying the handiwork here presented to leisurely contemplation, would be amply compensated for all the fatigue and cost of such pilgrimage, by even the first glance of the prodigies still manifest in the choir, of which Bishops Godfrey d'Eu and Evrard, (whose massive bronze effigies we viewed near the portal,) laid the earliest foundations. I saw several initials cut on the turn-up seats of these stalls, some in connexion with dates in the year 1645.

Well might the volunteer troops of Amiens assemble *en masse* within this cathedral, to resist the threatened ravages of the revolutionary army of 1792. They fought hand to hand in the aisles and nave; and the latter were driven with great loss from the precincts of the holy edifice, in which, for a considerable period afterwards, the armed citizens mounted guard, as if defending, in life and death, the citadel and Palladium of their home.

Glancing over the pages of the open book laid upon the eagle desk in the choir, I perceived that a portion of the service for St. John the Baptist's

day was sung in Latin Sapphics; a common practice in the Romish ritual.

“Præbuit hirtum tegumen camelus
Artubus sacris; strophium bidentes;
Cui latex haustum sociata pastum
Mella locustis.”

Which we may render thus:—

To clothe those sacred limbs the camel's hide
Its shaggy covering gave: around his loins
The fleecy girdle of a sheep was bound:—
And, blending with the meat from locusts drawn,
Wild honey's juice his daily meal composed.

I was induced to think that our hotel at Amiens must formerly have been the residence of some wealthy and distinguished family. Some of the chimney-pieces, of marble of the Pyrenees and of Languedoc, even in the bedrooms, were of extraordinarily fine execution, in the style prevalent during the reign of Louis XIV.

I was glad to find our landlord a subscriber to the Art Union of the district. In my apartment (No. 13,) hung a very good engraving, or, more properly speaking, lithographed drawing, by a M. Cazes, from a picture by Le Loir, representing Orpah, Ruth, and Naomi. It was won

by lottery in the "Société des Amis des Arts du département de la Somme." The humanizing influence of the fine arts, among even the lowest classes, is easily discerned by careful investigators of national manners and morals. A prayer-book or bible with many engravings carries its peculiar tendency into cottages and garrets. A well-executed landscape, or historical illustration, may teach and preach with singular persuasiveness, even in the bar-parlour of an inn. There is not much probability of things being ordered very much amiss in the *ménage* of a home where, besides good books, you see pencils, portfolios, and palettes lying about, and purchased prints on sacred subjects adorning the walls; at least, experience has encouraged me through many years to cherish such tenets; and the man with the sketch-book is, in my regards, mostly a man of peace. *En ce cas là*, every Art-Union

"Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros."

(Makes men less rough, and puts all harshness down.)

And Mons. L'Aubergiste was a polite citizen in his peculiar grade, and made very reasonable charges moreover.

Passing up the Rue des trois Cailloux we came direct upon the shop-window of Madame Calon. Here was a remarkably fine-proportioned young lady of about twenty years of age, lacing the brightest and best made of all sky-blue satin-covered corsets, almost touching the panes of glass, as, with total disregard of the public, and of my personal observations in particular, she twisted round, with tag firmly held between roseate fingers, such as Aurora might envy; intent, as it would seem, on reserving the last six holes till, by careful examination and un-numbered turnings of the body, she should have ascertained that the stays exercised not any force detrimental to the general contour and carriage. She did not take her eyes off mine, as she showed her sweet maidenly features and "mould of form" for the third time in one minute, through the glass of fashion; nor did a muscle of that countenance relax, when my son was plainly intimating his opinion that she seemed in no hurry to finish her toilette, while any bystander was likely to stop and watch it. To me, whose excursions to the metropolis or watering-places are

few and far between, this was altogether a novel spectacle ; but I soon learned that some of this “interesting young female’s” countrywomen have, for some time past, introduced such lacing *coram populo* in London and Brighton. My reader is probably in the secret ; they are French figures, “got up” beautifully in wax, and made to revolve by clock-work !

St. John the Baptist’s day at length dawned. Having upwards of half an hour to spare in looking about the city, previous to the start of the train for Paris, I went down to the town-hall, memorable for the Treaty of Peace signed there in 1802 ; and took a cursory glance at some of the numerous linen and woollen cloth manufactories. One fifth of the entire population of fifty-five thousand inhabitants find employment in this trade. I was told that many scores of English families reside in Amiens throughout the year ; but there are no indications of this presented to the eye ; nor are there English inscriptions or notices, or shops indicative of such settlement.

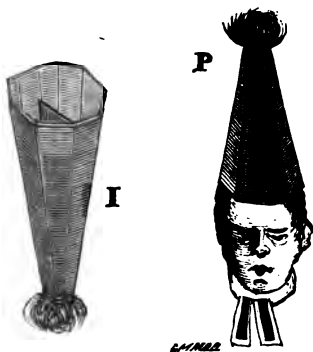
Had I been on my way home, I should have

been inclined to bag one of the renowned duck-pies, which bear as high a character here as the *foie gras* does at Strasburg. Instead of catering, therefore, I went again to church. Fragment of skull *in statu quo*. In a chapel immediately contiguous to this redoubtable relic I saw a priest seated reading. Presently there came to him a decently attired female, who kneeled down on the steps leading into the iron grill, or railing, which enclosed the chapel. He instantly laid his book aside, and, taking up a cap, advanced to her, laying the end of his stole (or short, embroidered, white and gold tissue scarf) on her head, while he rapidly repeated some words, a hundred, perhaps, in French; at the conclusion of which he presented the end of the scarf to her lips, with which she devoutly kissed the cross worked in gold thread thereon. He then held out to her the cap, into which she dropped some money, and then departed.

This cap must have been in the carpenter's or cabinet-maker's hands, since it was first fitted by the chapelier for sacerdotal heads. I caught a favourable opportunity of scrutinizing its inward

structure, and perceived it was ingeniously contrived to fulfil its primitive purpose of sticking upright on a presbyter's brow, and a secondary object, in its adaptation as a "tronc," or money-box for the contributions of the faithful.

This (P) is the priestly cap, *proper*, with head *en suite*.



This (I) is the priestly cap *improper*, with apparatus for copper and silver money. It reminds one of Costard's "Alms-basket of Words." On inquiry, I found that the priest had repeated, as he held the scarf on her head, what the verger called part of the Gospel of St. John, but which, on reference to the *Petit Eucologue*, or Romish prayer-book, I believe to have been the French

translation of the Latin prayer "O Deus, qui præsentem diem," &c.

"O Dieu ! qui nous avez rendu ce jour vénérable par la naissance de Saint Jean, accordez à votre peuple la grace d'y goûter des joies toutes spirituelles, et conduisez les âmes de vos fidèles dans la voie du salut éternel, par notre Seigneur Jesus Christ. Ainsi soit il."

About twenty individuals resorted to this ecclesiastic while I stood near the railing, and went through the same ceremony. Some dropped in the money by way of beginning ; but none went away without contribution. Three little fellows came, between six and eight years of age ; one of whom held a half-eaten cake in his hand, which he seemed very eager to finish before he was dismissed.

I am willing to believe that these obligatory forms are not without their usefulness ; they would possess higher claim, nevertheless, to reverence if the *begging cap* were laid aside. "Bring presents unto Him that ought to be feared," (Psalm lxxvi.) is an exhortation but too widely perverted in the patrimony of St. Peter. Go where you will during service-time,

you are sure to hear the chink of money in the Romish churches, which, in a Protestant Englishman's ears, who always expects to have a *compte rendu*, (or statement, showing how such collected money is applied,) awakens feelings of distrust and dissatisfaction, independent of the just objection to moneychanging and settlements in the Temple. "The seats of them that sold doves," are revived in the stools of those who sell tapers; and as for the chair-letting, the gathering of two sous per chair is almost incessant; and, as at Boulogne, I was shocked to see the collector joggling the elbow of a worshipper, who appeared wrapt in devotion, for the immediate payment of the hire of a seat.

While, on the subject of the nativity of St. John the Baptist, I may as well quote a passage from the Romish Prayer-book, calling the serious attention of young persons to the inference that should be drawn from the dreadful fact of the dancing of the daughter of Herodias having caused the murder of the Saint.

"Young people should, moreover, particularly notice the cause of this great man's death. The

vanity of a girl devoid of shame; a wretched dance,—produced as its immediate result, the execution of the precursor of the Messiah; for the head of the Baptist was the reward of the wanton gestures of a brazen-faced minx. Even if dances were not in direct contravention of religious ordinances, and at variance with Christianity and reason itself, should not this single incident itself be deemed quite sufficient to render this species of diversion abominable in the estimation of all Christians !”

Alas ! for the French cotillon and quadrille, —*Chaine des Dames, Cavaliers seuls, Pas de quatre, Coulon, Cerito, Zephyrs, Paulines !* (The very word “danse,” is aboriginal French.) What, in the face of this anathema, is to be said of “*Vive la danse ?*” I well remember having read a printed invitation from the war-office in Paris, pasted on the walls of Strasburg, in 1820, which held out, as one of many inducements for young men to recruit and become soldiers, the peculiar advantage, that they would be taught *dancing* in the barracks !

CHAPTER IV.

“LOUIS PHILIPPE, Roi des François à tous presents et à venir, salut !” Such was the heading of a large placard affixed to the panel of the wall in the passengers’ waiting-room (*salle d’attente*) at the station, where I applied for tickets for the railway train to Paris. What could this royal proclamation import ? “The King of the French, to all unto whom these presents shall come, now, and henceforth, greeting.”

And signed, “pour expedition,

“LE COMMIS GREFFIER.”

Reader ! (who mayest also some day be a traveller on the same line,) it was to inform the public that the *Tribunal de première instance de l’arrondissement de Pontoise*, sitting in the said town at the Palace of Justice (or law-

courts,) in the *Rue de la Tonnellerie*, had sentenced one *Sieur Divet* to one month's imprisonment, and four pounds three shillings and fourpence fine, "*pour rebellion, coups et blessures*," for criminal resistance of authority, and for having struck an agent of the railway company, and inflicted wounds on his person.

The whole proceedings of court were detailed, and upwards of thirteen clauses cited from the criminal Code bearing upon the case. The letter-press covered a sheet of the size of a large towel, and displayed a most grandiloquent style of announcing to the kingdom at large an ordinary occurrence, which, had it taken place on the Maidstone branch line, might possibly have been recorded in *Hall's Local Journal*, after some such manner as this: "A man named *Divett* was sentenced at the quarter sessions last week to one month's imprisonment, and a penalty of four guineas, for having struck one of the South-Eastern railway servants, while in discharge of his duties." I presume the printer in France does his work *à bon marché*.

We had been conveyed in a sort of omnibus

from the Hôtel de France, at a charge of fivepence each, to this station, where we paid nine shillings and threepence each for tickets in a second-class carriage to Paris; and a very commodious and pleasant carriage it was. The padding and stuffing of the cushions, back, and sides, were so full, and yet so elastic, as to remind one of Mackintosh's inflated pillows: the glass in the door measured two feet by fourteen inches; the smaller windows, eleven inches by ten. There were curtains drawing right across to keep out the glare of sunshine. The furniture or cover of the cushions and sides, was of blue and white stripe, with a lace edging of red and black; reminding us of a gentleman's carriage lined for the sea-side season. Two lighted lamps were in the carriage, and shone brilliantly in the tunnels; and the height of the carriage itself was a source of much comfort, considering the intense heat of the weather. From the boards under our feet to the roof, was a space of six feet. We espied two cards nailed up above our heads, exhibiting printed regulations, which forbade—1. Opening the door during the journey. 2. Leaning over

the door. 3. Getting out before the train should be perfectly still. 4. Bringing a dog into the carriage. 5. Getting in without a ticket. 6. Entering a carriage of higher class than the ticket indicated. 7. Smoking either in the carriage, or on the platform, or precincts of the station, or in the waiting-room. 8. Also directing passengers to keep their tickets secure until the journey should be terminated. 9. To show the ticket when required. 10. In case of any cause of complaint, to write into a book kept open for that purpose at each station, any representation of misconduct or grievance; which particulars the *sous inspecteur-chef de train* would be sure to record in his daily reports. This is a very rational plan for maintaining order and comfort in the journey. The pace at which the trains run on these newly-constructed lines is tardy in comparison with railway-speed in our country; but there is no loitering or needless hinderance. We performed the distance of ninety-one miles in four hours and twenty minutes; starting from Amiens at twenty-five minutes to eleven, and reaching the capital at fifty minutes past two.

Being once again on a French railroad, I may as well record a few particulars descriptive of this comparatively new order of things across the channel.

It is hardly necessary to apprise the reader that the expression denoting railway, is *chemin de fer*, road, or way, of iron. They adopt our term "station." That part of the station which is under cover is called the *gare*. The waiting-room is called the *salle d'attente*; the refreshment-room is *le buffet*. Our word "baggage," is adopted with the omission of one *g*: *bagages* being the French term. Goods are denominated *marchandises*. A train is called *convoi*, though the word "train" is also in common use. "Le service des facteurs dans l'intérieur des gares est entièrement gratuit. Il leur est interdit de recevoir aucun pourboire." *i. e.* The services performed by the porters within the precincts of the stations are, in all cases, to be without fee or reward; they are forbidden to accept of any gratuity—literally, any money given to buy drink.

Slow trains for luggage are *transports de mar-*

chandises à petite vitesse. Express trains are *trains à grande vitesse*: special ditto, *trains specials à grande vitesse*. Extra trains are *departs supplémentaires*.

There are also *voitures salons*—carriages fitted up for pleasure excursions, like little sitting-rooms; and the charge for these is regulated according to the number of *places de luxe* (literally, places for a luxurious scale of accommodation) required by the party applying.

If you go to the terminus for the purpose of setting off on a journey, it is (to you) the *embarcadere*. When, having completed your journey, you quit the terminus, it is, as regards your *voyage accompli*, the *débarcadere*,—terms analogous to embarkation and debarkation with reference to ships.

When the clock hand arrives at five minutes before the hour of the train's departure, the ticket-vendor closes his *bureau de distribution de billets*. No more *billets* (tickets) can be purchased; and if the unlucky traveller chance to lose his ticket, supposing him to be even a third-class passenger, he is compelled to pay down, at

the first station where he reveals his loss, the price of a first-class ticket, calculated from the remotest point of the distance he may have travelled. This is sharp practice.

All the baggage must be brought in at least a quarter of an hour before the train starts, and every parcel or package (*colis*) must bear its address in very legible writing.

They apply the term *marchant* oddly enough: the up-train to Paris is *le train marchant vers Paris*.

All their head stations are on a magnificent scale: that of the Great Northern in Paris is of immense extent. Imagine a vast tract of land under process of clearance by a tribe of active, intelligent, persevering settlers. On all sides were huge buildings, some nearly as large as the glazed pents at Chatham under which the shipwrights work; store-houses, forges, timber-yards, iron-foundries, brass-fitting *dépôts*, mechanical apparatus, reservoirs, tanks, saw-pits, timber-stacks, wheelers'-yards, pipes and boilers, *à choix*, and mountain heaps of coal and coke. Every item and atom connected in the slightest way

with railroads seemed to be in process of creation there, from the sleepers and trains to the patent reverberators and plate-glass windows, silk curtains, and leather or silk cushions.

The passengers' waiting-room at the Great Northern is simple in its design, yet grand and startling in general effect. The chairs were of handsome pattern, highly gilt, and having green plush seats. The ingredients of *comfort* have found entry through the instrumentality of our countrymen, the Lancashire contractors and directors,* whose plans and purses have befriended the French project of establishing railways of first-rate character—an undertaking which has, beyond doubt, been achieved in the most creditable manner, placing ten hours only between St. Martin's le Grand and Rue J. J. Rousseau.

The waiting-room at the terminus where parties procure tickets to go to Versailles, on the right bank of the Seine, is a beautiful apartment, nearly eighteen feet high and a hundred in length,

* At the station of Mantes, department of the Seine, we saw written up "Lunch and Refreshment Rooms,"—*Salle de rafraichissemens*.

looking on to garden-ground most invitingly laid out. In some of these rooms (at the Rouen station in Paris, for instance,) there are folding-doors leading on to the *gare*, or platform parallel with the train; and at about three or four minutes previous to the departure of the train, a bell is rung, at the sound of which all the passengers in waiting gather together at these folding-doors. Presently, each door being drawn back *into* the wall, the parties make with all speed for the carriages, some, of course, wishing to sit with their back "to the horses," as we may hear people sometimes say; others with their face looking, like Chilo, to the point of destination and the end of their career.

As Horace and I preferred sitting *vis-à-vis* at a window (*portière* is the term employed for the railway carriage-door), we were among the most sedulous in thus hurrying to the carriages.

When we arrived with our luggage, on these occasions of commencing a journey, we were requested to state the farthest point to which we purposed going. The name of that place, or of the station nearest to it (if out of the line) was

then affixed, in print, with a number, to our portmanteau ; and a counter-mark of the number was handed over to us, without the production of which, when claiming our luggage, nothing would be given up to us. The said ticket announced a piece of intelligence, not altogether very palatable, to this effect : that if, by any accident, the portmanteau should be lost, the company would award one pound thirteen shillings and fourpence in satisfaction thereof. The collar, back, and sleeves of only one of our coats were worth all the money !

As in London, the newspaper vendors are all on the *qui vive* at the stations, selling the daily journals, railway guides, &c. “*Siècle ! Siècle !*” “*Debats !*” “*Presse !*” “*l’Illustration !*” “*Journal Universel !*” The “*Illustration*” is an admirable paper, with twenty or thirty woodcuts, illustrating the line of railway.

Many diligences also arrive at these stations, as the stage-coaches do in our country, but are treated in a way peculiarly French. They are detached from their carriages (I speak in the coach-makers’ terms), that is, they are parted

from their wheels and axles, and craned up from a windlass on high, into the air, where, *with all their passengers*, they are suspended bodily, till a locomotive framework on wheels, adapted for working in the train, is run underneath; and then the carriage and cargo descend, and are rivetted on to the apparatus which is to go with them *en train* to the end of their journey. I saw this done very often, and could not help smiling at the very peculiar expression of the countenances of the seventeen or twenty passengers in a state of suspense, who seemed to be meditating on the possibility of a link of chain giving way, and letting them down ("facilis descensus Avernii!") to mother earth, and to the dislocation of every joint and tooth in their several bodies.

Gentlemen's carriages, however, are disposed of as in our country.

I may now quit this topic, which I should hardly have introduced but for the supposition, on my part, that every one in England, who has not been to France since the railway-travelling has been established there, must be as little acquainted as I was with these little details, which,

after all, insignificant as they are, supply many a question when parties on this side of the channel fall into gossip, as they are whirled along our lines, and wonder how they manage these things in France. My countrymen may be assured, that whoever comes home from that country will bear cheerful testimony to the excellence of the arrangements already in force for rendering even the longest journeys as compatible with an Englishman's notions of comfort and convenience as they are here. Indeed, I go further than this: the second-class carriages are, as I have already said, hardly inferior to our first;—in point of arm and leg comforts they are altogether equal, and in the matter of height, superior. As to the fares, the discrepancy is great indeed.

The South-Eastern Railway time-bill states, that from

LONDON TO }
DOVER } is a distance, by railway, of 88 miles.

The second-class fare is 12s.

The Paris and Amiens Railway bill states, that from

AMIENS TO }
PARIS } is a distance of 91 miles.

The second-class fare is 9s. 2d.

The mail-train performs the journey from London to Dover in three hours and a half.

The corresponding train in France leaves Paris at eight in the morning, and reaches Amiens in three hours and twenty-five minutes.

This indicates a greater speed in the French train, and a difference in the fare of nearly three shillings ; which, without the slightest exaggeration, are well worth all the four shillings and sixpence of difference between the South-Eastern Company's first and second class fares, on the above-mentioned distance. Surely I have made out my case, and may quote a passage much to the purpose, considering that British gold and iron, English engineers and excavators, had so large a share in the completion of this line:—

K. John. "How goes all in France?"

Messenger. "Never such a *power*

From any foreign preparation

Was levied in the body of a land !

The *copy of your speed* is learned by them."

In travelling from Breteuil to Paris, I formed acquaintance with a highly intelligent personage in the mayor-elect of Longau, M. Pierre Alexandre Manier, one of that class of the agricul-

tural community nearest in resemblance to our most enlightened yeomanry,* and whose intimate knowledge of the habits of the peasantry, the management of real estate, the resources of the country, and the facilities or difficulties attached to the cultivation of land, afforded me a considerable insight into theories which subsequent opportunity enabled me to see illustrated in active practice.

He advocated the system of the *ferme forte*, or farming on a large scale; *la petite culture*, corresponding with our small occupations, having been found, in all hands, to exhibit a downward tendency. He attributed most of the defects of French farming to the contracted scale of occupation, and the absence of a just proportion of grazing-ground, and, consequently, of stock; sheep and oxen being, in the opinion of all men of sound judgment, in these times, as substantial a source of aggrandizement and profit on farms as, of old, in the estimation of the patriarchs. This want of pasture must prevail while the law

* He was a *Proprietaire Agronome*; a farmer of his own estate.

shall continue to stand, by which real estate is liable to such subdivisions as follow from the *partage*. This *partage*, or division into portions, is thus briefly to be explained :—

The act of April, 1791, left to the owner of real estate a life-interest only. He could not give, devise, or bequeath. Die when he might, the next of kin, however numerous the children, took his estate in equal shares; and the time-honoured claim of primogeniture was from henceforth repudiated and disallowed. The enactment of January, 1794, availed only in a slight degree to mitigate the sternness of this preposterous decree; the life-interest might dispose of a limited portion, but only to strangers. In this state the modified law continued to undermine the landed aristocracy, till, under the consulate, six years subsequently, parents were permitted to bequeath a certain portion to this or that child of the family; but this has not counteracted the tendency to continual depreciation of landed possessions, the best and only substantial basis of national wealth and aristocratical ascendancy, which, however unpalatable be the doctrine

to levellers, is a pillar of strength to the state.

M. Manier lamented the *petitesses* of the proprietorships. Year after year the owners of these miserable patches of land, some of which he pointed out to me as we approached Chantilly, were becoming less able to turn them to any profitable account. The soil itself and its cultivators were degenerating and decaying together. The principle of *assolement* was totally discarded; and, amidst the general incapacity to turn the allotment into a source of profit, or even to render it subsidiary to yearly maintenance, one fool was making many. So far from every rood of land maintaining its man, the man felt every perch of it an incumbrance; having neither space of earth enough to employ capital, nor to repay it if employed. The ability to ensure regular courses or tilths in husbandry is lost when each man's portion is dependent on the method adopted by his neighbour over the piece of ground immediately adjoining. It might be highly beneficial to A.'s bit of land (*parcellement*) to lie fallow for this season; but B.'s is just in

condition for sowing ("seasoning," as we say in Kent). Situated, however, as they are, both portions must be subjected to the same treatment; and it will be good luck if the hoof of horse or bullock, working in the furrow of the one, do not tread and grievously trespass on the furrow of the other. Hence the pernicious system of cultivating soil without regard to the *assolement* I mentioned just now. It is a new term in the French vocabulary, indicating the distribution of land into several sections of soil, for the purpose of raising from them a succession of different crops. The root of the word is, of course, *sol* (soil). The French agriculturists define the *assolement* as the art of making crops alternate on the same land in such a manner as to raise continually the largest amount of produce at the least possible expense.

I presume this is what is intended when, in our phraseology, we speak of three, four, or five course-*shifts*, or *tilths*; for certain observance of which *discipline* (so to express the intent) it is usual to introduce clauses into farm leases, with a view to the preservation of good husbandry, and

of the condition of the arable land on the estate.

I shall reserve, however, the consideration of the system of cultivation for that portion of my varied narrative which relates to Normandy and agriculture. Meanwhile, I may as well lay before the reader the substance of my fellow-traveller's (the mayor's) communications on the several little particulars which it occurred to me I might just as well gather from a well-informed kindly-intentioned man after my own heart, surrounded as we were, during our conversation, by the beautiful scenery of Creil, Pr  cy, Beaumont, Ile Adam, &c., in succession.

I observed, in my remarks, that one of the distinguishing characteristics of French agriculture was the arrangement of the dwellings. The traveller may ride along the main road for nine or ten miles without seeing either a labourer's cottage, or a farm-house. Contrasted with England, this is a very extraordinary state of things.

The fact is, the farmer lives in the village or town nearest to the estate he occupies, unless there may have been a ch  teau, or gentleman's

seat, on the estate ; for whose special accommodation a *home* farm and buildings would, of course, be found highly expedient.

The farmer rides sometimes four miles to reach his land, as in our country, where the same tenant occupies farms in different parishes.

If the position of the land be so remote from the town or village as to occasion great loss of time in the labourers going to and fro, there are at least seven buildings raised on the property. One to keep the horses in ; one for the sheep, having an upper chamber, perhaps one hundred feet long, for stowing away hay ; one, still larger, to contain the corn, and a barn-floor or an engine for threshing it ; and in the "lean-to," or pent-house, attached to this latter building, it is a common practice to keep the plough and other agricultural instruments ; a horse-shed shelters the wagon and a cart or two. The next consideration is the lodging of the principal labourers. These are the *charretier* (wagoneer), the *berger* (shepherd), and the *vacher* (cow-keeper), if there be cows on the farm ; if there be from four to six cows there is a moderately-sized

dairy at the side of the straw-yard ; also a building occupied by the *batteur* (thresher or superintendent of threshing), and the *valet* or *garçon de cour* (a man who makes himself generally useful in the farm-yard or *cour*).

Now the wagoner sleeps in the stable ; the shepherd in the building (or barn) in which the sheep are housed : unless in folding-time, when he sleeps in the field within his cot on wheels ; and the cowkeeper sleeps with his cows.

The wagoner's nightly roost is established in the manner here described :—at one extremity of the interior of the stable is a berth constructed at about the height of eight feet six inches from the ground ; it contains a mattress, blankets, sheets, and bolster, and is attained by the steps of a ladder raised from the floor of the stable against the wall, and there fixed by holdfasts. Within reach of his arm is a window about two feet wide and four feet high, the ventilation from which is considered sufficient to dispel the ammoniacal effluvia peculiar to the horse stable. The cowkeeper is similarly bedded in the cow stabling, and the shepherd among the sheep. I went

up the three ladders and inspected each berth.

The thresher, or rather the superintendent of the threshing,* is lodged in the building overlooking the straw-yard, where also sleeps the *valet de cour*; and in this lodge, or cottage, is a tolerably roomy apartment adjoining the kitchen, where the wagoner, shepherd, cowkeeper, and *valet de cour* eat their meals. The thresher boards himself.

If the tenant be occupied in other business besides farming, or hold a farm of larger extent, so as to be prevented from going frequently to see the smaller farm, or any farm at all, he boards and lodges on these premises a man of a degree higher in qualifications than the common average class of our bailiffs, called a *régisseur* or *contre-maître*, who is placed in paramount authority over all the labourers, and conducts the entire business.

On every farm of two hundred acres there are

* On almost all farms of above one hundred and forty acres the threshing-machine may be said to be a permanent appendage, superseding the flail.

two *charretiers* or carters (we should call them wagoners). The first carter is always a ploughman: such a servant as a wagoner's mate of Kent, or the common ploughboy of England, is unknown in France; it being the invariable practice of the ploughman to drive and guide his three horses without human help. He ties up the rope reins between the plough-handles, and sticks his long whip into a hole on the right handle, and throws up the broad furrow in masterly style.

Reverting, then, to the absence of labourers' cottages immediately abutting on farm-lands, I may say that the above-mentioned system of stationing the principal workmen on the farm-premises supersedes the necessity of distributing them, as in our country, in cottages for family residence. The main object, moreover, of the tenant is to fill up these principal appointments with unmarried men.

The supernumerary labourers are generally married, which, I should say, is rather the reverse of the order of things among us; and some of these walk three miles to and fro. Their wives are employed in weeding, potato-setting,

vine-tying, (as in our hop-gardens the women tie the bine,) and in gathering up the beetroot, peas, and potato crops.

I asked my acquaintance a few questions as to the board of the farm-servants. He laughed, and assured me the farmers were careful to avoid mischief by overfeeding their men and encouraging any inflammatory tendencies ! But, joking apart, he particularized salt pork, onion and other vegetable broth, and such garden produce as peas, lettuces, beetroots, beans, and potatoes. They are allowed the common beverage of the province. Where wine abounds, (as in the vineyard districts,) they drink the thin sort, which, in productive seasons, is purchasable at twopence the pint ; and the boarded servants consume nearly a gallon a-day each ; in harvest-time twice as much.

Where there are no vineyards the beverage is cider. Monsieur Fauchet, occupier of the farm "Beau Repaire," near Rouen, told me that his men, on a farm of one hundred and forty-three acres, got through three thousand gallons of cider in twelvemonths. I remember my gardener, in

Somersetshire, drinking out five hogsheads annually, as his individual share !

With respect to wages, the thresher or superintendent of threshing, as I just called him, receives from ten to twelve francs a-week, equivalent to 8*s.* 4*d.* or 10*s.* of our money, and receives a few perquisites and indulgences, which, if he be a single man, considering his living rent-free, is to be regarded as good pay ; as these ten shillings may, at the least, procure for him as much of life's necessities as twelve shillings and sixpence would purchase in England.

The *charretier* (wagoneer, horse-keeper, and ploughman) receives from three hundred to three hundred and forty francs a-year, equivalent to 12*l.* 10*s.* and 14*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* English ; besides being boarded and lodged.

The cost of board is calculated at about 18*l.* 18*s.* to 20*l.* a-year.

Now, considering the pay of our ploughmen at 15*s.* a-week, which is 39*l.* per annum, and his living rent-free in a cottage valued at the sum of 6*l.* 6*s.*, he may be regarded as the recipient of 45*l.* 6*s.* yearly wages.

The French ploughman, holding the same rank on a farm, is here shown to receive

	£	s.	d.
Wages	14	3	4
Lodging (free of rates) say, per annum worth	7	0	0
Board, say	20	0	0
Besides the washing of his bed-clothes, and saving of wear and tear of household furniture, as regards his individual use, were he in a cottage of his own hiring, say 6d. a-week .	1	6	0
	<hr/>		
	£42	9	4

which total of 42*l.* 9*s.* 4*d.* will purchase more in his country than 45*l.* 6*s.* will in England; as any one who has lived abroad can testify.

I think this will tend to show that labour is not so insignificantly cheap in France as some, if not most, writers and speakers from among the agricultural community have, on many a public occasion, declared it to be.

The boys of eleven years of age, who were pulling up poppies and charlock-weed in the fields around Pontoise, to which we were drawing near when speaking of the cost of boarding the farm servants, were paid ten pence a-day.

Two of my Sunday-school boys, upwards of twelve years of age, receive only three shillings a-week for hog-keeping; looking after pigs on stubble and pasture.

The girls of thirteen and fourteen, who were assisting their mothers in carrying off some sacks of thistles from a large crop of peas, were each receiving ten pence a-day; the women, twenty-four sous, equivalent to our shilling.

The reapers were engaged to take down the rye around Pontoise (seventeen miles from Paris) at 8s. 4d. the three roods; which is above eleven shillings the acre.

The *valet de cour*, or yard-man, receives 3*l.* 15s. 6d. a-year, and is lodged and boarded. He is generally taken on to this situation when seventeen years of age; and, in many cases, holds it on till upwards of forty.

The dairy-maid receives 7*l.* a-year, and is boarded and lodged, *if it be a milk farm*. The old woman who “does” for the farm servants in the kitchen receives the same wages.

The shepherd receives, generally, 13*l.* 13s. a-year: he is boarded and lodged. He is allowed

eleven bushels of rye for his dog. For every sheep sold off the land he receives threepence. He is allowed the privilege of buying two lambs of six months' growth, and of keeping them with the flock without charge : he also sells their wool for his own benefit.

The pay of the common labourer on the farms of the department of Calais, in Picardy, the department of the Seine, Orleannois, Touraine, and Normandy, in the months of June and July, 1847 (the period of my research in those quarters), varied from ten to twelve francs a-week, *i. e.* from 8*s.* 4*d.* to 10*s.* English money. This is a very considerable advance on the amount paid when I was last in France (1825); as the current wages for the casual day-labourer, at that time, seldom exceeded 7*s.* 4*d.* a-week; some were working even at 5*s.* 6*d.* But the present exorbitant price of meat provisions, and a third failure of the potato-crop, will account for the discrepancy.

The general practice, as regards hiring, seems to be this:—the servant agrees for four months; at the end of that period he may quit, if dis-

posed to do so. If he stay on, he remains eight months longer: the first hiring being on the festival of All Saints (Nov. 1st), the second on the eve of the visitation of the Virgin Mary (July 1st).

The tenants mostly pay their landlords' rent twice in the year, at Christmas and Easter; and, as regards their labourers, they seldom pay the *boarded* servants *more than once* in the year, but, if requested, advance a few francs from time to time. The other class of labourers work either by the "grate," doing a certain extent of work for a stipulated sum, or taking work by measure of length and breadth or quantity; or toil a certain number of days, till they have realized the amount they desired to earn. There are no regular Saturday or Friday pay-nights, as in England.

A farm of one hundred hectares* (equivalent to nearly two hundred and fifty acres) always retains six boarded male servants: two wagoners, one shepherd, one thresher, one cowkeeper, and

* The hectare contains two acres, one rood, thirty-five perches English.

one *valet* or *garçon de cour*, or man of all jobs in the yard. If butter be made in any considerable quantity, there is also a dairywoman; as before mentioned.

An extra servant is retained at partial board to assist the thresher, or superintendent of threshing.

The day-labourers on such a farm would vary from three to four, according to the season of the year.

Among the *prix de moralité* (premiums awarded for exemplary conduct) at one of the French agricultural meetings, on which I shall dilate in a farther chapter, were prizes for eighteen years' service as shepherd; for twenty-two as wagoner; twenty-five as *garçon de cour*; and twenty-six as female domestic in the farm-house. This may be regarded as a fair indication that the footing upon which the farm servants are placed is one which, neither on the score of pecuniary remuneration, nor of personal comfort and contentment, precludes the happiest understanding with their employers. From all I saw, and from all I heard (and few men have made more dili-

gent use of their eyes and ears) I inferred that the condition of these labourers was highly creditable both to masters and men. Every labourer has free leave and ample opportunity granted to him, both by the tenant and by the overlooker, *to attend his parish church twice every Sabbath day*; and were such opportunity withheld, the priest would speedily let the employers hear of it in no very mild form of reprobation. I wish I could record as much in reference to the English farms; but I did not tell tales away from home. I *said* nothing when this gratifying statement was made; but I felt much,—very much, and wondered how these things could be in what is too rashly called “infidel France;” and equally so when I contrasted such facts with the sins of omission and commission in Christian England, where seven-eighths of the farm *lads* are to be found among the horses till noon; and one-fifth only of the *men* are ever to be seen in any place of worship before dinner-time; the ordinary excuse being based upon the feeding of the cattle, the care of the team, and “something to look after for master,”—“master” himself liv-

ing under the fatal delusion that Sabbath days do not impose upon him the slightest spiritual responsibility with regard to his men. There are noble exceptions to this; but, considering the statistics of the parochial populations, those exceptions are not numerous. Two generations must pass away ere these matters are likely to stand on a better footing. If our agricultural colleges do their duty, fifty years will raise farming and farmers to a standard as yet unknown and unseen by any but the eyes of faith.

After having quitted the station of Pontoise, we saw the wire lines of the electric telegraph which communicates with Paris. It is intended to proceed, eventually, to the coast. Here also we espied a few vines, the first that had come within view on the road-side since we left Boulogne. I have familiar recollections of Sicily, I have travelled along the coasts of the Adriatic, made sketches at Osimo, at Loretto, and in many a rich valley, in the Apennine,—to say nothing of the vale of Meyringen, among the Alps, of the hill-sides of Saxony, the Elbe, and Danube—but neither mountain peak nor Campanian plain,

however radiant, rich, and classical, shall interpose to disparage the claims of the Vale of Montmorenci, — a spot where (in the language of Johnson's "Rasselas") the blessings of nature seemed collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The undulating hills that bound it are cultivated to their extreme summits, presenting the hues of intermingled crops, (blue, pink, and purple, crocus and emerald-tinted fields,) with massy knolls of timber-trees, rounded off and bronzed, as Poussin would fain have seen them in his researches for sylvan treasure. The plain was *scripturally* fertile; its golden surface stood so thick with corn, that poverty itself, forgetting the present pressure, might there anticipate an unparalleled harvest, and laugh and sing at the prospect of better days.* "La belle France" might well invite the neighbouring nations to look upon this picture, and see the epithet of "beautiful" justified. We "saw the white-walled distant town," and many a substantial garner-house and factory built up from the quar-

* Fully realized within two months.

ries of this district. Nearer to view were trel-lised cottages and *maisons de plaisance*, sweet pretty "country boxes," adorned with every charm that tasteful gardening and the most equable of climates could diffuse throughout the four seasons of the year; and here and there a vine-clad terrace forming at once a boundary and "prospect place" for the villa, from which we might well conceive its *petit propriétaire* would

"Bend upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye."

Here was the hermitage of Rousseau; and here lived the sweetest minstrel of France, Grétry. He succeeded the novelist and philosopher in the residence just named, and there discoursed, indeed, most eloquent music.

The town, however, is on the eminence, and beyond the range of wayside travellers' inspection. I am commending the *vale* to which it gives its name; and in this passing mention only recur to many an unavailing regret that such limited furloughs as THE PARSON feels entitled to enjoy, permit not many leisurely digressions

from the main road. To what purpose such deviations were made in my route will be seen hereafter. Meanwhile Montmorenci and its venerable Gothic church and painted windows, (among the finest of France) must be reserved for some more favourable opportunities of admiration. Even now, *meminisse juvabit*, and I rejoice in having such a bright, cheerful, green spot "in memory's waste."

Enghien, awakening sad and sickening reminiscences of its victim Duke, attracted our regards on the other side; St. Denys (the last station next to Paris) I reserved for a visit some days afterwards, and I was rather glad than otherwise to find myself restrained from "calling up heavy times" (as we approached "The Fortifications" and began to traverse the field of 1814,) by due consideration for my communicative neighbour's national feelings.

I quietly pointed out to my son the heights of Mont Martre, and the position of the French army on the eventful last days of March, thirty-three years previous; when, in the absence of his brother Napoleon, Joseph Buonaparte and Mar-

shals Marmont and Mortier,* vainly endeavoured to repel the allies and to save Paris. The heights of Belville and Romainville, and the Butte de St. Chaumont, had each a claim to distinct and honourable mention ; and, as we neared the capital, the excitement of the scenery overpowered all attempts to show how fields were lost and won ; how Russian bayonets, and Prince William of Prussia's Silesian legions, turned the flank of veteran grenadiers ; how the black hussars of Brandenburg annihilated dense squadrons of imperial cuirassiers, the finest cavalry in Europe ; and bearded Cossacks of the Don charged batteries and entrenchments, redoubts and regiments, till one hundred pieces of cannon were silenced, and four thousand French, as faithful, gallant fellows as ever drew trigger, lay dead on the lines ; leaving Marmont to make the best terms he could for "the astonished eagle" of the empire.

Even at that period the position of Paris towards the north-east was as strongly defensible as

* Who was murdered some twelve years ago by Fieschi's gun-barrel machine in Paris.

any city without fortifications could well be : the hills around the capital constituting, in more than one point, a rampart to which Nature herself annexes no inconsiderable strength and security ; and Napoleon, in his indignant upbraidings of all parties concerned in the defence and loss of the city, affirmed that Mont Martre, supplied with cannon, must have been impregnable. The admission of Caulaincourt, that there were but seven six-pounders at that important point, and that their ammunition had failed after a few hours for the service of even that insignificant remnant of the imperial ordnance (the other guns being light field-artillery), showed how precarious was the state of the army at that crisis, when the counsels, the presence, and *prestige* of the Emperor were wanting in the hour of danger and trial. The troops, nevertheless, fought the battle of the 30th of March, 1814, with heroic valour, though the general wish of the Parisians was decidedly averse to a protracted conflict ; not only from apprehensions of the calamities to which defeat might subject the capital and its inhabitants ; but because France, at large, had begun to feel

the yoke of Napoleon hardly endurable. The numerical superiority of the allied armies could not but prevail. The plains we were at this moment crossing were literally covered in that day with their myriads, debouching upon the field of contest and victory from all points; though destined to pay dearly for the capitulation of the jeopardized city. Marmont fought in the actual *mêlée* of the conflict, valiantly maintaining his ground with eight thousand infantry and eight hundred horse for twelve hours, against upwards of fifty-five thousand; one-fourth of whom were left *hors de combat*, before Joseph Buonaparte authorized the gallant Duke of Ragusa to negotiate. It would form an excellent subject for an Academy picture by the Domenichino, Julio Romano, Velasquez, or Cagliari of our times, to represent the entrance of Marmont into his house in Rue de Paradis (on the evening of that eventful day), where twenty eminent citizens of Paris, among whom were Messieurs Perregaux and Laffitte, were awaiting his arrival from the scene of action. On striding into the apartment he was hardly recognizable; he had a beard of a week's

growth ; the great-coat which covered his uniform was in tatters ; and he was blackened with powder from head to foot. In this grim and startling plight the marshal heard the expression of the opinions of the most influential inhabitants of the seat of empire ; and learned the thoughts of a people yearning for a better future ; a people worn out by despotic government, and crippled in all their internal and external resources to a degree of destitution, which had long since reft them, not only of their public security, but of all their domestic peace. Under which depressing circumstances, reviewed and acted upon, as they then were, by men of discernment, whose counsels might be considered as entirely disinterested, and who had nothing to expect from the return of the exiled Bourbon, it was not unworthy of either the soldier or citizen of France, that the capitulation should follow such a conference ; or, that the sword being broken, the imperial dynasty should cease to sway ; the nation, in fact, having *admired*, but not *loved*, Napoleon. It is impossible to love what is feared : and, what had the ruthless exactor of Jourdan's inhuman law of con-

scription done to secure the *affections* of the people, in any relation of life,—parent, or child, brother, husband, sister, or wife?

But we are now crossing the first moat of *the* fortifications. The only remark made by any of our French fellow-travellers was, “ Nous avons trop payés pour tout cela ! ” as I expressed my admiration of the masonry and massive lines of defence. They are, indeed, costly and magnificent erections, constituting the good city of Paris the largest fortress in the universe ; and carrying out to the full, if not, indeed, greatly exceeding, Vauban’s suggestions, published nearly one hundred and sixty years ago.

The veteran engineer’s project was unconsciously resumed by Gouvion St. Cyr about the year 1819 or 1820 ; but lost sight of amid the general disposition of the people to expend their energies on trade, commerce, and other such pacific objects, with which this great military demonstration seemed totally at variance. However, not long after the accession of the present ruler of France to supreme power, Marshal Soult revived the subject, and would have proceeded to

a vast extent in the construction of these mighty outworks, but for certain misgivings among the people, who began to question the *ulterior* object of the design, and whose influence in the Chambers availed to baffle its further extension. In 1883, therefore, all further consideration of the matter appeared to be laid aside; nor was another step taken till Monsieur Thiers, stimulated by the then prevailing appetency among the choice spirits of France to achieve greatness, and assume an attitude that should defy a world in arms, succeeded in obtaining a grant of upwards of two millions of money for the erection of fortifications; and the subsequent appointment of Soult to the war-office empowered that wary old soldier to resume the prosecution of his favourite scheme (even under the peaceful premiership of a Guizot), with accumulated sources of success. Hence arose a rampart encircling the capital, upwards of three-and-twenty yards in width, and bricked up, battery fashion, to the height of ten, with a moat in front, upwards of six fathoms in depth, forming a circumference of eight leagues. Beyond this are forts, one of which I subsequently visited

(Fort Mont Valerien), detached, and serving to command the entire circuit of the country into which the first and second lines of fortification stretch forth,—and capable of containing an army of defence upwards of a hundred thousand men in number. Seven millions sterling will hardly meet the outlay on these stupendous structures, the efficiency of which is to be secured by nearly two thousand two hundred pieces of heavy ordnance, and one hundred and twenty field-guns. Every fort has its powder magazine; and the store of this deadly grain is to exceed five million pounds. The supplies of shot, shell, and other projectiles will, of course, be commensurate; and the estimates for this armament exceed six hundred thousand pounds. The question naturally forces itself on even the most casual and unconcerned beholder of this enormous apparatus of war,—“Cui bono?” or, in plain English, “what is to be the good derivable herefrom?”

There are parties, and their “name is legion,” who put into the mouth of “The Citizen King,” whose people are thus “cribbed, cabined, and

confined" within the *cordon sanitaire* of his line of continuous batteries, the words of Terence's Demea,—

"Suo sibi gladio hunc jugulo." *

I think too much has been advanced to the disparagement of the king's good faith in this particular. The fact of the allied armies having twice taken possession of the French capital as friends and mediators, rather than as invaders and conquerors, however mitigatory—as far as it went—of the torture which the venial *amour propre* and honest pride of the nation, could not but feel, when the first foreign sole or hoof passed through the barrier, did not induce the population of the capital of France at large, to contemplate with indifference the possibility of a *third* fall of Paris. The great Vauban's assertion, that no precaution should be thought too great which tended to secure its safety, has, at this vast interval of time, been thoroughly justified; and it was too much to expect that, while the collective kingdoms of Europe were strengthening their outposts, enlarging their garrisons, and erecting

* I am cutting this fellow's throat with his own sword.

fortresses and citadels on a wider scale than at any previous era of military history, the French government should withhold their concurrence from a plan which promised to render the occupation of their beautiful city by an invading enemy altogether impossible. No blockade of less than forty-five miles extent could reduce it ; no siege, while its fifteen detached forts retained men, cannon, and ammunition, could carry on the ordinary operations of approach and attack with any rational hope of success ; and the facilities afforded for the inter-communications of the largest conceivable bodies of troops, acting at all points, under favour of magnificent roads and causeways, in connexion with the extreme lines of defence, would baffle, without hazard of *sortie* or sally, the most resolute attempts of an aggressive force to penetrate such formidable circumvallations. The avowed object, therefore, of the reigning monarch is, incontestibly, in favour of the inviolability of his capital, and the citizens' security, let come what Philistines may into the land. He may now calmly espy from Neuilly the tricolor *drapeau* that floats above the chateau of the Tuile-

ries, and exclaim with the less honest, less kindly king of Scotland—

“ Our castle’s strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn ! ”

with the additional self-gratulation that—let the Carlists say what they may—he played not foully for it.

On the other hand, we cannot but remember the concession of Monsieur Duchâtel, in the Chamber, that these stupendous ramparts were designed “ *to fortify order*,—a state of things as essential to freedom as to power, and independent of which no liberty is worth seeking.” To what desperate excesses the

“ *Civium ardor prava jubentium* ” *

has, at various epochs, driven the wild populace of the dissipated streets of Paris, the revolutionary annals of the last and present century, written in blood, bear melancholy witness. Perhaps, in no capital of the civilised, or even barbarian world, could there be found such dense masses of turbulent men, anxious for change—even *any*

* The inflammatory temper of the mob dictating deeds of the worst tendency.

change — regardless of the issues of popular outbreak ; reckless in rebellion, and implacable in hostility to the existing order of things. An evil of this gigantic magnitude calls for preservative measures on a proportionate scale ; and if the adoption of such precautions assume an ultra-military and almost despotic character, it is hardly reconcileable with mere consistency in the citizen-soldiers of the barricades, who, *fusil en main*, deposed one prince and set up another with as much parade of martial prowess as ever signalised the army's choice of emperors in Rome, that they should, shortly afterwards, take umbrage at military coercion, and repudiate, with indignation and amazement, an instrument of control to which their own favourite paving-stone walls bore only too close affinity ! I may be singular in this view of Louis Philippe's Babylonian *enceinte murale*, which, Janus-like, looks inward and outward at the same moment, and, having a double face, may involve a twofold meaning and purpose, and, for aught that transpires to the contrary, a wise one. If France be so insensate as to first help to wound itself, as

Faulconbridge says, it is no tyranny which cuts off such occasion of offence; and France has been aptly described as "Paris with a vast tributary domain." Let peace and good order abide continually in that important and most influential abode of sovereignty—

"Naught shall make *France* rue,
If *Paris* to itself do rest but true."

And here we are at the Paris station !

CHAPTER V.

I HAVE already eulogized the taste and talent displayed in the French stations and termini, and those of Paris in particular. The scale on which they have been constructed,—the substantial materials, and consummate skill of the artisanship which seems to have studied all the gradations of excellence in joinery and carving, gilding and painting,—to say nothing of the ingenious arrangements for arrivals and departures,—merit unqualified praise. I had heard that there was generally the wildest confusion at these places; that all was noise and insubordination, without promptitude of service or despatch of business. We arrived in a very long train, conveying, at the least, four hundred individuals, besides baggage in proportion: and nothing could surpass the dexterity and speed with which the entire mass

of the luggage of the first, second, and third-class carriages was not only deposited, but classified and arranged, on the counters of the establishment. There was no shouting, nor pushing, nor intermeddling officiousness. The *facteurs*, as they call the servants whom *we* know by the name of railway-porters, seemed to be perfectly well trained to their duty, dividing the work with a degree of tact and intuitiveness which was really astonishing; under the quiet surveillance of three *chefs de train*, or superintendents of the *gare*, overlooking, along the platform, the clearance of each class of carriages.

All passengers arriving without baggage are permitted to quit the station within two minutes after their entrance. Those who have baggage are introduced into a spacious saloon, with tables and chairs, settees, &c., where they remain about four or five minutes till a bell rings, and folding doors are thrown open, to admit them into a very long apartment, about two feet above the level of the waiting-room, where they are requested to point out their several *effets* (property), and when they have done this, the officer of the customs (I

saw eight in attendance), standing behind a long counter, very courteously asks for the key or keys. I produced mine, and he invited me to open the portmanteau myself. On its being opened, he, and another individual, who acted as assistant, lightly lifted up a coat and one or two layers of linen, made me a bow, and asked if I had any servant or porter in attendance to convey the baggage to our carriage; the assistant, meanwhile, replacing the straps, and buckling all up again very sedulously. I had enjoyed too many pleasing opportunities of experiencing kindly manners and politeness of civility, at the hands of French functionaries, to be surprised at the courteousness of these people at the terminus; but I think it will be difficult for an English gentleman to enter Paris, for the first time, without the most agreeable impressions in connexion with the railway travelling and custom-houses. I wish I could record as much in favour of the officials who overhauled my two trunks a fortnight afterwards at Folkestone, and left them "in most admired disorder," without one redeeming look, word, or deed, to reconcile me to the inability

of closing them again, or of picking up several prime specimens of *frame potatoes* from Normandy, which were scattered during an utterly needless scrutiny into "Periodicals on Chemistry."

I may as well edify the reader with the mention of a momentary delusion to which I yielded in the *salle d'attente* (the waiting-room), a minute or two previous to my stepping into the *salle des bagages*. I was pointing out some novelties to my son, when we were accosted by what seemed to me an orderly from some hussar regiment. He asked me if I was not just come by the half-past ten Amiens train.

"Yes, that's the case."

Before I proceed, I shall describe his uniform:—rifle green with crimson facings, braid, aigulets, and epaulets; ditto sash; lancer's cap with burnished brass helmet front; small black feather; sufficiency of moustache and tuft, "wasteful and ridiculous excess" of beard; red leather book in left hand.

Thinks I to myself, Count V——, to whom I wrote last week at his château in Picardy, has acted on my postscript, instructing him that I should endeavour to reach Paris early in the

afternoon of the 24th June, and that if he should be in Paris, he would hear of me at the post-office. I had never seen Monsieur le Comte. I jumped to the conclusion that he was in the army, and that he had very thoughtfully and graciously sent an orderly dragoon from his quarters to look out for the English gentleman and his son, who were so soon to become well acquainted with him.

“Are you sent to meet us here, to-day? What may be your business with me?”

“Pardonnez, monsieur. Je suis venu vous conduire à votre Hôtel en ville.”

“But we are waiting to have our *effets* cleared; who sent you to inquire for me?”

“Monsieur ! notre voiture vous attend.” (Our carriage is waiting at your service.)

“Whose carriage?—and where?”

“Monsieur, c’est un des omnibus les plus commodes et convenables de Paris.”

Reader ! my *beau sabreur* was nothing more nor less than a most efficient and indefatigable *touter* and *conducteur* to a bright yellow and scarlet omnibus of the good city of Paris !

“ Well ! ” said I to Horace, “ I suppose this is one of the creations of *mille huit cent trente* ! The very cads are metamorphosed, by the spirit of the barricades, into carabiniers ; and the cabmen will beguile us next into the belief that they are generals of brigade.”

It was the richest specimen of military masquerade I ever beheld ; but we deposited ourselves and effects in an unpretending *cabriolet-de-place*, and drove off in high merriment to the Hôtel des Etrangers, Rue Vivienne, where I was lodged in 1816 and 1820.

The driver gave me, as I was stepping in, a little ticket, about an inch square ; which, by the bye, is a very salutary regulation, and our South-Eastern Railway Directors have adopted it.

3261

Conservez ce Numéro en cas de
reclamation.

**LONDON BRIDGE
RAILWAY.**

No. 14.

**Reference in case of
Loss or Overcharge.**

i. e. “ Keep this ticket, in case you have any complaint to lodge against the driver, or any article to apply for, which you may happen to leave inadvertently in the carriage.”

It is, undoubtedly, a privilege—I can apply no other term—to be able to ride three miles, if needful, in one of the cabriolets of Paris, for tenpence. Provided you do not stop the driver for anything by the way, as, for instance, to buy articles, or to enter any building, or to speak to any one in the street, and thus, or in any like manner, finish his career or course, you may go all round Paris for this small charge. Some of the horses are miserable animals, and creep along at a melancholy pace; but, on the whole, cabriolet and hackney-coach riding is *made easy* in Paris; and few capitals require such helps to progress more than that of France. The paving lames every new-comer who walks much, before a week is expired; though it is a marvellous improvement on that of twenty years since. There are more than two thousand five hundred common cabriolets in Paris. The fare is printed on a card stitched to the lining of the carriage.

CABRIOLET.	French Money.		English.	
	fr.	c.	s.	d.
By the course . . .	1	0	0	10
By the hour : first hour . . .	1	75	1	7½
Second hour, and each succeeding	1	50	1	3

COACH.	French Money.		English.	
	fr.	c.	s.	d.
By the course	1	50	1	3
By the hour : first hour	2	25	1	10½
Every hour succeeding	1	75	1	7½

This is no new piece of information, I am well aware ; but I think every individual in London, except hackney-coach and cabriolet-proprietors, and that irreclaimable race of offenders, the drivers, would hail with enthusiastic gratification an enactment from the commissioners' office, placing the whole of our English carriages-for-hire in the streets, under a regulating table of fares, precisely in accordance with the letter and spirit of that I have just transcribed.

Monsieur Girard, mine host of the Hôtel des Etrangers ("bearded like the pard") observed to me, when he discovered that I had lived under the roof of this old house of entertainment for travellers as far back as in the year 1816,—that for *his* part *he* was only seventeen years of age in 1830.

I merely mention the circumstance to record it as one of a thousand such instances of the French reckoning of the present day. All their dates, cal-

culations, deductions, and comparisons, seem to be referred to the days of July, *mille huit cent trente*, and the flight of Charles the Tenth; just as the Arabians use their Hegira, — beginning their epoch from the 16th of July, 622 A.D., when Mahomet decamped from Mecca. It is very ridiculous, but the fact forces itself on the ear and attention; and, to those who, like myself, are at a loss to understand what that “glory” consisted of, which broke up all order and discipline, overthrew the oldest dynasty in the universe, and plunged half the families of the fairest city in Europe into lamentations, and mourning, and woe, — for more than “*three days*,” — this obtrusive and most questionable “remembrancer” must sound too harshly to convey any of the associations blended with these two words, — “glorious days” on the part of the French. There was an expression which retained its hold in *this* country, in common speech among those who are now of the old school, — somewhat of the same character with that on which I have just been animadverting. I mean “The riots of ’80.” “Such or such an act was passed, or

so-and-so married or died, or this or that square or street was built, a few years previous to, or subsequent to "The riots of '80." I have heard it hundreds of times.

I shall not presume to weary my reader by detailing an account of all, or even of a twentieth part of, the remarkable places we walked or drove to, during eleven days' residence in Paris. There is a regular routine of sight-seeing to which travellers are, one and all, constrained,—I had almost said, *condemned*; not that I ever employed a cicerone or lacquey in any foreign capital. The guide-books, magazines, novels, and diaries, printed and manuscript, have brought the forms and features of Parisian men, women, and things, and the plans and proportions of Parisian edifices and elegancies, so fully and repeatedly before the eye of the London public, as to forbid any memorandum-writer's renewing the mention of those topics. I shall carefully endeavour to touch such trite subjects as lightly as possible, and to address myself to whoever may chance to peruse these pages, in nearly the

same manner and order which an elderly gentleman would observe, sitting with his legs crossed, and his head comfortably resting on a perfectly easy chair, by the fireside of an old friend, who wished to hear a little every day, during his visit into the country, about what he saw to interest and amuse him in Paris, and what account he could give of the Frenchmen's farming.

I found many changes in the Capital ; some (as far as my individual preferences or predilections, not to say prejudices, were concerned,) for the worse ; but most for the better. At the very threshold of our hôtel I missed the old direction which used to meet the eye on entering almost every public institution and gentleman's house in Paris,—“ *PARLEZ AU SUISSE.*” It meant to say, “ Whatever message you may wish to leave, or information to ask, put your head into this little lodge within the gates, and speak to the personage who, like some hermit in his cell, sits all the livelong day in the place, waiting to be spoken to.” This is one of the “ by-gones.” The Swiss has disappeared. From the date of the first revolution, when the Swiss guard died, but surren-

dered not, in the service of the monarch, the Helvetic *attachés* to the houses and homes of the high and wealthy began to live, as it were, an isolated community. They were eyed askance, as minions of aristocracy. Their countrymen had exhibited only too meritorious allegiance:—

“ Faithful found

Among the faithless ; faithful only they
 Among innumerable false ; unmoved,
 Unshaken, unseduced, untterrified
 Their loyalty they kept, their love, their zeal :
 Nor number, nor example, with them wrought
 To swerve from truth, or change their constant minds,
 Though single.” *Paradise Lost*, book v.

The second staunch resistance of the Swiss guards (in 1830) seems to have been remembered with something more than distaste. Be it as it may, the word “*Suisse*” is everywhere painted out, and “*CONCIERGE*” is placed in its stead. Swiss servants, however, are occasionally to be seen in the principal government official residences, and in the chief churches. They are singled out as the most portly and important-looking retainers ; and Switzerland is prolific in these Anakim ; as, in our country, Yorkshire and

Lincoln contribute their six-feet-twos and threes to the household brigade.

The next feature of which I shall speak is altogether personal. The ancient Romans were by their favourite poet designated "*gens togata*" (the enrobed people).

"Romanos, rerum dominos, gentemque togatam."

VIRG. *Æn.* i. 282.

The costume of the *toga*, or flowing-gown, even for the male sex, having been regarded as most consistent with the dignity of the lords of the universe; as, indeed, their splendid statues still prove; but who that now surveys the French population will hesitate to call them the "*gens barbata*?"

"They have made themselves all men of hair."

SHAKESPEARE'S *Winter's Tale*.

One would suppose they were, one and all, confiding, Sampson-like, in this preternatural growth, for strength to grapple with either foreign or domestic foe. The mania for moustache, chin-tuft, and beard, is manifest on the very beach at Boulogne, and prevails to the base of

the Pyrenees and the glaciers of Savoy. The *ramonneur*, who picks up rags from the dirt-heap ; the *décrotteur*, who polishes shoes and boots for a halfpenny in the street ; the *épicier*'s, or grocer's apprentice, young "split-fig ;" the cab-driver, the hostler, innkeeper, waiter, weaver, attorney's clerk, apothecary, law-student, surgeon, doctor, diplomatist, private secretary, cabinet minister, high, low, rich and poor, one with another, have, as with one consent, shaved, clipped, and cut after the same original—with more or less success. As a specimen which will serve to exhibit the *mode* now *raging* from the cider-cellar to the foot of the throne, I annex the portraits of the four waiters whom we saw at the first breakfast to which we sat down in Paris.





The reader has my solemn assurance that this delineation does not exaggerate or caricature in the slightest degree the actual physiognomy, fashion, and *fell*, of the *garçons* who were fetching and carrying soup and salad, at nine o'clock in the morning, among the patrons of the Salon François, Palais Royal, June 25th, 1847.

I have a rather malicious pleasure in being able to add that, about four months since, I read in the "Times" newspaper the following paragraph:—

"The French government have just issued orders commanding all persons employed in the government offices to shave off their beards and moustaches." "Il en étoit bien tems!" The superfluity of this crisp crop, through the thirty-seven thousand three hundred communes of France, would, upon a moderate calculation,

serve to stuff all the chairs and benches of the theatres in Paris, and supply *material* for some of the liveliest epigrams in their national tongue.

Memoranda. The breakfast suggested by one of these pioneer-looking heroes of the coffee-room, when my son called for the morning repast, expecting hot rolls and coffee, was

A silver bowlful of vermicelli broth.

A plate of stewed veal, larded; on buttered peas.

A cold cauliflower, in oil.

An omelette, and a bottle of red wine.

A roll of bread, eighteen inches long.

This delicate “whet” was overruled by an order for something less foreign to a young Briton’s palate, which, in turn, provoked a laugh; for who would expect to see tea-cups and saucers laid with large *gravy-spoons*—the only size we met with, at every breakfast to which we sat down, during our three weeks’ stay in the country. Tea is not drunk at French breakfasts;—soup, or rather the ghost of a soup, is the universal *boisson* at that meal; and for that alone the silveramiths appear to manufacture spoons.

Passing by a grocer’s shop, I stepped in to en-

quire after the prices of sugar, and gained this information :—

White loaf sugar, made from beet-root, 8*d.* the pound.

Yellowish ditto, 6½*d.*

A mass of deep yellow-coloured moist sugar, also from beet-root (used chiefly by the poorest classes), 5*d.*

Loaf-sugar, also of deep-yellow or tawny tint, from the cane, in the Isle of Bourbon, 7*d.*

Sucre des colonies is the term used for all sugar not made from beet-root.

Close to the said shop were some paviours at work laying down stone. Considering the favourite use made of their paving-stones whenever the good citizens of Paris set about changing dynasties, this job in the causeway was an emblem of peace. The rammer seemed very ponderous, yet he who was handling it with such agility made no noise with his voice, as our paviours do, when the huge implement strikes the ground. Seeing one of their tools standing alone, I went up to it, and tried to use it as I saw the workpeople using

theirs. It was very heavy ; but I found it easy of management. I annex a sketch of it. The



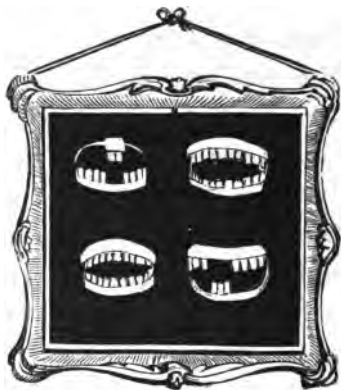
paviour grasps the wooden circular handle with his right hand at upper *a*, and his left at lower *a*. Having let the iron-shod rammer descend, he takes hold, for the next turn, with the left hand at upper *b*, and with the right at lower *b*, which mode of lifting it I found to be the only one for work. It gave a sharp, effective blow, and drove the square block of Pontoise stone a full inch into the loam and gravel beneath.

I may have excited a smile in thus detailing the operations of a Parisian paviour ; but were I just returned from Mozambique or Timbuctoo, it would have been deemed quite consistent with the practice of observant travellers, that I should describe an African street-commissioner's machinery and men. We may just as well glance, in the same way, across the streets of Paris. I defy an Englishman to walk a quarter of a mile in that capital, and not espy some novelty or peculiar characteristic of the national taste or trades.

Where is the foreign tourist who would not make a memorandum of *our* self-acting scavenger-carts in Regent Street?

Happening to stand still for a few seconds at the corner of a street, Rue des Cartes, close to the Polytechnic School, our notice was attracted by a gilt frame, hanging up at a doorway opposite, in which were some moving objects under the glass, the peculiar appearance of which induced us to cross over and examine them a little more closely. Not a little astonished were we to find ourselves gazing at four opening and closing *jaws*, exquisitely manufactured by one Mons. Gaudy, dentist, and proclaiming in mute but decidedly *moving* eloquence, his capabilities as a refitter of incisor and molar teeth, and of any section, gum or bone, of human mandibles. Here were the two couples of jaws, gaping from morn till eve, on a background of black velvet, and upbraiding every son and daughter of France, who, beholding this great fact, could keep a gap open under either cheek or lip. The effect of the thing was matchless. We began to appre-

hend aches and pains in our alveolar processes from too steadfast a gaze on this marvellous mechanism; for good clockwork had become a handmaid to dental surgery, and superseded all advertisements of Mons. Gaudy's creative faculties! These "poor dumb mouths," as Anthony would



have called them, "are speaking for him" most opportunely, in my opinion; for it is singular to observe the number of French jaws in which the two middle teeth (or at least one tooth), either in the upper or lower jaw, are wanting, from what cause I never could learn, but the fact is indisputable. It was delightful to see how

adroitly this Machiavel in ivory and enamel had appealed to his suffering countrymen and countrywomen's common sense, in whatever instance there might be any obstacle to a comfortable bite and chew ! To see the nicety of adaptation with which, as the defective jaw rose or fell, two beautiful teeth filled up the gap ; and then, as if to mark the deplorable contrast, withdrew themselves ! It seemed to say, " Eat and be merry !" to every one whose apparatus for masticating crust or cutlet might be out of working order ; and, together with the artiste's *faith* in his own skill, and *hope* of patronage, one would almost be inclined to say there was *charity* in the invention.

Speaking of crusts, I saw a young lad of about fourteen years of age standing in the footway with a loaf he had just procured at the baker's shop opposite. He held it upright. One end of it rested on the pavement, the other extremity touched his eye. Four feet two inches length of bread ! It only wanted a *yard* of Cambridge butter to set it off, and help it down when laid across the family table as the *staff of life* !

We had just left the post-office in the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, when, on looking across the street, at No. 11, the shop of one Druet, a stationer, we were edified by the appearance of "Dan Cupid" in a new character; doubtless assumed in honour of epistolary correspondence throughout the world. How large an investment the young rascal has in pens, ink, paper, and sealing-wax in this planet, it would be impossible to calculate; but Mons. Druet's method of mounting him would just have suited poor Imogen's notion of riding post. The sign-board I am mentioning represents the god of love very scantily clothed, except as to the legs, (which are well protected by enormous jack-boots,) and riding on a greyhound. He carries a letter-bag slung around his loins, and flourishes in his left hand his bow unstrung, in his right a *letter*. It is a "righte merrie conceite" for young Expectation standing on tiptoe at the *bureau de poste* opposite, and asking for letters.

Having alluded to Love-in-boots, I may as well mention what we fell in with shortly after-

wards near the river side (Rue Planche Mibray) —turning from “The Beauty” to “The Beast!”

“AU LOUP BOTRÉ se vendent bottes, souliers et pantoufles en tout genre.” The facetious boot-maker has exalted above his shop-front the model of a wolf, full size, who from his pedestal and pride of place exhibits the fashionable cut of the man of leather beneath him, by wearing samples of the stock in hand. I question whether *Puss*-in-boots ever did such good service.



The city regulations for affording prompt and timely aid in case of street-accidents are very wisely ordered. Throughout the parishes are to

be seen small buildings (resembling lodges to a nobleman's park,) generally in the centre of some broad thoroughfare; over which are inscribed, in large capitals, the words, "SECOURS AUX BLESSÉS" — (help for wounded persons). Here are kept stretchers, splints, bandages, sponges, water, towels, lancets, and the addresses of the medical men nearest to the station. Those lodges which are contiguous to the river side are supplied with drags, and with such necessities as are most likely to be required in cases of drowning or strangulation. "Asphyxie" is the term that is



employed for the latter in the inscription, — "SECOURS AUX NOYÉS et ASPHYXIÉS." Three or four

soldiers mount guard at such places.

What could a "Confection de Mantilles et Manteaux ent out genre" denote? One often has heard from "ladie lips" of "a *sweet bonnet*," "a *sweet Cachemire*," "a delicious silk." But, a *confection* of mantillas! *Que voulez vous donc!*

Obliged to step in, and ask for interpretation. It means "*Ready-made* mantillas, &c., sold here." Here, then, the *confectioner* in dress, if it be permissible to dub the ready-made cloak-vender with such a title, is of a grade below the tradesman who sells the *raw materials*. I only touch upon the word that I may record a pleasantry within my own knowledge of London *mots* :—

Lady. "How long has Mr. B. been a pastrycook?"

Shopman in Mr. B.'s "firm." "Mr. B. is not a pastrycook, ma'am."

Lady. "Not a pastrycook! Why, we have dealt here these five years for all sorts of confectionary!"

Shopman. "Yes, ma'am: Mr. B. is a confectioner."

Lady. "What can be the difference?"

Shopman. "Oh! dear me, ma'am: everything! Just as much as between an *attorney* and a *solicitor*!"

These are, as Osrick observes to Hamlet, "most excellent differences." But, the French too, are dearly fond of fine words. Decoration is

their *forte* ; and, indeed, they will hardly sell you a square of soap without its motto ; or a cake of chocolate without some *petit roman*, or love-tale, enveloping the savoury lump. Their beautiful pictures and gilt-embossed card-boxes materially augment the sale of Bordeaux plums ; and the most popular omnibuses, some years ago, were those which played by mechanism the favourite air of “La dame blanche,” as they performed their course. I was standing one day at our hôtel lodge, and, all of a sudden, heard a trumpet sounded as beautifully as ever I had heard in the head-quarters of a large body of cavalry. I ran to the stair to hasten the steps of my son, who was at that moment descending, saying he would probably see some of the French cavalry pass by. We hurried forth into the street, and almost overthrew the trumpeter—a dingy, dirty old fellow, who was hawking about lemonade and *eau sucrée* in a tin cylinder, covered with red velvet, at his back. It was a fair illustration of the piping times of peace, that cream of tartar and sugared water should succeed in making such a noise in the world. Any one would have

imagined that a whole squadron of horse was at the gate. He would have proved a "trump" indeed in my father's *cortège* of high shrievalty in 1828, to blow my lord judge into the court at Bedford; or to give him a long blast, by way of refreshment, on his coming out of the heat of it!

Our walk took us through part of the Rue St. Martin, where we had visited the "Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers," or repository of models illustrating art and trade. Not far from the church of St. Meri, which I examined with deep interest, was the projecting corner of a house, against which we perceived a frame somewhat similar to the one mentioned under the head of Mr. Gaudy's jaw-works:—but it was of a totally different character. A more ingenious, a more truly comical piece of mechanism I had never seen. It was in four compartments; each about ten inches by seven. The upper, towards the left hand, represented an aged baboon, habited in a long coat, and wearing spectacles, and seated in a high-backed chair. The figure was admirably cut in pasteboard, and well painted. His left

hand rested on a large book placed on his knees ; his right grasped a cane. He was a schoolmaster. Before him stood a monkey, wearing a short coat, holding in his right hand a book, and (*for I saw his lips moving rapidly*) construing his lesson to the old pedagogue, or rather *pitheco*-gogue, who now and then raised his cane ; at the sight of which the scholar held up his left hand, as if to avert a blow. The cane was lowered ; and then the uplifted hand went down. Presently the old gentleman raised his left hand to his spectacles, and, removing them from his nose to his forehead, gazed at his scholar, and thrice nodded his head ; as if saying, “ Well ! that ’s pretty well said.” Then the lesson was resumed. All this time two or three (I forget the number) younger scholars kept up an incessant motion of eyes and lips ; as if fagging away, in no small trepidation, at *their* lesson, which they would have to say very soon. It is impossible to conceive the exquisiteness of the caricature, or the marvellous accuracy of every movement and gesture. The lips, upper and lower, moved truly to nature, showing the teeth every now and then.

Even the tail vibrated when the stick threatened castigation. Alongside this was a compartment representing a ball-room. In a balcony, against the wall of the said room, sat an ape, playing the violin with much animation and gesture. A huge brown bear, wearing top-boots, was *polking* with a very elegant young lady in a white gown, who also *polked* with her left foot. The inclination of Bruin's head, as he brought his left boot forward, was the *acme* of fun. It was incomparably grotesque, and we laughed outright; as did a German who stood close behind us. The French people did not halt to look on. Doubtless it was an object familiar to all who were accustomed to walk in that thoroughfare. The third compartment represented a similar dance between a white bear and a lady in a brown silk gown. The fourth represented a young girl holding by the left hand a young peasant's right hand, who was climbing a ladder raised against the window out of which she was bending. Contiguous to the house was a shrubbery. Just at the angle of the building was seen a countryman, in a very excited state of wrath, the furiousness of whose gestures

was wonderfully well expressed. (This was the father of mademoiselle.) He held firmly in both hands a dung-fork, with which he every now and then pierced the pantaloons of the climbing Romeo of rural life, who at every thrust clapped his left hand to the wounded part !

But for the expensiveness of this astonishing piece of clockwork, which was priced at twenty gold Napoleons, (16*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*.) I would fain have possessed myself of it, as the most consummate specimen of French humour and ingenuity I had ever beheld or heard of. It was a sample, or exposition frame, of M. Busson's clockwork groups in Carton. No. 120 Rue St. Martin.

How the lady in white did twist and bend about in her grim partner's clutches ! It was, no doubt hardly *bearable* !

“Methinks I see her now !”

Returning from the Luxembourg Palace, I confronted another *ordonnance* :—(That *ordonnance*, by the bye, must be a grating word in the Parisian ear.) The thermometer pointed to 110° of heat, and I thought there was

“parental government” in the proclamation I allude to.

ORDONNANCE

CONCERNANT

LES CHIENS ET LES CHIENS-BOULEDOGUES!

AVIS DU CONSEIL DE SALUBRITÉ.

This notice enjoined all owners of dogs to keep them *muselés* (muzzled), and annexed several directions as to the most prudent steps to be taken in case of bites; besides twelve extracts from the Law Code, applicable to the keepers of dogs. The *ordonnance* was dated June 4th, 1847, and signed by the *préfet de police*.

The first caution exhorted every person bitten, or apprehending himself to be bitten, to squeeze the wound, and try to get rid of the blood and slaver.

The second, directed the washing of the wound with volatile alkali and water, soap and water, lime water, or salt water, or water with soda in it, or even wine, or, in default of any of these, even with simple fresh water.

The third recommended actual cautery with iron heated to a state of white heat.

The fourth urged the party to avoid any recourse to quack-doctors, and to apply without delay to a regular practitioner.

The fifth advised the owners not to kill suspected dogs directly they were supposed to be in a rabid state, but to take them to the Veterinary College, and ascertain their real condition.

There is a great deal of sound sense in this placard ; and I imagine the English public would be of my opinion were a similar notice freely distributed throughout the city and Westminster on the 3rd of July at latest ; though M. Le Préfet anticipates the dog-days by a month.

Met some under-sized hackney-coaches called *citadines*, drawn rapidly by two ponies of eleven hands in height. A higher price is given for these animals than for any other race of horses in France. They are bred in Brittany, and are chiefly found on farms.

There is a curious expression often observable

in house-windows, and on handbills in the streets :—

“ A vendre à l'amiable.”

It means a sale by private contract.

The Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine is a noble thoroughfare ; the Bishopsgate, or rather Aldgate Street, of Paris. Here I found once more my old acquaintances the coffee-roasters who, since Paris has been newly paved, and *trottoirs* on either side of almost every street constructed for foot-passengers, have, by the police regulations, been *chasséd* from their wonted stations outside every tenth door, nearly, in the capital. They and their apparatus were sadly in the way, at all hours ; but the delicious fragrance of the toasted berries was an excellent set-off against other odours. As regards scents and effluvia, however, the *conseil de salubrité* has of late years wrought such wonderful reforms in respect of drainage, sewerage, ventilation, *arrosement*, (watering,) scavenger-work, and general cleansing, that Paris is now as free from noisome smells as London. Indeed, I should say that the continual escape of gas in our streets, (the French call it *gaz*,) and

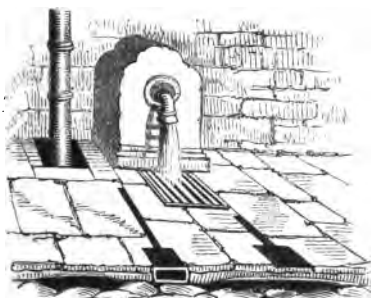
the universal smoking of cigars, below a certain grade of the populace, render our highways and byeways quite as fetid, every now and then, as the most densely-inhabited quarters of the French capital. It was in this Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, (a memorable district in the first great Revolution, and the head-quarters of the pikemen,) where I saw such a stylish balcony at a butcher's shop. It was supported by the colossal-sized heads of five bulls, admirably carved in oak, and equally well painted.

Saw an old woman busily employed in new-bottoming chairs : she was using rye-straw instead of rushes, and sitting on the stones within a foot of the coach-wheels that rattled along the street.

I was just now mentioning the supply of water for the purpose of cleansing the streets.

At frequently recurring stations against the house-fronts are small running conduits. These are encased in stone and iron, at the top of which is a metal lid secured by a lock, the key-hole of which is visible. The key is kept by the turn-cock. In the event of any derangement, this lid is opened, and the work inspected. Immediately

under the tap, from which the stream continues flowing, is a grating, from which a drain is conducted under the flag-stones to the kerbstone outlet. Inlaid in the flag-stone pavement is a narrow plate of iron, of about three feet in length,



which may be raised by the release of two or three screws. This is to facilitate the clearing away of any sediment deposited in the lapse of time by the running water from the tap. Parallel with this inlaid strip of iron is another, longer by eighteen inches. This covers a drain, the mouth of which is seen opening just under the kerbstone, and which discharges the liquid descending through a stack-pipe that enters the pavement close to the house-front, through an

orifice of a foot square. This stack-pipe conveys rain-water from the roof, and soap-suds and other refuse liquid from the several floors of the house, and conveys it right and left, not into a gutter, as in England, for there is none, but under the very flagstone pavement, which is built over a continuous open drain parallel with the course of the street. Thus a continual washing and cleansing is maintained, not only by the conduit-pipe, at which the inhabitants fill their vessels, but through the flow from the rain-pipe in the wet season, and from the water thrown down from the inmates above. These escapements for the water under the pavement are admirable inventions. They occur at tolerably frequent intervals, and, though not visibly connected, are, for the most part, constructed so as to lead tributary, and more or less *dirty*, streams down to the river. The opening under the foot pavement is wide enough to admit a man's arm : it is bevelled off into the drain beneath, and carries away the water from the causeway, in wet weather, with extraordinary rapidity. The contrast of this ingenious and most cleanly provision against mud, mire,

and splashing, with the old gutter of the centre of the causeway, which used to bespatter without mercy all the luckless foot-passengers within *water-shot*, appeared to me too remarkable to be passed unnoticed by pen or pencil; and I have therefore laid a faithful representation of this modern scheme before the reader.

Met a wagon containing a hundred and twenty tin pails of milk. (Such as our milk-women carry on sale.) It bore an inscription, "LAITERIES GENERALES" (General Milk Company); and, presently afterwards, a very tall and exceedingly fat grenadier of the National Guards, with a pair of "goggle" spectacles on his nose, the appearance of which was not a little ludicrous.



"Dant *Spectacula Marti*!"—HOR. *Od.* lib. i.

In all parts of Paris, whether on the conduits just mentioned or on monuments, public edifices, &c., may be seen a little cast iron plate representing a ship in full sail. It indicates the height of that spot as regards the level of the sea.

A little further on was a man habited like one of our turncocks, directing a powerful stream of water into a covered archway like our piazzas, a corner of which was the occasional repository of dirt and refuse. He directed the leathern hose towards the point requiring attention, and poured such a volley of water into every nook and corner of the place as would have taken off his legs any individual crossing the line of his range. The hose were screwed on to a pipe in an adjoining wall, the key of which he held in one hand. It was a summary process of purification enjoined by the *Conseil de Salubrité*. This word *salubrité* is engraved on the brass plates worn in the front of the hats of the dustmen or *cantonniers* who come round with a cart between six and seven o'clock every morning to remove the dirt-heaps deposited either over-night, or very early in the

morning, before the doors of the houses in every street.



I met one of these "spirits of health" one day at the door of our hôtel. He had done his bidding "yarely." The precincts and approaches to our caravanseraï of strangers of all nations were as smooth and bright as a new five-franc piece of the mint of his majesty the king of all the French, clean or dirty. As Gay said—

"For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds; and heaps of dirt subside."

CHAPTER VI.

UNDER a "pressure from without" of 115 degrees, and a bright blue sky, we jumped into a bright blue "citadine," and drove to "The Hospital of Charity"—Rue Jacob.

This is the celebrated institution founded by Mary de Medicis in the year 1602, and subsequently enlarged during the reign of Louis XVI. There were five hundred patients, male and female, within the walls, on the day of our visit, which was not on one of the open days, so called; but the privilege awarded to "Gentilhomme Anglois" superseded all forms; and the wife of the *concierger*, or lodge-keeper, took us over every part of the establishment. I have seldom passed two hours in more interesting inspection. Knowing familiarly well the internal regulations and management of our own hos-

pitals, I surveyed all the appointments with considerable interest. We met in every ward one or two Sisters of Charity, the beneficent nuns so well known by that name, and recognisable, even by our children, as the wearers of that very singular head-dress—the broad, flap-



ping wings of stiffly starched calico,) which induces some of the toy-sellers to manufacture little figures arrayed in this monastic garb, for the purpose of serving as pincushions.

There were seventy-two beds in one of the wards. The apartment was beautifully clean, and tidiness worthy of Holland prevailed in every part of it. The walls and ceilings were lime-washed. At the foot of each bed was attached (as in our hospitals) a card. The card stated the patient's name, place of birth, occupation, and age, in a printed form, with blanks

to be filled up. I noticed that in all these cards the space directed to be filled up with the description of the malady under which the occupant of the bed was suffering, remained blank. Probably the insertion of this particular had proved objectionable. No memorandum for diet (as in our hospitals) was affixed. I enquired of one of the Sisters whether she could name the prevalent diseases that terminated fatally in these hospitals. Consumption, as usual. And in what classes of individuals? Among the men, tailors above all other work-people; among the women, *couturières* (needle-women,) especially milliners' girls and flower-makers. I saw one of the latter in a rapidly declining state.

In that part of this large ward which was nearest to the door by which we entered, was a small counter, on which lay an open book containing printed general regulations for diet throughout the establishment, and observations left in writing by the visiting physicians and surgeons attached to the hospital. Porter and beer were not mentioned. Wine and milk were

freely exhibited instead. Broths, strong gravy-soup, fish, flesh, fowl, vegetables, fruits, baked apples, and preserves, were specified as the rations to be dispensed *pro re natâ*. (Accordingly as various cases might require them.)

Street accidents are taken in; but no bed was vacant when we were there, for we saw a poor woman brought to the lodge apparently in the last stage of exhaustion, and she was sent away to the Hôtel Dieu, for want of room.

I observed upwards of four females in a moribund state. They must have died, I should say, a few hours after our departure. Two clergymen reside in the house; one for the male department; the other for the women's wards; patients, however, may be visited by any ministers of religion whom they wish to see, or who, knowing them in their parishes, express a desire to see them. I observed very few reading: I drew near to a little table which had been placed by the bedside of a poor creature evidently dozing into eternity, and took up from it a plainly bound volume,

covered with paper to keep the binding neat and clean. It was entitled, "La vie des justes parmi les filles Chrétiennes." Par M. L'Abbé Carron.

On an oval stamp at the foot of the title page was printed, "Œuvre de la visite des Malades."

A new chapel is in progress of erection. We went into the present chapel, which is to be reserved for the celebration of the communion. After seeing the women's wards we went through the men's: one poor fellow was in great pain from a contused arm and bruised ribs. A nun was cupping him. These devout and most devoted women glide from bed to bed like messengers of mercy; the personification of Walter Scott's well remembered "Clare," appealed to by Marmion in his dying moments:—

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

The portress, our attendant, addressed the younger nuns as "Ma sœur;" the elder as "Ma mère!" A small altar stood in the centre of each apartment.

We left the wards, and followed our guide into the pharmacy department below. The principal rooms were built with stone-groined ceilings. There were two vast copper pans, four feet wide and twenty inches deep, for hot water ; and all manner of vessels for supplying, at the shortest notice, the various ptisans and broths for the sick. On a platform of brick stood several nine-gallon barrels with lids, all of iron-stone ware, for the macerating process. A large quantity of gum was in preparation ; arsenic, quinine, and laudanum, antimony, digitalis, colchicum, and sarsaparilla, were occupying the close attention of some of the officials in the chemical laboratory.

In a small room adjoining, were large bins with slanting lids, containing stores of bitter roots and leaves, sweet and aromatic flowers and barks, many families of the purgative *caste*, stick-liquorice, barley and oats, and a long fibrous root called "chire-dent." One of these huge bins was nearly full of hops (very like our Farnham hops,) in two good handfuls of which we instantly buried our noses, much to the amuse-

ment of the laboratory men and our guide, who hardly understood our loyal recognition of the beautiful and bountiful plant of our county.

In another room, close by an open window, and under a glass cover or dome, was a splendid piece of mechanism, consisting of an apparatus of scales, about a foot in height, for weighing infinitesimal doses of subtle medicine, such as arsenic, strychnine, morphia. Besides very diminutive brass measures, there were little atoms of paper. A mercury level was laid on the mahogany stand. The window is opened while the practitioner is using this instrument, that the assistant may lean out and prevent any one from walking by, and producing any vibration.

I thought of Professor Airy's remonstrance against the railway being carried through Greenwich Park, and his apprehensions for the mercury at the Observatory.

We proceeded to the bath department. Here was every variety; from the temperature of the torrid to the frigid zone. There was the Russian room, with three benches, on which was sitting-place for twenty persons, the steam issu-

ing from a pipe with a colander head at the corner of the room ; and, communicating by a narrow passage, was a room in which the patients might rapidly proceed to a cold shower-bath. The attendant, pulling a wire, brought down a flooding rain. There were also a set of baths adapted for hernia, paralysis, and brain fever. A leather tube, flexible as the proboscis of an elephant, was conducted to the brink of each bath, which, if capable of so doing, the patient might elevate and apply to his head or limbs, to direct a rush of water on any particular part ; otherwise an attendant might so use it.

Beyond this was a long room containing fifty baths, each of which might be screened by coarse white curtains moving on curved iron rods, and fitted with strings for tying them together. Opposite to these baths, at an interval of three yards, was a range of covered bins or lockers containing female apparel. These baths are resorted to by patients capable of walking to them. In cases of extreme weakness, or of danger likely to arise from exposure to cold, there are portable baths, which are brought to

the bed-side, according to the usage observed in all hospitals.

At length, we entered the dead-house ; the inner apartment of which is principally used for *post-mortem* examinations by the house-surgeons, in the presence of pupils. The body of a girl about nineteen years old was lying on one of the tables, sewed up in a cloth : the primary incisions had been made, and an *autopsis* was to ensue in the course of the afternoon.

The outer chamber of this dead house was a vestibule, in which were about seven stands or narrow stages, on which were deposited long, black, semi-cylindrical-covered litters, similar to some of the coffin-biers in which, on the continent, bodies are carried to the grave. At the upper part of each of these long, round trunks, was an opening of about a foot square, through which, were a living man laid underneath, he could see above and about his head and shoulders. Alongside each was a bell-rope, with a stout iron wire handle ; the upper part of the string, or rope, being attached to a crank just under the ceiling. I enquired the cause of this very extra-

ordinary provision for dead men and women. My attendant replied, that whenever a patient died, the body was brought down, and placed under one of these black covers, till arrangements were completed for the interment. Meanwhile, the bell-handle is introduced through the orifice above-mentioned, and the arm of the corpse is so arranged that the hand may rest on the chest or abdomen, with the said handle between the fingers ! I could not help smiling at this elaborate provision against trance : “ And where,” said I, “ do these cranks overhead lead to ? ”

“ To the nurse’s apartments : that in case there be any one reviving in the dead room, the respited individual may give a good tug, and bring down some one to the rescue.”

“ And have you had many bell-ringers ? ”

“ No ; not many. One case happened,” said the dead-house lodge-keeper, since I came here. “ Some one upstairs heard a very violent ringing from this, the dead-room’s bell-crank, and several came down in a pretty state of trepidation, you may be sure.”

“ Well ! and what did the dead-alive man say or do ? ”

“ Ah ! ma foi ! Il n’a rien fait ! Il n’a rien dit, même qu’il ait sonné bravement ! ”

“ How so ! give such a tug at his bell, and then have nothing to say to you all ! ”

“ Oh ! mon Dieu, non : Il était toujours bien mort ! [He was dead enough all the time !] ”

On pressing this droll informant to reveal a mystery which we were half inclined to treat with contempt, he explained that it was in the case of a very stout man who had died of dropsy, and swelled very much ; that in about eight or ten hours after death, the body collapsed, from a discharge of the animal gas, as he called it ; and the stomach, or more properly speaking, the abdomen, sunk down so rapidly, that the hand shifted its position, drawing the bell-handle with it, and thus rang the call-bell most lustily.

I suppose few travellers have heard a more comical tale told in a charnel-house than this recital of the ghostly bell-ringer. The appearance of the bell-pull at each coffin, or litter-head, is too full of the ridiculous not to provoke

a smile. One feels disposed to recommend the nurses to lay a pair of trousers and slippers, or petticoats, on a chair by each body ; with a little snack of something comfortable (*eau de vie, par exemple*), to allay the “dismal horror of the time,” in case of waking in a coffin-shell !

A similar provision for the “dead-alive” is made in the hospital at Frankfort.

Looked through the railings of the Carousel, at the Tuileries palace, on the ten o'clock parade of the National Guard. One would suppose that, in a nation so military as the French, some pains would have been taken to maintain a certain standard of height, even in the companies of the burgher guard, or town fencibles, as we might term them. As the grenadier company marched by us, I could not help expressing my surprise at the intermixture of stature. Two stout ruddy citizens, with whiskers like blacking-brushes, each six feet one in height, marched with a little dapper fellow between them of about five feet six. The fourth man might have stood five feet eight and a half ; the two next in line would have measured six feet ; then

came another five feet eight, flanked by two of six feet one. Accordingly, when these martial longs and shorts were drawn up in line, the effect of



such discrepancies was most disadvantageous. It reminded me of the asparagus beds in May when the heads are long or short-necked, according to their vegetative power. But the sergeants had not only disregarded the standard of height, but also left their "merry, merry men" to stand at ease, wherever and whenever they might feel disposed to take the thing coolly. I annex a view of some of the legs taken on



the spot. What would my old village schoolmaster, Richard Sharpe, have said or done to even the third class of boys in the "easy lesson" division, had they ventured to halt, dress and

stand, or rather straggle, in this free and easy style, in his august presence ! And these sons of Mars stood just under the royal apartments.

The uniform coat now worn in the national guard is, according to my notions, very unmilitary in appearance. It is in fact every inch bourgeois and *pequin*. My readers may probably recall to mind the long blue coats “uniformly” adopted by our country labourers, as the Sunday or best coat ; *length* being the principal consideration as to the fashion of the garb.

Formerly the national guard wore a small coat, and, during winter and night duty, a great coat over it. Now they have but this one, winter or summer, day or night.

The pioneers of this force wear long white leather aprons, extending downward *to the instep* of the foot. As the musicians passed I remarked the peculiar make of the double drum : it was not above twenty inches deep. In the bands of our regiments I should say its depth (or length rather,) was at least thirty-six.

A military band was on parade, but we did

not stay to hear any music. It is a deplorable way of witnessing any review of troops. The public are not admitted beyond the railing, and there is always (as in our country,) a rabble crowd thronging the partition through the greater part of its extent, and commending nimbly to the gentle sense every variety of flavour arising from pipes, cigars, brimstone, and onions, in the precincts of a palace where all should be redolent of ambergris and vanille!

Visited the Royal Library.

Among the rare missals in this vast collection of all and every thing that is interesting in literature, I noticed a demi-folio volume dedicated to Loyola. It was bound with a cover of massive silver wrought in high relief, and illustrating certain passages of Scripture. The silver was partly burnished, and the weight of *metal* alone must have been very considerable. The book altogether must be unique.

1. In one of the glass-cases was a block of wood, five inches by four and a half, carved into stereotyped German text: a very interesting

specimen of the art of printing in its infancy. There were sixteen lines to the page, and alongside was the book itself, in one page of which was seen an impression taken from the block. The type was beautifully distinct. It was part of a grammar of the Latin language, shewing the conjugation of the potential mood, passive voice, of the verb "DOCEOR." "Et pluraliter doceamur, doceamini, doceantur," etc.

2. There was also a Bible, in vellum, without date, by Gutenberg (the inventor of moveable type,) German text; form and face of the type exquisitely fine.

3. Not far from this was the first book bearing a printed date; being a psalter published at Mayence on the eve of the Assumption in 1457, by John Faust (our old acquaintance, the *Doctor*!) and Peter Schöffer, who were pupils of Gutenberg.

postul

Non postulasti.—[Thou didst not require,] Psalm xl. v. 6.

4. A splendid Bible, on vellum, presented by

Robert Estienne to Francis I. Paris, 1540. This was Robertus Stephanus of "Thesaurus" celebrity.

5. The Great Prophets, Hebrew, on paper, by the same, Paris, 1544. This was published in the year preceding Robert Stephens's edition of the Bible, to which he subsequently appended notes, the publication of which aroused such animosity amongst the doctors of the Sorbonne as to render his stay in Paris almost intolerable ; and he quitted the capital on the death of his Patron Francis, for Geneva, where he embraced the Protestant faith.

6. A well cut head in relief (marble,) stated to be a fragment of a sculpture of Assyria, and detached from a tomb excavated on the site of the ancient Nineveh. The reader will find a representation of it in page 226.

7. The largest cameo in the world, cut in agate, and entitled, "The Apotheosis of Augustus Cæsar." It may be about one foot in length, and about eleven inches across. It was brought to France in the year 1244, by Baudouin II., [Baldwin] when he came to solicit aid from Saint Louis

for the recovery of his empire of Constantinople. The cameo (representing the same apotheosis) in the cabinet of Vienna is one third smaller, but was purchased by Rodolph II., for six thousand pounds. At the period of my residence in Vienna it was under lock and key, and special permission was needful to obtain a view of it.

8. Silver coins, bearing the head of Drusilla, wife of Felix the Governor, who trembled at the preaching of St. Paul, Acts ch. xxiv. v. 24.

9. Medal of the three Consuls, Buonaparte, Cambacères, and Lebrun, 1802, two and a half inches diameter.

10. A silver medal inscribed Waterloo, 1815. June 18th.

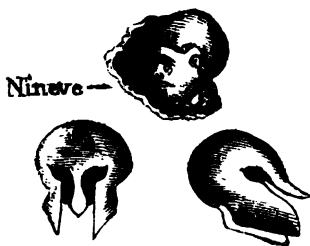
A wounded eagle *pecked at by vultures!*

This must have been Regnault de St. Jean d'Angély's "astonished eagle,"—the phrase he used to designate the discomfited army of Napoleon.

How expressive are Pope's lines :—

"The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name :
In one short view subjected to our eye,
God's emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties lie."

11. Some very interesting relics of the armour of the ancient Greeks. The casques must have



been exceedingly heavy. These were incrustated with gangrene, being, as I conceive, made of brass; but they were at the back of a glass-case, and I could not discern with sufficient accuracy.

12. Manuscripts, exhibiting the hand-writing of Louis XIV., Marshal Turenne, Mesdames Sevigné, Maintenon, and de la Vallière. (These women wrote in very large character.) Montesquieu, De la Harpe, J. J. Rousseau, (a neat little hand), Voltaire, Corneille, Bossuet, Abbé de l'Ille, Père la Chaise, Franklin, &c. I enquired for some of Napoleon's hand-writing, but none was to be seen. "*Il faut bien demander pour cela au Chateau des Tuileries.*"

13. Portion of the Zend Avesta of Zoroaster in ancient Persian ; and an Assyrian publication on a long slip of paper (papyrus), resembling in width and coloured designs, a lady's sash, or a bell-pull, richly embroidered. It would have been interesting to peruse a versio Latina or Græca of the Bactrian sage's work, whose religious tenets were at least harmless, and whose moral precepts were unexceptionable ; and this, too, in the sixth century, B. C.

A long frame, nine feet high, four feet six inches wide, containing some historical document on blacked paper (the letters being in dull white) in Chinese and Syriac. The date A.D. 781, the period of the arrival of the Syrian missionaries, and of the promulgation of Christianity in China in the seventh and eight century. Discovered at Si-an-fou, in 1625.

14. A MS. bound in massive plates of gold, carved in high relief, and studded with precious gems.

15. At the foot of the staircase, within a railing, the third part of a very ancient tessellated pavement (quarter of inch pieces), re-

presenting a Triton playing on reed pipes to Thetis.

There are some splendid suits of armour here : Henry the Fourth's and Sully's ; and a child's suit, for the Duke of Burgundy, grandson of Louis XIV.

The celebrated globes were not on view ; but I had seen them before on two previous occasions.

Took a leisurely survey, in the garden court below, of the colossal statue of Charles V. of France, son and successor of John, who died in England in 1364. John founded this Royal Library by a donation of *nine* books, which was followed up by Charles in a gift of nine hundred. But all these were eventually scattered about and thrown on the world ; some, it is said, having found their way to our country while the Duke of Bedford was regent in Picardy. The attempt, however, of these right-minded men (for both father and son were exemplary monarchs) affords a remarkable instance of the duty of not despising the day of small things. The present collection comprehends 720,000 printed books, and 80,000

volumes of manuscript; the *catalogue* of the latter alone filling twenty-four volumes. To Colbert, however, in the reign of Louis XIV., is mainly attributable the glory of this splendid establishment of literature and learning.

Few statesmen have, at any period of European history, signalized themselves more honourably or more successfully in the career of office than this descendant of a Scotch family, who, within a few generations of his birth in Paris in 1619, had settled in France. Cardinal Mazarin's recommendation of his favourite secretary was the greatest benefit which, dying, he could confer on Louis XIV. The genius which could retrieve the ruined finances of a vast kingdom, and yet build the Louvre,—which could exercise the highly responsible functions of comptroller-general, and at the same time erect the arsenals of Toulon, Brest, Marseilles, and many other seaports,—could give close attention and superintendence to the cultivation of arts and sciences, erecting the Observatory and the Royal Academy, and arranging the Royal Library, (A. D. 1666;) join the Atlantic and Mediterranean by effective

channels of communication, and found the permanent prosperity of the East and West India Companies, so as to diffuse prosperity through every colony of France,—was justly entitled to the appellation, still bestowed, of “Le Grand Colbert.”

Apropos of *grands hommes* (for I must insist on my usurped privilege of passing *per saltum* from grave to gay, from lively to severe), as we were walking down the Rue de Seine, from the Church of St. Sulpice to the quays, we halted to survey “Le Grand Condé,”—the title borne by a haberdashery establishment, with a frontage of 130 feet—the “Waterloo House” of Paris. It is a shallow concern, however, with ticketed goods, and patronized chiefly by the *οἱ πολλοί*, or vulgarians of Paris.

Set our watches at noon by the Palais Royal mortar. At the Orleans Gallery end of the Palais Royal Gardens is fixed a lens through which, when no cloud obstructs his rays, the sun acts on a miniature mortar fixed in the grass-plot, by

discharging an ounce of gunpowder, and proclaiming meridian time.*

HÔTEL DES INVALIDES. Just within the enclosure at the lodge gates we saw sixteen or eighteen stupendous pieces of cannon, without carriages, fifteen feet long; bore, six and a half inches. They had been sent to France soon after the occupation of Algiers, from the neighbourhood of which they were taken. Our guide, in plain clothes, had lost his left arm at the battle of Leipsic.

We were not able to see that part of the interior of this noble Institute which is immediately below its dome. It is there where the monument to the memory of Napoleon le Grand, Empereur des François, is to be raised. The public will be excluded for upward of four years hence—so vast are the preparations in progress for the mighty tomb. Workshops of great extent have been built up around this main portion of the hôtel, where sculptors' assistants are to carve Amalekite marble from Russia, and the

* The guns of the Castle of St. Angelo in Rome now announce the hour of noon.

Carrara marble, and the porphyry brought from Egypt and Italy, towards the adornment of the work in hand.

I have been given to understand that this *quasi* dropping of an extinguisher on the remains of Napoleon *just at present*, and the temporary exclusion of all ranks and parties from the spirit-stirring scene of such active commemoration, are, in point of fact, expedients adopted by the Napoleon of Peace (the cleverest man in France, if not in the universe, at this moment), to stifle any untoward ebullition that might arise in favour of consulates, republican forms of rule, military empire, &c., from too close contact with the pavement under which the most restless disturber of the world's peace, between 1802 and 1816, now lies in lead and loneliness, — except, indeed, that faithful old Bertrand's remains are deposited, with, I believe, the body of Lannes, close to those of his old master.

Napoleon's body has been here these seven years; and Visconti's plan for a monument was executed some four years since, and the resort to it used to be great and incessant. A grant of

sixty thousand pounds was made from the Treasury towards the completion of the mausolean *chef-d'œuvre* ; but I could not gain any satisfactory explanation of the measure which decreed the present exclusion of all visitors, native or foreign. There cannot be *two* monuments.

There were three thousand invalided soldiers here. Half a score had no legs, and five were without arms ; upwards of two hundred and fifty had lost one arm, and there were as many with only one leg as there are days in the year.* One hundred and eighty were blind, and nearly seven hundred had fought in the campaigns of 1798 to 1808.

We were too early for the dinner. The old fellows are rather fashionable in respect of dinner-hours. They dine at four. Our party peeped into the kitchen, and saw some gigantic coppers. A thousand pounds' weight of meat is boiled daily ; and the same quantity is hashed or stewed. Twenty-five bushels of vegetables are consumed

* On our return from France there was a patient in Canterbury Hospital who had been many years without legs, and had lately had an arm amputated.

every day ; and we saw two boilers, into which two oxen are cut up daily. The attendant said the breakfast-hour was nine. At that meal, the general supply is soup. We saw long dining-halls, with round tables ranged down the middle, at which officers dine.

From the dining-rooms we proceeded to the chapel,—a very beautiful work of purest architecture ; but we were debarred from seeing the dome, for the reasons above-mentioned ; and thus saw nothing of the monuments of Vauban or Turenne. There is a goodly collection of flags taken in war ; the majority of which were Turkish, Arabian, Austrian, and Italian. I plucked up resolution, and asked if there were any English flags. The attendant smiled, and quietly replied, “ Four.” On looking up, I espied one king’s flag, and three regimental colours of yellow ground,—accordant with the facings of the gallant regiments from whose slaughtered ensigns they had been borne off,

“ Where mingled wars rattle
With groans of the dying.”

They were suspended at too great a height to

enable us to distinguish any particular device, or form the slightest conjecture as to the particular host over whose brave warriors they had waved in battle. Whilst we were gazing up, and endeavouring to decipher some initials on the three yellow flags, a French gentleman, who was going over the building with a friend, quietly nudged our guide, and said, "Pourquoi leur montrer?" — (Why show them that?) To which our attendant replied, with equal mildness, "Il m'a prié" — (He begged I would do so). This trait of delicacy was very gratifying.

There were five times as many flags of various nations during the war; but, on the night preceding the surrender of Paris, in 1814, Joseph Buonaparte caused as many as three thousand to be torn down and burnt, that the allies might not recover their lost treasures. This was all fair. The Austrians would have had enough to do in the act of sorting out the many banners consecrated to the spread eagle !

"They had some rights of memory in the kingdom,
Which then to claim their vantage did invite them."

Entered the Morgue, or dead-house of the river Seine in Paris. This is the well-known lodge on the quay, for the reception of bodies found in the *water* chiefly; but open also for the remains of persons who have died alone, unseen, and unaided. I saw one body through the glass partition. The corpse was covered from the chest to the soles of the foot with a broad leather wrapper, like a horse's hide. The clothes which had been found on it were suspended above. It was the body of a *tailor*; ascertained, probably, from some articles discovered in the pockets; but no one had yet come forward to own it when I looked in; nor had it transpired whether he had drowned himself, or "his quietus made with a bare bodkin." A jet of water was running from above, sprinkling the remains,—for the weather was intensely hot: but there was no effluvium. About sixteen persons were looking in. There are inclined planes for seven bodies. First came one person, then two more; the three went away; a fourth entered, gazed steadily, and walked off. This has been well described

in a poem published anonymously in London thirty years since :—

“ The crowd pass on. The hurried, trembling look,
That dreaded to have seen some dear one there,
Soon glanced,—they silent pass.”

There must occur, from time to time, scenes of the most afflicting character in this hall of recognition. The unknown poet, whose verses I have just quoted, has given a fearful sketch of such misery.

CHAPTER VII.

SUNDAY, June 27th.—Aroused from sleep by violent knocking, as if some one were hammering against the wall. Soon convinced it was occasioned by some work-people.

As in England, a house-job, on the roof, for instance, would have been begun on a Monday morning “the first thing,” so here, in France, were the bricklayer and his man “come on” to do some repairs on the roof, and in the third-floor chimney-flues; and this on the Christian Sabbath. Before I had begun to say to myself,—“Where do these people expect to go to?” I happened to glance across the court-yard, and was not a little horrified to see where the man would “to a moral” go to if one single tile were to slip.

He must have fallen down a height of eighty

feet, and been killed, in all human probability, at the moment of reaching the stone-pavement beneath. He was walking with bare feet, without any the slightest stay or aid between him and the imminent hazard of death. There was no scaffolding, no board, no "cripple," or other contrivance used by our bricklayers when on a roof; not even a ladder upraised, or thrown across. He emerged from an attic, or dormer window, and was proceeding to another at a distance of about five-and-twenty feet, out of which his master was looking, and holding forth a trowel, and some other tool.

I watched him from window to window. It was a thrilling spectacle to see a man walk on an inclination of forty-five degrees, along very old, small tiles, many of which were cracked, with the certainty of rolling off like a sack of wheat into the abyss beneath, should one moment's dizziness destroy the faculty of keeping the eye bent on the ridged declivity; or one crazy tile start from under the grip of either foot,—and thus shake (and why not destroy?) his equilibrium. Why, Shakspeare's samphire-gatherer, who hung by a

rope from the cliff that beetled o'er the bay, at a fearful height, was in luxurious security contrasted with this poor bricklayer's mate, pacing along that ancient roof, without means or appliance to avert, not simply broken thighs, arms, or skull, but death itself, in a direful form. Edgar's exclamation at the sight of the Dover man in a basket—

“ Dreadful trade ! ”

might well have been addressed to my rash hero of trowel and mortar. I learned at Rome, that on St. Peter's day, before the men climb up the curved ladders that are distributed all about the dome of the cathedral, at nine o'clock at night, on the occasion of the illumination of that colossal edifice, (to kindle the 4400 lamps and 784 flambeaux placed on projecting points of the dome,) they all receive absolution : it being a service of extreme danger. I do not suppose the performer on this occasion had resorted to any such ceremonies ; but it spoke volumes for his sobriety, as well as for his cat-like, or rather fly-like, powers of adhesion ; for there must have

been a most excellent understanding between those tiles and his soles.

He travelled unscathed to the other window. Presently afterwards he re-appeared, having his face turned to another still more perilous slope in the roofage, where a gutter-course ran between the angle of the attic galleries. This time he held a rope in his left hand, which appeared to be attached to some object within the apartment from which he issued. The sight was yet more appalling ; and I was wondering at the computations on which "free labour" might possibly be regulated among the nations of this mad world, when all on a sudden I saw the rope fall from his clutch. It was too short for the horrid transit. The extremity which had been in his grasp was knotted into a knob of the size of a double walnut : it quitted his clenched fingers with some force : I saw the twitch it gave his hand. It was an agonizing moment. His right side *lurched*,—I saw his whole frame quiver. "He is gone !" thought I ; "he cannot recover his perpendicular.—Merciful Providence !" His eagle-claw toes still *gripped* the moss-grown tile. He was

again steady : the valueless rope lay dangling over the eaves of the roof; and my "regular brick" (as Young England would have dubbed him), who *ought* to have fallen headlong, but, contrary to all rule and usage, would not "jump the life to come," succeeded in getting over the ridge leading to another division of the roof, where I trust he was allowed to expatiate and revel in the lead flat of some wide gutter. He had achieved greatness; though it was evident that the practice of his craft thrust such greatness upon him; and, almost "sick for fear," I left him alone in his glory.

Church of St. Roch : Rue St. Honoré.

Before we ascended the sixteen steps leading from the pavement of the street to the threshold of this church, I directed my son's attention to the interesting locality in which we were at the moment standing.

It is not too much to assert that on this spot was achieved a conquest, the result of genius in strategy, which, under divine Providence, affected the destiny of Europe, "*per varios casus et tot*

discrimina rerum," for many an eventful period of subsequent history.

It was in September, 1804, when the Convention or council of the nation (an irregular, ill-constituted, despotic assembly, *convened* partly in accordance with, partly in contravention of, the principles of the constitution framed at the close of the reign of terror, or of Robespierre's tyranny) came into collision with the mass of the citizens of Paris, including the whole of the National Guards, on the question of representatives of the people. Nothing could be more unjust, arbitrary, or iniquitous than the conduct of this Convention; nothing more natural, national, and consistent with common sense and good feeling, than the resistance threatened by the citizens to decrees which neutralized the privileges of electors, and claimed for an unpopular oligarchy the right of retaining seats in the council-chamber irrespectively of the popular suffrage; and of enforcing the re-election of sitting members by an enactment which left the electoral body no alternative.

The electors in Paris are divided into *sections*.

I lay a stress on the word, because I am proceeding to speak of the memorable "Day of the Sections." It soon became evident that the indignant opposition of the sections would urge them to the extremes of hostility. The adhesion of the National Guard, composed of citizens whose independence had been thus threatened, tended in no slight degree to embolden the masses of armed civilians determined to encounter the worst rather than succumb to this new and wholly unlooked-for despotism. They accordingly prepared for conflict, choosing an old general named Danican, whose political principles entirely coincided with their own, but whose military genius had never been so manifest as his integrity in private life.

The Convention, having under their control five thousand regular troops and the artillerymen of Paris (who were all zealous democrats), and a body of volunteers composed of the most thorough blackguards and cut-throats in the capital—the remnant of Robespierre's myrmidons—appointed General Menou to the command of this force, and directed him to enter the several sections,

and disarm the National Guards. Menou utterly failed. He was daunted by the determined manifestation made by the citizens in all quarters, and abandoned the attempt to proceed to extremities. The Convention deposed him, and, indeed, went the length of placing him under *surveillance*.

Barras was directed to assume the sway of this highly effective force ; but Barras was no soldier, and the Convention ardently sought for some intrepid, fearless, yet discreet leader, whose military prowess should prove equal to the trying emergency. It was then that Barras made the following most significant remark to his colleagues, Carnot and Tallien :

“ I can name at once the individual who will serve this turn,—a dapper young officer from Corsica, who knows his duty as a military man, far too well to compromise the government by any unnecessary scruples.”

Barras, be it remembered, was at Toulon when Buonaparte was carrying all before him, after every one else had failed. And Buonaparte was immediately invested with the command of the

Conventional forces ; yet only on the night before the memorable engagement to which the Church of St. Roch draws every well-read traveller's attention.

The "young Corsican's" responsibility lay in defending the whole circuit of the Tuileries, and retaining possession of all the bridges, to prevent any junction between the armed bands of the Sections on one side of the Seine with those of the other ; it being the design of this civic army to demand instant repeal of the Ordonnances, (What an anticipation of the doings of 1830!) and compel the Convention *vi et armis* to restore to the electors all the rights and privileges which had just been wrested from the nation.

In prosecution of this purpose, thirty thousand of the National Guards marched upon the Tuileries from all quarters ; part on one side of the Seine, part on the other, but baffled at every point by the regular troops disposed on all sides by Buonaparte's arrangement for the protection of the avenues leading to the palace. The first shot was fired at the top of the street, Rue Dauphine, which faces the Church of St. Roch.

About one hundred and fifty grenadiers of the National Guard were drawn up on the steps leading from the pavement to the doors of that church. Whether these first drew trigger on the Convention's troops across the street is not known ; but one single discharge sufficed to bring on a general conflict, not only in the streets thronged with the civic legions, but along the quays. The National Guards had not a single piece of artillery ; Buonaparte had two hundred.

The sequel is well known. In little less than an hour, the popular assailants were overpowered in all directions, losing a considerable body of men ; and the regular troops, under Buonaparte, pursuing their victory, were occupied till nightfall in disarming their gallant but unsuccessful adversaries. This day, October 4th, 1804, led to the immediate appointment of the hitherto obscure and poverty-stricken Napoleon to the chief command of the army of the interior, and thus became the stepping-stone to all his subsequent greatness.

The marks of the grape and canister shot discharged from the three guns at the top of Rue Dauphine *are discernible at this hour* on the front

of the Church of St. Roch. For many years the *façade* showed every abrasion made by the bullets, but these were eventually filled up with fresh stone and *compôt*, the colour of which, nevertheless, remaining much lighter than that of the primitive mass, clearly indicates the damage inflicted on the consecrated wall forty-four years since.

Considering who it was that gained the victory on the above-named memorable day, and the influence of that victory on the nations of the world through eleven years afterwards, I may be pardoned for halting thus long at the threshold of the Church of St. Roch. It has not been finished above a hundred years.

This is one of the "fashionable churches." The pulpit is not to be compared with that at Amiens; but, nevertheless, is very imposing, and most appropriate as a rostrum for the preacher of the Gospel, — being supported by colossal figures representing the four Evangelists.

The paintings in *chiaro-scuro*, to represent marble *relievo*, beside and behind the choir, are well worth the leisurely inspection of any con-

noisseur in the fine-arts. They are, perhaps, the finest specimens in the world. But I have always considered the "Entombment,"—that beautiful group of figures, life-size, representing the devout assistants of Joseph of Arimathea carrying our Lord into the new tomb, wherein never had man been laid,—to be the chief attraction of the interior of this church.

It is a complete piece of dramatic scenery. The rock, the cave or inner chamber, the human forms in marble, finely "brought out" by the gloom beyond, compose an effect which borders on sublimity; but it has too much of the *tableau* for a church. The grave spirit of Protestantism justly condemns the appearance of show; and, however finely imagined and happily executed, it partakes of the characteristics of those illusions of still life which used to be exhibited at the extremity of some of the dark walks in Vauxhall Gardens.

The vocal and instrumental music were exquisite. The ophicleide aided the intonation part of the service; the choir, or minor organ, was accompanied by two violoncelloes, and one bass

admirably played at the eagle-desk ; and this music was taken up in delightful alternation by the large organ at the end of the nave. There were about twelve hundred persons present. The vicar of St. Roch preached on the neglect of intellectual advantages, and of the means of grace. He was energetic and fluent in discourse. The majority of his audience seemed to be listening with fixed attention. (I was gratified to see so many *men* at church.) But there was a coarseness in what he, doubtless, meant for plain familiar exposition. He threw himself first on one elbow, then on the other, over the pulpit cushion ; leaning forward, with one hand wide open, and striking the palm of it with two bony digits of the other, which produced a sound that would have cleared a cherry-orchard of twenty tribes of birds in a moment of time. It reminded me of some city politician in the Rue St. Honoré arguing a point of foreign diplomacy, or of M. Guizot's conservatism,—across his own counter, and barring all reply till he should have *struck out* some conclusive truths by mere force of vociferation. The abrupt manner in which these

reverend orators "cut away" from their standing-place of dignity directly they have uttered the final word of the discourse, is a violation of all correct taste, if not of the primitive usage of all Christian advocates since the days of St. Paul. The instant the vicar of St. Roch had ceased to gesticulate, he turned right about, and put his hand to the door behind him—outside which, on the top step of the stair, sat an usher of the church, and down he went, with all expedition. The preacher did not offer up prayer previous to addressing his hearers; there was no doxology or ascription of praise to the Trinity ("Now to God, the Father," &c.); no benediction; the worthy pleader for truth, *functus officio*, scuffled away in a common-place mode of exit, hardly to be imagined by congregations in this country, who have never seen,

"Sich a getting *down* stairs!"

We witnessed at this church a procession similar to that which we had seen at Boulogne a few days previously; but far more numerous, and including some high dignitaries. The green, crimson, or purple Genoa velvet, and gold cloth,

and silk embroidery, of some of the copes, stoles, cloaks, and scarves, worn by the superior clergy in their ministrations at the altars of these churches, from whence they step down to join the "procession," impart a gorgeous splendour, which cannot but contribute greatly to the *prestige* of the Popish ritual. There is evidently much study of effect; and wonderfully well is it managed,—the result, no doubt, of long and elaborate attention to the object in view. There is no appearance of *impromptu* about these processions. Every personage forms and figures, in file, with as intimate a knowledge of the peculiar position to be held by himself, as our peers evince on state occasions; when precedence is of vital interest, whether in the senate-house or in the Castle.

There must be some rehearsals at times when the public footstep enters not the building, and when the eye of vulgar curiosity cannot gaze on the *gaucheries* of an awkward squad. All marched, and nearly all sang, with marvellous precision; and I was surprised to overhear some of the oldest canons sustaining the key-note of the

hymn with such truthfulness of intonation, though I was aware that choral music is a portion of the Romish priest's early studies. The *porte-croix*, or cross-bearer, was a fine fellow, and would have shone by the side of Wolsey; but, where could any *par nobile fratrum* be found to match the two Swiss, who, like Castor and Pollux, headed this train of most ceremonious solemnity. Their peculiar office has been already described; but I suppose these two functionaries were the *beau idéal* of ecclesiastical marshalship. They stood about six feet three inches each, and were stout in proportion. As 'Tilda Squeers said of Nicholas Nickleby's "I never saw *such legs* in the whole course of my life." They wore dark-blue, superfine cloth coats, buttoned, laced, and embroidered, precisely like the state-footmen of London and Westminster, with red velvet standing collars, and enormous bouquets of flowers at the breast-button,—the flash and finery of which was enhanced by the peculiar broad belt of silver tissue and bullion worn over this livery; and by the formidable staves, entwined by rich silver cords and tassels, with which they struck the pavement,

and threatened annihilation in *toe-toe* to whoever might stand too rashly between the wind and their nobility. It was the most veritable impersonation of *bumptiousness* I ever gazed upon in this planet ; and the Duchess of Sutherland's tip-top "flunkies" on a birth-day drawing-room reception, in the London season, were mere button-boys in comparison.

Besides these Gog and Magog, there were four slender, meek-eyed ushers, habited in dress-suits of rifle-green, with knee-buckles, frills, and ruffles ; and wearing chains of long, polished-steel links around their necks, and pendent almost to the waist. They carried black ebony staves, of about two feet in length ; and seemed to be the pursuivants in general of the church-authorities, churchwardens, treasurer, &c. One sat on the highest step of the pulpit-stairs, and waited for the vicar and the conclusion of his sermon.

In a sombre chapel behind the high altar I noticed a large table, richly gilt in all its parts, on twelve legs, and covered with the most beautiful lace. On this stood a large golden ark, so exactly modelled after the fashion of the Jewish,

that, but for a cross affixed to its top, it might have been taken for one of the "holiest things" in the Israelites' sanctuary. I could not find any one at hand to explain its use. Probably it contained relics of some highly-esteemed saint. It would serve still better to hold in readiness the bread for benediction and general distribution. This, by-the-by, is a rather remarkable ceremony. We were standing by the door of what is called in the Romish churches the *sacristie*, when two lay-clerks came out of it, about the middle of the service, or when it was three parts solemnized, bearing two very large plated dishes, in which, upon a napkin, lay three or four squares of cake, I should say, eighteen inches square, and three deep. My readers will often laugh at my particularization of measures; but, how otherwise can accurate ideas be conceived of the objects under notice? It resembled pound-cake; but was what the French term *brioche*. They placed these dishes on a sort of consol-table, near the steps of the high altar; and presently we saw a priest come up to them, and utter some prayer over the cake, or bread. As for overhearing a

word, it was quite impossible. But I find in the "Petit Eucologue," or pocket prayer-book of the church, in the diocese of Rouen, a prayer headed "Benediction du pain," which, being translated, would run thus :—

"O Lord Jesus Christ, who art the bread of the angels, the living bread which produces eternal life, vouchsafe to bless this bread as thou didst bless the five loaves in the wilderness, that all those who shall eat thereof may therein find health both of soul and body. Grant us this bounty, O Thou who livest and reignest with the Father, and the Holy Spirit, one God, world without end."

Possibly this is the prayer ordinarily used on the occasion. The bread, or cake, is then carried back into the sacristie, and there cut up into bits little larger than one inch cubes. These are put into a hand-basket with a napkin, and handed round by one of the lay-clerks, or ushers, or even by one of the Swiss, among the congregation. Each person to whom it is offered takes one bit, crosses himself or herself with it on the forehead and breast, and either eats it, or consigns it to the pocket or reticule. I observed, on one occasion, the usher of the church pacing across the nave when the congregation was rather thin,

having nearly two dozen bits still in the basket. Two urchin-boys, about eight years old, straggling about the aisles, caught sight of him and his basket, and came and held out their hands for some. He duly appreciated this opportunity of disburthening himself of the stock-in-hand, and made each lad hold up both hands, so as to carry away the whole residue between them. The non-plussed predicament of the lads, who could neither make the sign of the cross, nor dared let a bit fall, nor knew how to set to work on the consumption of the blessed luncheon, was ludicrous enough.

I asked one of my French acquaintances what all this meant. He said that it was an usage established through many centuries, for the purpose of maintaining in the minds of the worshippers of Christ a remembrance of all being called to partake of the same spiritual meat; and while they partook of this bread, symbolical of their common privilege, they were also manifesting themselves as members of one brotherhood, cherished by the same all-bountiful Lord, and acknowledging mutual reliance, as brethren,

on the Giver of all good, and the Saviour of all souls.

There is a sort of rota, according to which all classes in each parish take each a turn, as in cycle of duty, to send this Christian shewbread (as it might almost be called) to the churches. The wealthy send rich diet-bread, or pound-cake ; the less affluent send *brioche*, or wheaten-bread made with eggs in it, and slightly leavened. Sometimes the supply is sent in the shape of large rings, like life-preservers in case of shipwreck.

I suppose this practice *may* exercise some degree of usefulness ; but it is not uncharitable to surmise that the *spiritual* eating lies within a very contracted range ; and yet, the insignificant proportions in which the *pain bénit* is distributed are by far too limited in scale to gratify any carnal, that is to say, any *greedy* propensities, among the recipients.

Enjoyed a calm and hallowed hour of Protestant worship in the evening of Sunday, the 27th of June.

CHAPTER VIII.

DROVE round the wine-docks, or depository, an inclosure of upwards of sixty acres, one side of which was provided with iron-railing of two thousand seven hundred feet extent. It is a vast *depôt*. I understood that there ~~was~~ convenient stowage for six hundred thousand pipes of wine, independent of brandy vaults. After having made a leisurely inspection of the new suspension bridge, the Pont de Constantine, and still more renowned Bridge of Austerlitz; our glance was arrested by the enormous scale of building at the bonding-houses and corn-granaries in the Boulevard Bourdon. This immense store-house is upwards of a thousand feet in length. It is one of Napoleon's early works, towards securing a supply of corn for the capital during the pressure of extensive dearth. Had his

original plan, for raising it to the height of five stories, been carried out, there would have been space to hold as much flour as Paris consumes in a twelvemonth. On the present scale there are means for laying up only a sixth of that quantity; and the regulation is strictly enforced which compels the bakers of the capital to keep in this place, throughout the year, five-and-twenty thousand sacks of flour, and three times that quantity at their own houses.

Proceeded to the Jardin des Plantes. I shall not presume to weary my reader with an account of six hours' inspection of the concentrated wonders of this most extraordinary institute. Nevertheless, should any one who may read these pages find himself, at a moderate distance of time from the present date, within the precincts of the gardens, menagerie, and museums, he will not do amiss in looking out for the following objects, among millions of infinite interest.

1. The Mocha coffee-tree, eight feet high.
2. The tea-tree: some leaves four inches by two inches.
3. The cocoa (or chocolate), thirty-five feet high.

4. The vanilla-plant; a creeper forty feet long, bearing fruit like small beans.

5. The species of banana called *Musa Cavendishii*, the stem of the leaf of which is as thick as a man's arm; and the *Ravenala* of Madagascar.

6. The *latania* of China (colossal); and a Lebanon cedar.

7. Ripe sugar-canes. The caoutch, or India-rubber tree.

8. The Arabian date-tree; and the bread-fruit tree.

9. *Pandanus reflexa*; a gigantic species of the aloe tribe.

10. *Heritiera manophylla*; the back of whose leaf, when placed in water, resembles dead silver; and the *Macrophyllum chrysophyllum*, exhibiting a similar appearance in gold. From the Philippine Isles.

11. *Coccoloba pubescens*. From the Antilles. The leaf seven feet six inches in circumference.

12. *Melocactus composita oblonga*.

13. The *Dion edule*. Sago and tapioca trees.

14. The deadly plant of the Canary Isles, from

which the Indians obtain poison for arrow-points. On being pierced with a pin, the fatal milk flowed freely. (*Euphorbia*).

15. *Rhenanthera coccinea* ; a splendid creeper.

These I saw in the pavilions or glass-houses on private view, after a few minutes conversation with the chief-gardener, (Newman,) a Frenchman, but whose grandfather was a native of England. His son is in our country at present on a professional tour. Newman is a highly intelligent, sagacious personage, well qualified to labour with intellect, as with hand, in the cultivation of a royal garden. It was an act of special indulgence that I was permitted to have free range of the forcing and tropical houses, without a letter from some member of government, (I think he said the *Ministre de l'Interieur*,) but he perceived I was thoroughly in earnest in my researches, and capable of appreciating the botanical treasures ; and he was, also, unwilling to let my son go home to England without having seen these splendid conservatories. The "discerning public" looked at us through the glass with something like good-humoured envy.

In the open air, afterwards, we paused to admire the—

16. *Pawlonia Imperialis* (Japan).

17. *Metrosideros á panache*: bearing a flower of splendid scarlet colour, shaped precisely like a bottle-brush (New Holland).

Under glass again:—

18. *Fuschia colombiflora*: eleven feet high, bearing a leaf seven inches long, three wide, and twenty-six flowers, each four inches long, in one branch. I brought a leaf and a flower home to England; to astonish some of the natives who piqued themselves on their fuschias.

19. *Veronica speciosa*: a shrub of exquisite fragrance.

20. *Cactus cereus flagellifloreus*: the flowers growing like little feather-brooms or whips (flagelli); the flowers of exquisite colour (pink).

21. *Grevillea robusta*: a beautiful leaf, such as is discernible in rich arabesque scroll designs.

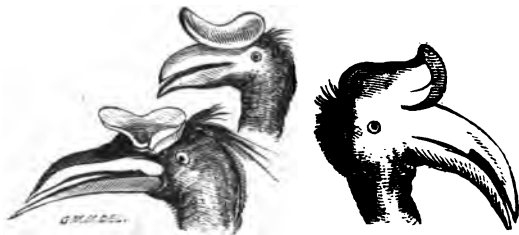
22. The Monster Cactus (Peru), four feet high. Like a mass of cast bronze.

MUSEUM.—*Birds.*

23. *Sphenisque du Cap*; *Aplénodytes demersa*; the plumage of which is used for gentlemen's waistcoats, slippers, and caps, at the Cape of Good Hope, from which station I obtained a very fine specimen.

24. Two hundred and fifty-nine varieties of Nests, including the Chinese, of which soup is made in the Celestial Empire: and the Humming-Bird's, with eggs of the size of a white currant.

25. The Calao à casque (from Java). *Buceros silvestris* 1; and Calao Rhinoceros 2, 3.



These beaks were in one instance eighteen inches long, in the other twelve. They resembled ivory.

They are in the twenty-eighth glass case of the ornithological series of Africa, in this admirably-arranged museum.

26. The Oiseau mouche colorée—*Trochilus ornatus*. Green feathers with bright golden spots (from Cayenne): a size larger than our cockchafer. Also, the Oiseau mouche chatoyant—*Trochilus radiosus*. A wonderfully created bird, with perpendicular tail, brilliant as burnished copper; the body is not so big as a plover's egg; the tail is three inches and a half long.

27. The Bird of Paradise; orange plumage (from New Guinea). Splendid, indeed!

28. Oiseau Rollin—The *Coracias Sinensis*—(from Bengal); magpie size, sky-blue plumage of dazzling brilliancy. The whole of this case is marvellous to behold.

29. The Lapis lazuli coloured thrush: one of the most beautiful works of Creation.

The *Oriolus Regens* (of New Holland), or Lorient Prince Regent. Golden-orange plumage, with jet-black intermixed. A magnificent specimen.

31. Le cordon bleu—*Ampelis Colinga* (Bra-

zils). Size of a thrush ; lapis lazuli colour and purple. And the Tangara of Mississipi, of one entire vermilion.

Butterflies and Moths.

32. Ryphæus (from Madagascar).

33. Strix (from Guiana). A moth ten inches from tip to tip of expanded wings ; five and a half deep in the breadth of the wing.

Examined the bust of M. Labrosse, who founded this Museum of Natural History in 1685.

The menagerie is admirably laid out. In almost all instances the animals are surrounded by the trees, grasses, and plants, of their native soil.

34. There were two elephants, nine feet in height ; one of which was presented by Mr. Cross, Director of our Zoological Society, in 1843.

35. Several cameleopards ; browsing from trees which they prefer in their own country.

36. Camels reposing on sand.

37. The Alpaca, a sort of large lama goat, from whose hair is manufactured the peculiar

lining now introduced by the principal tailors into coat-skirts.

38. A large brown bear, (well trained to beg !) the largest I had ever seen. His head was as big as a nine-gallon cask ; he was seven feet long. Also, a fine white bear.

39. The royal vulture (from the Brazils). His beak is superb, indeed. The effect of its peculiar construction might be faintly imagined by tying a satin riband of blended orange, gold, and black, in a neat bow over a very large beak, and folding it across.

THE COMPARATIVE ANATOMY MUSEUM.

40. Here is a stupendous skeleton of the whale. The head thirteen feet long, shewing the laminæ which constitute what is commonly called whale-bone. I counted two hundred and ten on each side ; they are as hairy as bear-skin in their side : the broadest of them measured ten inches at the base, and seven feet and a half in length. The fin, or foremost paddle, presents a structure resembling the skeleton hand ; I measured one of the fingers of it, and found it four feet long.

41. The Narwal fish, armed with a projecting weapon, five feet nine inches in length, like turned ivory; such as is seen on our unicorn's head in the royal arms.

42. Skeleton of an ancient Egyptian, taken out of a mummy:—remarkable for the number of fractures which this man must have met with in his lifetime, all of which had evidently been healed. I saw one in the thigh-bone, just below the hip-joint, one in his right arm, two in his ribs, one in his left leg, one in his skull, one in his hand. The case is in a dark corner; otherwise I might possibly have discovered more. Had he rolled down one of the pyramids, or jumped from the point of Cleopatra's Needle, he could hardly have damaged his bones more extensively.

43. Skeleton of the once celebrated Hottentot Venus. When it first came into the possession of the curators of the museum, her head was wanting. A person, however, who declined giving his name, brought the skull in the year 1827, and delivered it to the museum-keeper,—thus completing the skeleton.

44. A wax model of a very extraordinary woman who died in 1750, in consequence of all her bones becoming soft. Her skull became palpable, pliant, and spongy ; her legs also began to curve, and she could place either foot under her head, and use it like a cushion or pillow. The trunk of her body, when she died at the age of 33, was only twenty-one inches in length. The remains of this extraordinary woman are preserved in the anatomical museum of the School of Physic in Paris, as a rare instance of the absorption of all the phosphate of lime in the human frame.

45. A bicephalous infant, which lived eight months and a half ; by name Ritta Christina.

46. The skin of a human head, tanned, like white buff leather ; the hair attached, and features preserved.

47. A series of human skulls, from one day to one hundred years old. One of the most extraordinary spectacles on earth.

48. The anatomy of an egg, in twenty-four preparations, from the first movement of life to the chicken bursting from the shell. This is an admirable production.

To Daubenton and Cuvier is due the praise of having, like our Hunter, formed a series of comparative anatomy which would require the study of a long life to be duly appreciated. The transient glimpses one gains on visits such as even an indefatigable tourist contrives to pay—sacrificing all he can to the claims and fascinations of science—are only too apt to depress the spirit with a sense of the inadequateness of these surveys. We bestow hours where we ought to devote days and months. As to the Jardin des Plantes, the Menagerie, Cabinet of Natural History, Geological Galleries, Mineral Collection,* Comparative Anatomy Museum, and the Library, containing some of the finest paintings on vellum in the world—there are few, if any, spots dedicated to the acquisition and preservation of knowledge, which possess such claims to the homage of an educated mind. I would recommend every scholar who proposes making six weeks' stay in Paris to give six entire days to the Jardin des Plantes and its museums. This was my fifth visit in

* There was a lump of virgin gold from Peru, weighing upwards of a pound.

two-and-thirty years ! But I could not spend above eleven days in Paris this time. It is some satisfaction that we found our way to *the* garden of knowledge as we did.

There is a tasteful fountain opposite to the gates of the said enclosure, at the corner of the Rue St. Victor ; dedicated, very appropriately, to Cuvier, who may justly be said to have brought more tributary streams of knowledge to the banks of the Seine than any naturalist of his age.

Saw the lamp-lighter at night, kindling the gas lamps. This active personage never carries a ladder, as the men of his calling do in England. He runs about the city with a long slender pole, to the top of which is attached a fine wire-guarded lamp, somewhat on the principle of the safety-lamp of Davy. Each street lamp is fitted with what the French manufacturer calls a *clef*, or key, moving easily, like the handle of a small boiler tap cock in a kitchen. The lamp-lighter stands under the street lamp, elevates his pole a foot or two, and introduces it into the glass—one-half of the said glass framework, or lanthorn-case, being

always left open by its maker, for this very purpose. He thus gives the key a smart jog, and turns on the gaseous vapour in so doing. Then he inclines the wirework meshes of his lamp towards the escaping gas, and immediately kindles it into flame. At the hour for turning off the gas he returns, and, by a similar process reversed, he extinguishes the light.

The great lamps, however, in the precincts of of the royal palaces, requiring daily cleaning, (to give the better effect to the plate glass, &c.) are managed, like ours, with a ladder.

When I was at Rouen, about ten days afterwards, I saw the very same process in force. The "Johnnie Dick" who crossed our path there, in-



formed me that there were 675 gas lamps in the streets of that city; that these were all lit in one hour by fifteen men, each having charge of forty-five lamps. His pole's lamp-shade was made

like our rushlight shades. The *clef* or key moves from right to left, and from left to right.

I should say there is economy of time, labour, and implements in this arrangement, compared with our ladders.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

“BOXING” at No. 219, Rue St. Honoré, otherwise called *assaut de pugilat*. Classes formed for it during the autumnal and winter months.

In every seventh or eighth street in Paris may be seen a diminutive little lodge, like half a sentry-box, with a window and door, and bench and desk. These are the stations of the Ready-writers, who compose and pen letters for the lower class. On one of these I saw inscribed—

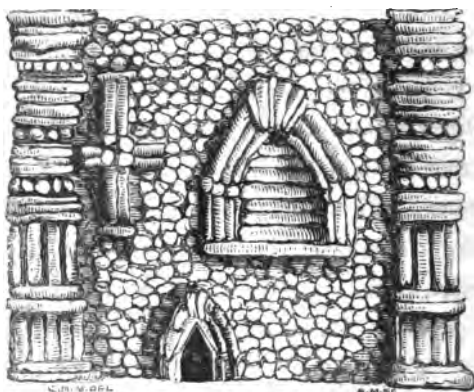
C’EST ICI LE TOMBEAU DE SECRETS !

“Martin Philippaux, Dentiste au Quatrième,” (five stories up) had suspended from his windows four colossal models of teeth, each as big as a sack of potatoes, with an allowance of red gum to each. Such fangs ! they were like the tusks of a *full-sized* elephant.

The *chantiers* of Paris (stacks, or rather repositories, of fire-wood) are most remarkable.

Some of these vast piles of logs of fire-wood are from thirty-five to forty feet high, and nearly as deep. I noticed several of fifty feet in frontage.

Many are arranged with most ingenious designs to give a *quasi* architectural appearance, by logs



placed lengthwise. The effect is admirable. I saw this near the Quai St. Bernard.

As we were riding to the Eastern Cemetery (Père la Chaise's burial-ground) we went up a street called Rue Charonne. Could this be an allusion to Charon and his boat, whose office it was, in Pluto's days, to ferry over the souls of the dead across the Styx and Acheron?

We had an opportunity of seeing the exterior of the two immense prisons opposite the cemetery just mentioned. That of La Roquette is the strongest gaol in Paris, for convicts condemned to death, or *travaux forcés* (penal labour). It can accommodate with separate cells three hundred and fifty persons. Exactly facing it is that of the *jeunes détenus*, or young prisoners remanded to gaol to undergo a term of imprisonment, and be subject to a course of religious and moral discipline calculated to reclaim many of them from evil ways of life. It is a sort of model prison, and resembles very much our Milbank Penitentiary and the Parkhurst Prison, Isle of Wight.

The principal street leading to the cemetery is the very paradise of undertakers, shrine manufacturers, tombstone-cutters, sculptors, and masons, garland-weavers and relic-vendors, for all classes of the community. The old atchievement motto—"Mors mihi lucrum" ("Death brings me great profit")—might be written up at each shop door; or, to use the words of Demetrius of Ephesus,— "By this craft we have our wealth." And, certainly, judging by the bazaar-like state of things

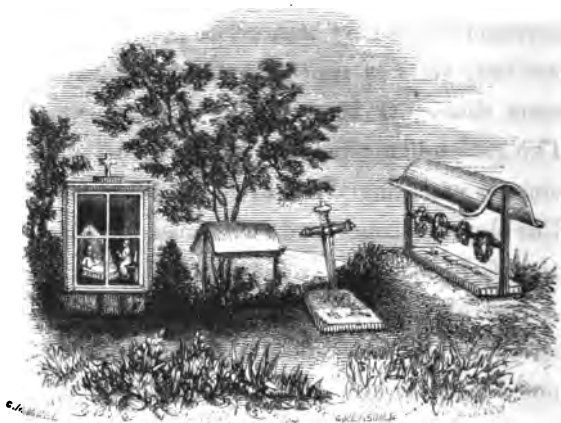
within the burial-ground, one would suppose that the fabrication of these varied funereal monuments, effigies, and emblems, from the marble mausoleum of one thousand pounds expenditure to the wax doll and flower of one penny, must bring "no small gain to the craftsman."

It is the *Parisian* street of tombs. But, oh ! how unlike the Pompeian ! Look right or left, you behold slabs of white marble, urns, cherubs, hearts, crosses, head-stones, foot-stones ; weeping-willows, solitary bitterns, and *widows*, ready cut in medallions ; white and yellow wreaths of xeranthemum, or "immortel" (the flower called in England the "everlasting") ; and the politest and most soothing invitations to mourning families, suggesting the several varieties of form and fashion in which they might "do business" in the adjoining graveyard. The eccentric British peer, who used to delight in what he called "black jobs," might have revelled in the Rue de la Roquette, the name, I believe, of this street of workshops for the dead, and for the Compagnie Generale de Sépulture.

I shall merely make mention of a few of the

tens of thousands of strange or interesting objects in the burying-ground of Père la Chaise, a tract of ground not merely undulating, but even hilly and precipitous in some parts; of about a hundred acres in extent, and consecrated since the year 1804, for the interment of persons dying within the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth arrondissement of Paris; and of those for whom a freehold may have been purchased by their families. The latter class may come in from all parts of the world. Two hundred thousand bodies have been buried here within the last forty years. I remember the place thirty-two years since. It is sadly altered for the worse. The garden-like retirement of the spot—at that time so exceedingly beautiful—exists no longer. The slopes, avenues, and glens, once the admiration of, I had almost said, the world,—that used to lead by green-paths and overarching trees to some secluded, classically-designed sepulchre, are now choked with a vulgar crowd of every conceivable deformity in the make of tombstones, and wooden, and even *waxen* memorials. In two or three quarters some deference seems to have

been paid to good taste. In these there is an attempt to maintain something like order and arrangement, by due separation, and by apportioning space adequate to the design of the monument. Elsewhere all is chaos: earth, stones, brake, briar, bush, tree, black wooden crosses, and sheet-iron screens, like the tops of patent roasting-machines, to keep rain-drops from the wooden apparatus of inclosure, and from the garlands. There were thousands of these; and



the effect was hideous. Whole acres were frittered away into this trumpery.

We saw also some hundreds of glass-cases, somewhat like those exhibited in London streets by the Italian or Savoyard boys, who carry about white mice and peep-shows. These seemed intended to represent some passages in the life of the deceased ; with what degree of edification to those who contemplate such curiosities of sorrow it would be wild to conjecture.

One of these memorials was dedicated to Celina Noireau, a child, “*regrettée de son père, de sa mère, de sa grandmère, parrain et marrain : Prie pour nous.*” Under this inscription, which was on wood, was fixed a wooden case, with a glass-door, fastening with a small padlock. Within the case was a toy, representing a tent-bedstead with white curtains. In the bed was placed a halfpenny wax-doll. By the side of it was another doll, two sizes larger, dressed in black, and seated on a chair. Opposite to this figure, which, by-the-bye, held a *plumeau*, or feather-broom (to whisk off flies, as might be supposed), was a vacant chair. Over the bed was a white wreath, made of feathers, as large as the bedstead ; a feather-cross leaned over the bedstead. The

case was two feet in height, and one foot wide, and eight inches deep. A slight wooden railing, of Lilliputian dimensions, was extended in front of this, five feet long and two wide ; under which space, it is to be presumed, Celina lies.

One of the ascents to the chief eminence of the burial-ground reminded me of the street of tombs at Pompeii, in Calabria ; but it is a commonplace resemblance, and hardly deserving of such comparison.

Four such avenues were planned twenty years since, and have within the last eleven been completed.

A most extraordinary effect is produced, when, placing himself on the highest eminence overlooking Paris, the visitor of this consecrated spot looks down on the tract most recently enclosed, on the side next to the *Barrière des Amandiers* and *Rue Menilmortant*. The many hundreds of small head and footstones, black crosses, rain-water screens, and wreaths of yellow flowers, conglomerated in about an acre and a half of ground, present the appearance of about twelve hundred

men in dark-gray and blue coats, with straw-hats, seated on stools in some popular tea-garden. The resemblance is so forcible, that, even after taking the eye off the spot three or four times, and renewing the gaze, the multitude seem to be there. The German gheist romancers would turn this optical illusion to capital account !

There is a hideous monument, more like a limekiln cone than anything else on the face of earth, upwards of ninety feet high, to the memory of Felix de Beaujour of Callas, who died in 1836. It must have cost a vast sum of money. Nothing could have been perpetrated in worse taste.

We noticed two very singular head-stones, surmounted by cinerary urns, standing side by side ; on one of which was inscribed :—

MARIE CHABROL,
Comtesse d'Espagnac,
décédée le 22 Dec^{re} 1839.

Under the surmounting urn were the words,—

Tous deux réunis pour toujours.

Under the urn of the other were these words :—

Ambo mai—sempre insieme.

(Two ? No ! never !—Always one !)

The most remarkable features, however, were two arms of bronze, one of which issued from the "Ambo" stone (I designate it thus, because other inscription it bore none,) and the other from the "Tous deux" stone.

The marriage-finger of the latter arm's hand bore the representation of a ring; there was also a bronze-bracelet on the wrist. The other arm was unquestionably the representation of a male's. The hands were joined as if in salutation or embrace, and produced a most extraordinary effect: each arm was surmounted by an engraved cross. Whether the male arm was a *marital* limb, I had no opportunity of ascertaining. If it were, the sooner the relatives of the defunct countess set the stone-cutter to work at an inscription stating that the gentleman to whom these brazen sinews and strong protestations belong, was her husband, the better for her posthumous fame.

Some one had written, in pencil, on each monument the name of Peltier. One would imagine, however, that the protesting gallant was an Italian,—the four words above his arm being in that language.

Saw the tomb of Dupuytren, who died 15th February, 1830. He was the Sir Charles Bell of his day in France. His brain, on opening the head, was found to be of preternatural size, weighing nearly five pounds.

The tomb of Lavalette. This is a very interesting monument. The bronze bust of the count is placed in the sculptured panel of a sarcophagus of Grecian design, which surmounts an empty tomb or sepulchral ark, evidently built up for the purpose of exhibiting *in relief*, the sculptured detail of his escape from prison; an event even now well-remembered by those who were twenty years of age, or even four years younger, in 1815. If I be not mistaken, it was in the autumn of that memorable year that Lavalette succeeded, through the devoted affection and courage of his wife, in evading the vigilant custody of his gaolers, and this, too, on the night before the day fixed for his execution. The story is told on this sepulchral marble. The scene is laid in the cell of the Conciergerie prison, in which is a bedstead, within the drawn curtains

of which, on the counterpane, is a flat candlestick lighted. Lavalette is seen with a woman's frill tied around his neck; and his wife is represented placing her pelisse on his shoulders, and an old female attendant holding the bonnet in readiness to place on his head. A young girl, his daughter, is seen at the grilled doorway anxiously drawing aside a curtain, and staring through the bars; with one hand slightly elevated as if to enjoin caution.

The narrative may be briefly given as follows : Lavalette put on the disguise at seven o'clock. His wife strictly charged him to stoop in his walk and to go slowly, like a person fatigued and careworn; and to cover his face with a handkerchief, as if weeping after the final parting. He omitted none of her precautions. He first passed through five turnkeys. The chief jailer had been accustomed to offer his arm to Madame Lavalette's left, on her departure; therefore the daughter was instructed to take her father's left arm. In her agitation she took his right; and the jailer, as usual, came up. He laid his hand on Lavalette's arm, saying, " You are leaving early to-

night, madam." The man, however, respecting the supposed wife's grief, left her after a few paces. Having passed another turnkey they ascended a few steps into the yard. Here were twenty soldiers, and their commanding-officer. At the top of the steps was a sedan-chair, stationed there by the precaution of the wife; but the chairmen were absent, and the servant, also, who ought to have kept them in waiting. Lavalette sat in the chair about two minutes; an interval, which he afterwards said appeared long as a whole night. At last he heard the servant's voice, who brought up one of the chairmen and another to supply the services of the missing man. They bore him off and set him down in the Quai des Orfèvres, (not above seven or eight minutes' walk,) and he then got into a cabriolet which was waiting for him. Inside this he threw off the female attire and put on a livery-suit, and was set down at the abode of a Monsieur Bresson, who had himself incurred fearful personal risks as an outlaw, when he was a fugitive member of the Convention. Madame Bresson had in those days vowed that if ever any occasion should arise on which she and her hus-

band might befriend a political victim, as they themselves had been befriended, she would religiously do so. Madame Lavalette, knowing this, had secured the Bressons as friends; though they were actually occupying apartments at the Duke of Richelieu's, who was then prime minister—Bresson holding some office under his government. Lavalette remained here for three weeks, and at length was indebted to two English officers, Sir Robert Wilson and Captain Hutchinson, for his escape from Paris to Mons. Mr. Bruce, their friend, assisted them in disguising him as an officer of the English Guards; for which connivance these three gentlemen were, in the next year, sentenced to three months' imprisonment. From Mons he went into Bavaria, and returned after six years' exile. Five minutes after his escape from the prison-yard, the turnkey entered the cell and found the wife only. It is said she was harshly treated for six weeks. She became almost fatuous. The terrible excitement affected her intellect; and on his return to France, he found her incapable of recognising him. She was in an asylum for people in that awful state;

but she subsequently rallied, and retired with him to a country-house. I believe she still survives.

Molière and La Fontaine's remains are deposited here, side by side. We saw old Winsor's tomb. Well do I remember that little twinkling, unpretending flame of ignited gas, which used to project in a lamp from his house-front on "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall," close to the snuff-shop opposite to the Opera Colonnade, and near the china-shop now kept by Sharpus. People used to pass it and smile, saying, "That 's gas!" none admitting the thought of there being the slightest possibility of such a queer mysterious burner superseding every other illuminator of street, shop, and public building, in Europe!

Sir Sidney Smith, also, lies here. He spoke the French language with such truthfulness of the native accent, as to sail through an entire squadron of hostile ships, during the night, answering every challenge in French, and beguiling his interrogators into the persuasion that he was one of their own fraternity.

Mr. Ricardo's monument is an elegant copy of the matchless Tomb of the Scipios at Rome.

We saw the tombs of Macdonald, Duke of Tarento; of Gouvion St. Cyr, Sieyes, Kellerman, Foy, (very striking,) and the superb monument erected by a national grant of money to the memory of Casimir Perier, in the year 1832. His statue in bronze surmounts it, holding in the right hand the Charter of 1830.

Last, and surpassing all, there stood within view the matchless tomb of two who loved only too well—Abelard and Heloise. So much has been done in painting and poetry, prose and verse, to perpetuate the celebrity of this deeply-interesting record of the monastic times that I shall forbear from quoting Pope's beautiful verse, and from sketching even the profiles of the two faithful and unfortunate beings who, even in cold stone, arrest our gaze, and discourse upon "unadvised attachment" most eloquently.

As regards their monument, which is now railed in, and surrounded by thirty standard rose-trees of most *recherchés* species, it cannot be matter of surprise that I should pen the observation that wherever, in other parts of the cemetery, any sepulchral structures have been raised in

accordance with the style, taste, and execution of *this, there* it is certain that every competent judge will discern the nearest approaches to perfection.

CHAPTER IX.

HAVING stepped into the church of St. Sulpice, during a slight shower of rain, I saw a "christening party." By permission of the Swiss and lay clerk, I was admitted into the baptistry, and witnessed the whole ceremony.

The "office book," or *manuel*, as the French clergy term it, directs, that when, in the winter season, the water of the font is piercingly cold, it is to be warmed in a vessel kept specially for the purpose, or tempered by the addition of some *eau commune* (unconsecrated water) which is warm. The priest, according to the same instructions, is to be very careful to touch the skin of the infant's head when pouring the baptismal water on it; he is to draw aside with his left hand the hair of the babe, and with the same hand spread the water over the skin while the

right hand is pouring down the water. There shall none be admitted as sponsors who hold infidel opinions, or who are heretics or excommunicated, or who exercise any infamous calling, or live an openly scandalous life, or who are half-witted, or who are ignorant of the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and "the commandments of God and the Church ;"* inasmuch as the sponsors are bound, in case of such emergency arising, to teach these to their godchildren. These interdicted individuals shall not be allowed the privilege of selecting sponsors in their room. The parents are never to be permitted to hold their children during the sacrament of baptism.

* COMMANDMENTS OF THE CHURCH.

1. Thou shalt keep holy the Festivals enjoined by the Church.

2. Thou shalt hear Mass on Sunday, and also on the Festivals.

3. Thou shalt confess all thy sins at least once in the year.

4. Thou shalt receive the Holy Communion of the Lord's supper at Easter, at least.

5. Thou shalt fast three times in each season of the year, and observe Vigils ; and the Fast of Lent, day after day.

6. Thou shalt not eat flesh on Friday, nor on Saturday.

Moreover, it is desirable that ecclesiastics should never accept this office of sponsorship. Monks and nuns are wholly interdicted ; but the members of any secular community are not hereby excluded, such for instance, as the “ Filles de la Charité,” and similar orders.

Only one godfather is required, and one godmother. In case of need, one of the two will be deemed sufficient.

If the godmother have received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the godfather may be permitted to stand at the font, though so young as only seven years. In like manner as regards youth in the godmother.

These young sponsors, however, are not eligible unless they be acquainted with the rudiments of the Christian faith ; and the clergyman may, if he thinks fit, examine them on these points.

The priest is to forbid any ridiculous or indecent name being given to the infant ; or the name of any false god or pagan deity. He is to take care that the name shall be that of some saint recognized by the church, and that there shall be

no vulgar abbreviations used in giving the name or in registering the same. He must call the babe "Antoine," and not "Toni;" "Elisabeth," not "Elisa;" "Françoise," not "Fanny;" "Anne," and not "Nina."

There is a register for Civil purposes kept in each parish, recording the birth; and, in case of urgent necessity, the baptism of every child newly born; whether such baptism be administered by layman or ecclesiastic. Should the lay personage have baptized the child with an abbreviated name, as, for instance, "Toni Joseph," the priest shall register it in the church entry book thus: "Antoine Joseph, nommé, dans l'acte civil, Toni Joseph."

The following is the form of the church register for the entry of the baptism of a child born of parents who were married openly in the church.

"On the 27th day of June, 1847, was baptized Pierre Thomas, born [on the same day or] on the 18th of the same month, [or fifty days previously] son of Thomas Lesœur, cabinet-maker, and Josephine Maillot, his wife, Rue de Vaugirard, No. 9, in this Parish. The godfather being Pierre Constant, cousin of the child, Rue de la Paix, No. 24. The godmother Charlotte Lorient, wife of Maillot, aunt

to the child, Rue des Carmes, No. 71, who, as well as the father,* have signed their names with us.

"HENRI ANTHOLIN,

"THOMAS LESCEUR.

Vicaire de l'Eglise de

"PIERRE CONSTANT.

St. —."

"CHARLOTTE LORiot." _____

There are seven other forms :

1. For a child born of parents married by civil contract only. .

2. For a child of parents not married. If the father of such child be not present, no entry is made of his name. But if he attend, and acknowledge the relationship, he is registered agreeably to that admission.

3. For a child whose mother only is known.

4. For a child whose father and mother are equally unknown.

5. For a child sprinkled only in the church, there not being time to assemble sponsors, and the full ceremony of baptism being thus postponed.

6. For a child that has been sprinkled at home, from apprehension of premature death.

* If the father be absent, this mention of him is omitted. If one of the sponsors cannot write, a paragraph is inserted to that effect.

7. For a child received into the church, a part of the baptismal service having previously been solemnized elsewhere.

All such entries are to be made previous to the ceremony, but the signatures afterwards. But if the infant be dangerously ill, the ceremony is to precede the entry.

A list of articles to be got in readiness preparatory to a baptism:—

1. Two stoles (long vests), one violet-coloured, the other white; or one only, violet-colour on one side, and white on the other.

2. The vases containing the oil consecrated for the anointing of those whom the church has begun to instruct in the first principles of the Christian faith; and the oil consecrated for the purposes of confirmation and extreme unction.

3. A shell, or any small vessel, containing some fine dry salt, which the priest is to consecrate, unless it have been already prepared for a previous baptism. In sprinkling this salt, the priest is to let it fall from the hand into the baptismal water, after the ceremonial use of it.

4. A vase of silver, or of other metal, or, at any rate, a shell, for holding the portion of water to be poured on the child.

5. A basin to receive such water as it flows from the child's head, should it not fall at once into the font.

6. Some cotton, or pledget of lint or tow, to wipe dry the places where the priest shall have anointed the child.

7. A linen napkin or any light covering (called the "chrêmeau") to put on the head of the baptized child. In the absence of this, it is permissible to use the child's cap, or any other article of its outward clothing, if of pure white.

8. A lighted wax candle, which the godfather receives in the name of the baptized child.

9. The two registers of the acts of baptism.

The priest was habited in a surplice and violet coloured stole, and was attended by a clerk, who entered the baptistry with him. A strong cabinet was open behind him, and a small table in front of it, with writing materials and the register books.

The nurse held the child just before the font, having the godfather on her right hand, and the godmother on her left. After asking them whether they came as sponsors, and whether it was a girl or boy, and of that parish, he asked what that child was come to require at his hands? They replied "Baptism." He then asked them whether they *themselves* were willing to live and die in the faith of the Apostolical and Roman Catholic Church. "By the grace of God, they would do so."

He then warned them of the responsibility they were contracting, and proceeded to ask the name which they wished should be given. Then with his right thumb he made the sign of the cross on the child's forehead, and also on the child's chest, calling it by name, and saying,—
"Pierre Thomas, I make the sign of the holy cross of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ on thy forehead and on thy breast." He then breathed slightly three times on the child's face, saying on the third time of so doing, "Avaunt! begone, O Devil! from this image of God, and give place to the Holy Spirit the Comforter."

Up to this moment he had been standing with his cap on. He now took off the cap, and stretching forth his right hand above the child's head, said, "Let us pray."

The two prayers he then offered up were impressive, and in every particular unexceptionable. They invoked Divine grace on the infant, and power to advance daily more and more in the ways and works of God's commandments, until the child should attain the eternal kingdom.

The clerk then produced a small silver vessel, shaped like a shell. It contained salt.

Priest. "Our help is in the name of the Lord."

Answer. "Who made heaven and earth."

He then resumed his cap, and held his right hand over the salt, consecrating it in the name of the Holy Trinity, and beseeching a sacramental influence therefrom, to put to flight Satan, and avail as a spiritual medicine for evermore.

Then he put a grain of it into the child's mouth, saying,

“Pierre Thomas, receive the salt of wisdom,* may it propitiate the Lord for thy soul’s entry into eternal life.”

Then, uncovering, he exclaimed, “The Lord be with you.”

Clerk. “And with thy spirit.”

He then said, “Let us pray;” and in this prayer besought God to behold the newly-baptized with increased love, that, having tasted of this first nourishment of salt, it might not be left to hunger and thirst any more, but be filled with heavenly food,—and finally be led to the laver of a new regeneration by God’s guardian angel, as the children of Israel had, in the day of Moses, experienced the angelic guidance of the Most High.

Then, placing his cap again on his head, and with his right hand extended over the child, he repeated these words, bowing his head at the mention of the name of each person of the Holy Trinity:—

“I exorcise thee, unclean spirit! in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy

* Colossians, chap. iv. ver. 5—6.

Spirit, and charge thee to come forth and depart from Pierre Thomas, this servant of God. For *He* commands thee so to be gone, O thou accursed and damned one ! who Himself walked on the sea, and stretched forth His right hand unto Peter, who was beginning to sink. Wherefore, cursed devil ! heed thou thy sentence, and give honour to the living and true God : give honour to Jesus Christ His son, and to the Holy Spirit ; and begone from this servant of God, Pierre Thomas ; forasmuch as God and our Lord Jesus Christ hath deigned to call him into his holy favour and benediction, and to the font of Baptism, through the gift of His compassionating love."

Then, having made the sign of the cross on the child's forehead, he added,

"And this sign of the holy cross which we now make on his forehead, do thou, O cursed devil ! never dare to profane."

Then, taking off his cap (how much better would it have been had he not worn it at all !) he supplicated the Almighty's gifts of wisdom and true knowledge, that steadfast hope, good

counsels, and holy principles, might grow up in the child, as gifts of grace emanating from baptism.

On went the cap again. He then lightly touched the child's head, and stretched forth his right hand above it ; the godfather and godmother holding out theirs similarly, while he exorcised the evil spirit again. Then, wetting his thumb with his saliva, he made the sign of the cross on each ear of the child, saying ;—

“ Ephphatha, that is, ‘ be opened.’ ” Then, touching each nostril, he added, “ to the inhalation of the odour of sweetness ; ” and, making another sign of the cross in the air over the child's head, said : “ But do thou, O Devil, flee hence ! for the judgment of God is at hand.” He then wiped his thumb, and touched the child's frock and cloak, holding it as if about to walk away with it, and saying, “ Pierre Thomas, enter thou into the temple of the Lord, that thou mayest have eternal life. Amen.”

Cap off again. Then he and the sponsors repeated the Creed and the Lord's Prayer. While they were thus engaged, the nurse took off the

babe's cap, untied the shoulder-straps, and generally loosened its dress. This done, the sponsors held the child over the font, and the priest, cap-on-head, spoke to the child, saying:

"Pierre Thomas, dost thou renounce Satan?"

Sponsors. "I do renounce him."

P. "And all his pomps?"

S. "I renounce them."

P. "And all his works?"

S. "I renounce them."

Cap off. The priest took a flat-bowled spoon from a sort of cruet-stand held by the clerk, and dipped it into the oil above mentioned; he then anointed the child's chest in the form of the cross, and its back between the shoulder blades, saying,

"I anoint thee with the oil of salvation, in Christ Jesus our Lord, unto eternal life."

Then he wiped the anointed places with cotton, which he gave afterwards into the hands of the clerk, who is bound to burn it and throw the ashes into the font.

The priest now took off the violet-coloured stole, and took a white one. He then asked the child whether it believed in all the articles of the

Creed, naming each ; and whether it wished to be baptized in that faith, to all which queries the sponsors replied affirmatively.

Then they held the child over the font, taking care so to incline the head, that the water, when poured on it, should uninterruptedly flow down into the font, without wetting the dress. The priest took up a shell full of water from the font, and poured it on the head, making the sign of the cross three times with his right thumb on the wetted places ; and, as he touched each in turn, he went through this form, saying it once only :

“ Pierre Thomas, I baptize thee in the name of the Father ✠ and of the Son ✠ and of the Holy Spirit ✠.”

He then touched the crown of the child's head with the oil, with a short prayer invoking the grace of God on the oil of salvation for one now regenerated by water and the Spirit, and released from the penalties of original sin.

He wiped the spot, and placed on the child's head the white cloth or fine napkin, which, in this action, represents the white vestment in

which, in the earliest days of the church, the newly baptized were always habited; and said—

“ Pierre Thomas, receive the white vestment, which mayest thou finally be found to wear before the tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ, that thou mayest have everlasting life.”

Then the clerk brought forward a long taper lighted, which the priest placed in the right hand of the godfather, saying—

“ Pierre Thomas, take thou the burning lamp, and guard thou blamelessly thy baptismal privilege; that when the Lord shall be come to the marriage, thou mayest meet him with all his saints and elect, in the heavenly courts, and live for ever.”

Then he laid on the child the two ends of his stole or scarf, on which was embroidered a golden cross, saying—

“ The Lord be with you.”

Ans. “ And with thy spirit.”

“ Here beginneth the gospel according to St. John,”

A. “ Glory be to thee, O Lord !”

He then read the first fourteen verses of the

Gospel according to St. John, and pronounced the usual benediction afterwards on the child; then again gave the "cross end" of his scarf to be kissed by the child, and sat down on a chair and signed the registration; the sponsors signing also.

The ceremony occupied twenty-five minutes.

The clergy are required to send annual copies of the register to the Archbishop of Paris, through his secretary, in February.

Though the account just narrated tempts me to offer a few remarks, I am unwilling to enlarge upon the peculiarities observable in these baptismal ceremonies. They are chiefly liable to the objection urged against works of supererogation. The anointing with oil seems to be altogether superfluous; the only mention of such unction in the New Testament being limited to the office of attendance on the sick; while the element of water is spoken of as the one only requisite for affusion or immersion. The use, also, of the priest's saliva, though based on Mark chapter vii., verse 33, is inconsistent with, and derogatory to the other parts of the solemnity; and little else

can be urged in respect of the salt, which, unless it be referable to the Saviour's exhortation, "Have salt in yourselves," and to St. Paul's, "Let your speech be seasoned with salt," is almost meaningless. The passage in Ezekiel, chapter xvi., verse 4, "Thou wast not salted at all," is explained by the words preceding it, "Thou wast not washed in water to supple thee." *The blood of the Redeemer cleanses from all sin*; and the water sanctified in baptism, to the mystical washing away of sin, is all-sufficient without any of these adjuncts, however symbolical. As regards the exorcism, I am aware it was used in the early ages of the Church, under a persuasion that Satan held possession of the body of every unregenerate person; but the growth of superstition having superinduced many unwarrantable practices into this ancient rite, our Reformers rejected it altogether, and substituted the simple prayer, "Grant that this child may have power and strength to have victory, and to triumph *against the devil*, the world, and the flesh."

The introduction of the lighted candle is sig-

nificant enough ; and the exhortation accompanying it involves a beautiful scriptural figure, derived from the Parable of the Ten Virgins, and inculcating the solemn obligation to live in hourly watchfulness for the final advent, as a good and faithful servant, not only waiting for, but fully prepared to meet his Lord, at even, at midnight, or at cockcrow.

The prayers throughout the ceremony, on behalf of the infant, beseeching divine grace and spiritual strength are unexceptionable. Not the remotest allusion is made to the Virgin Mary, or to any mediator or intercessor but our Saviour ; neither can any expression of christian love and charity excel the language of admonition addressed, at the close of the office, to the sponsors, with reference to the well-being of the infant, both in body and soul. It is remarkable that great stress is laid on the interdict, “ *Sous peine de péché mortel,*” (as they would shun a deadly sin,) against the infant being placed in the same bed with an adult, (not even with mother or nurse,) from fear of its being overlaid, and prematurely snatched from the world.

I was grieved, however, to see the whole rite begin and end without any one, priest or sponsors, *kneeling*. The rubric gives no direction to that effect; and the parties remained standing from first to last.

My readers will heartily forgive the length of this mention of christenings in France, when I conclude by remarking, (without one single feeling of intolerance or prejudice,) that it is well worth a Protestant Christian's while to witness such a ceremonial, or read an accurate description thereof, if it be but to compare it, in all its parts, with *our* "ministration," and appreciate with more and more thankfulness the impressive and all-sufficient simplicity characterizing the work of the Reformers, and the adopted order and ordinances of our church, which are neither overlaid with ceremony, nor defective in any one particular essential to the only two sacraments ordained by Christ Himself, as generally necessary to the salvation of her members.

CHAPTER X.

I HERE record a few memoranda relative to the shops and trades in Paris, on matters wherein a traveller cannot be wholly unconcerned. Your thorough Londoner, who happens to be (Cassius-like) "a great observer," and who, probably, has from time to time compared with his actual experience Gay's three books on the art of walking the streets in our capital, is likely to remark many distinctive differences between the customs of the two nations, as regards the economy of their shops, and the accommodations or nuisances of their highways and byeways.

Partial as I am to Paris, I hesitate not to affirm that in every department of retail trade which comes under the eye of street-passengers, the generality of its shops are, with few exceptions, inferior to ours. Their *cafés*, or grand

saloons, for the rendezvous of the "men about town," are, certainly, on a very handsome scale, and dazzle with more than ordinary splendour in gold and glass; but they are mere gin-shops in comparison with our club-houses, to which the costliest edifices, erected for any such resort of the wealthy, in any other part of Europe, bear not the faintest resemblance. The United Service, the Carlton, the Reform, the Athenæum, the Oxford and Cambridge, Travellers', and some six or eight other club-houses of London, stand alone in the world, as indicators not only of the wealth of the British aristocracy, but of the constitution of society and the grade of ranks in these kingdoms, which is so beneficially defined, and so happily maintained. The facilities of living afforded in these palaces to noblemen and gentlemen of small fortunes, to veterans in both services, rich in fame but poor in real or personal estate, are the greatest boon ever yet afforded to the civil, military, or ecclesiastical portion of the community. The building is a palace, kept with all the exactness and comfort of a well-ordered private house; and every member is a

master without the trouble of a master ; come when he will, stay away as he will, nothing goes wrong. He has the command of every servant ; the choice of an immense library and *larder* (!) ; all the luxuries of life for a subscription seldom exceeding half-a-guinea a month. I have been indulged in bygone days with free entry into the foreign Casini ; but the best *réunion* on the Continent is beneath notice in comparison with those just mentioned ; and the most illustrious and enlightened foreigners are of this opinion. A list of members comprising, probably, one hundred and ten noblemen, and fourteen or fifteen bishops, with half the judges of the land, is not to be conceived even, across the straits. The repute of our club-house may at once be inferred from such membership ; and it would be well for France were her worthies similarly associated ; independently of the adscititious advantages of our wealth.

But, to return to the streets, I hardly know where to begin in enumerating the deficiencies and drawbacks ; though I feel gratification in doing justice to arrangements and regulations in

which our City and Westminster Committees of Public Health and Safety would do wisely to emulate those of the French capital.

Their slaughter-houses, for instance, (that I may start with eulogium,) *outside the city*, where all the revolting but indispensable processes of killing cattle are carried on without nuisance or detriment to the public, cannot be too highly commended. I visited one, the Abattoir (slaughter-house) de Grenelle, when I went to inspect the wonderful operations of the Artesian well contiguous to the premises. There were three hundred men engaged in the several compartments of the building; killing, cleaning, skinning, and cutting up. The heat of the weather was intense, the thermometer indicating 117° in the sun. In these lofty, spacious, well-ventilated, and well-irrigated halls of death, the temperature was moderated almost to coolness; there was very slight effluvium, and there was hardly a fly to be seen. The blood was carried off through immense drains into various reservoirs or receptacles, for subsequent removal to the dyers' houses and other establishments, where it forms a

valuable chemical ingredient ; or to the depôts of purchasers of manure. The remainder finds its way to the river through main sewers, and the garbage is systematically assorted (strange as it may sound) for the respective dealers in dogs'-meat, cats'-meat, sausage-skin preparers, bladder-vendors, hide-buyers, tanners, purveyors, glue and size manufacturers, horn-lantern makers, and every other craft in whose hands animal matter undergoes marvellous transformations. But the reflection, that all these fetid appurtenances of the slaughtered ox, sheep, calf, and hog, are thus kept *extra muros*, beyond human domiciles in a densely-populated city, and daily and hourly dispersed, and duly disposed of, without scattering nuisance and malaria of the foulest character, such as poisons the vicinity of every slaughter-house in London,—is, I affirm it with regret for our own needs, *one* of the highest points of civilization and refinement to which the municipal powers of Paris have yet attained.

There is another in which they are altogether just as much to be condemned. The apathy with which all classes neglect cleanliness, com-

fort, decency, and health, in one of the commonest departments of domestic privacy, is absolutely astonishing. The impossibility of laying on a high, or even low, service of water for cisterns and tanks, and leaden reservoirs, with ball-cock, pipes, wires, &c., while the Parisian housekeepers remain dependent on the water-carriers for their daily supply of that indispensable article, has, for centuries, precluded the establishment of any provision for sewerage and closetting, like ours. To this circumstance may the absence of water-service from attic to area be mainly attributed: to hereditary indifference on a mere point of delicacy must we impute the prevailing disagreeables (it is too mild a term), to which I am thus reservedly alluding. I was assured, however, that there is a new and most encouraging prospect re-opened,* to which the builders and house-owners are one and all directing their hopes of eventually obtaining an abundant supply of spring-water in every part of the capital. All

* I say "reopened," inasmuch as one of our countrymen offered, in 1820, to supply all the houses in Paris with water from the heights of Belleville.

eyes are turned to the Artesian well above-mentioned. The completion of that stupendous undertaking will prove the feasibility of raising a continuous volume of water to a height comprehending the loftiest edifices of Paris, some of which, including the Hôtel des Invalides and the Ecole Militaire, are already deriving benefit from M. Mulot's gigantic fountain.

Eight such wells in different quarters would render the inhabitants independent of the carriers, who sell water from the river and canal and minor wells at a half-penny the pail. A water-rate would be imposed, as in England; cisterns would be raised on high, pipes would traverse every floor; and the most acceptable work that a plumber can execute for a family's health, comfort, and convenience, would, in the course of a few years, tend to blot out the remembrance of the greatest abomination to which the mind of a travelled Englishman or woman reverts, when calling up the recollections of a French residence. The change would necessarily be gradual and slow; as it was stated that the whole tribe of water-carriers, upwards of five thousand in number, would rise in

most formidable excitement to resist the slightest attempt to put down their trade ; and an *émeute* in Paris is not to be lightly regarded.

The butchers' shops are respectable enough ; but there is neither the fatted ox nor the well-fed, wholesomely pastured sheep, to produce the jolly sirloin of old England, or the elegant saddle and venison-like haunch we can command in a small post town in our own favoured country. I saw some joints of mutton and veal very tidily displayed on clean white cloths in the shops ; but few *hooks*, and, *par consequence*, few hanging legs or ribs to tempt healthy appetite, and constitute one plain, substantial dish. The legs of veal were invariably cut out with the tail depending from them. As for the nobly proportioned fillet or rump, aitch-bone, or brisket, conveying by turns the wholesomest reminiscence of cold round and cauliflower pickles, or hot marrow, dark gravy, and carrots, suet dumplings, and other such trimmings to salted beef in its varied presentations, there was no spectacle of the kind.

The meat is disjointed uncomfortably, grotesquely shaped, and deplorably lean. The

butchers have no more idea of the *outline*, even, of a genuine steak than they have of our Domesday Book. They cut a gibbous lump from any inferior fleshy part, somewhat akin to our "clods and stickings," give it a blow or two with the chopper, and entitle it a "biftik." It contracts its bulk on being placed in a frying-pan or grid-iron, by many a shifting, twisting movement, till its surface is indented, and full of little cavities, into which the infatuated cook pours oil, or butter melted into an oil, and a spoonful or two of shredded parsley ;—and this "horror" is served away hot, *selon les règles*, tough as a pelican's leg, greasy as a tallow-tub, *sans* fat, *sans* gravy, or Harvey sauce, *sans* horseradish, *sans* shalot or oysters, or any of those little relishing adjuncts, which, on *our* tables, requite the teeth for occasionally extra labour, and the outlay of ten pence on each pound of beefsteak.

As for the fishmongers,—to say that there is not such a panorama (so to speak) of the finny species to be gazed at and admired in Paris, as Grove's display on the lead at half-past eleven A. M. at Charing Cross or Bond Street, would be

invidious indeed. There is nothing approaching to even a sixth-rate fishmonger's shop of our metropolis. I now and then saw a few craw-fish (of which the French seem to be very fond), and some crabs, and also half-a-dozen lobsters and mussels; but there are no shops for scale fish. The veteran housekeeper from Great Britain who sallies forth into the Rue Richelieu or St. Honoré, intent on making a selection from some ten or twelve silver-scaled, forty-pound-weight salmon, looking as radiant and fresh as if they were only just out of their watery beds,—or on ordering home a turbot of one day's keeping, all right about the fins and silver side—or securing a fine John Dory fit for Quin himself,—or a dish of sea-woodcocks in the persons of six golden mullets—or, in short, any of the “most delicate monsters” brought from “imperious seas,” or from “poor tributary rivers,” to serve up with soup calculated to keep them in countenance,—will find him or herself most wofully disappointed in the capital of “La belle France.” She may justly vaunt her Rocher de Cancal, and there rival Lovegrove himself in getting up a fish *dinner*; but Paris cannot boast

of even "one, single, solitary, individual" fishmonger's *shop*.

There is another luxury, thoroughly enjoyable, upon occasion, in London, which is not attainable in Paris; I mean a decidedly good pastrycook and confectioner's shop. Many of my readers are probably familiar with Gunter's, in Berkeley-square; Perry's, in Lower Oxford-street; Camp's, in South Audley-street, and hundreds approximating to these by various shades of excellence; not omitting the Scotch house in King William-street. There is nothing bearing the faintest semblance of any of these, or of even the "firms" that pretend not to rival them. The French confectioners are vendors of fine preparations of chocolate, dried fruits, and lozenges, in infinite varieties: they exhibit, here and there, a plate of jujube paste, cut into dice, or a square of Italian Catalani bread (diet-cake, with layers of raspberry or gooseberry-jam). They keep also an inexhaustible store of mottoes, and models, and figures, made in sugar; and their shelves are filled with some hundred varieties of liqueurs, syrups, raspberry vinegar, Cognac and other

brandy, and strong waters, capillaire, &c. They also frequently sell coffee, raw and roasted, tea, and cocoa, and rout cakes.

Not an atom of pastry, or anything on which a lady would fain make a slight lunch in her carriage at their door, do these *confiseurs* sell; not a jelly, nor an ice, nor cream: they keep neither ginger-beer nor lemonade, whey, or iced water. To all demands for dainty drinks of this kind, or even for wafer-cakes, the answer is "No effects." So much for the confectioners!

What, then, does the *pâtissier*, the pastrycook offer? The staple of his visible stock in trade seemed, in summer time, to consist of large, round, open *tourtes*, or tarts, varying from the size of a drum-head to that of a tea-cup; in June, filled with strawberries (the refuse of two days' baskets); in July, with cherries. The French, by-the-bye, are the greatest eaters of cherries in all Europe. These tarts are of coarse crust, and open: such a thing as a covered tart is not to be met with anywhere, either in these shops, or in hotels, or in private houses, except at dinners *en prince*. Besides these tarts, which were un-

wieldy, sticky compositions, there might be seen some very indifferent biscuits and seed-cakes (no buns, no macaroni, no ratafia-cakes, cheese-cakes, or puffs), and some stale sponge-cakes. As for the delicate, delicious little tartlets, of all shapes and flavours, which are to be seen in our pastry-cooks' shops in London, on large metal platforms, filled with boiling water to keep the good things hot,—such temptations are not known. Let no newly arrived sight-seer dream of lunching on Bath-buns, or on Richmond maids of honour, sausage-rolls, three cornered raspberry or orange marmalade tarts, apricot tartlets topped with cream, or gooseberry covered tarts well sugared and glazed! He might just as well ask for the latest Court Guide or Army List as for these every day concerns of our town. But I will not go down the whole counter: let the reader imagine the residue of dainty cakes displayed at about a quarter to twelve at any “nice” pastry-cook’s in London, and receive my assurance that in Paris he would see no more of these little fascinations in *puff* paste, than Puff’s enthusiast could see of “the Spanish fleet;” and for the

same reason,—*because they are not in sight!* Well! but, then, who does not appreciate the soup-room, in the more retired portion of our shop, with its white table-cloths, silver service, and morning papers, fresh roll or household bread, and cayenne pepper cruet, &c., with a persuasive bit of writing-paper, the very aspect of which is almost sufficient to warm the inner man as he reads “mock turtle, ox-tail, vermicelli, julienne, pea, giblet, mullagatawny, *κ. τ. λ. ?*” Alas! for a winter in Paris! (I have *enjoyed* November, December, and January, ere now, on the banks of the Seine.) Imagination of a feast may go a great way; but, if you dream of finding any creature comforts of this character and category, readers, you will speedily exclaim with the mind-distempered Thane:—

“There’s no such thing!”

No, nor if it were Midsummer instead of Christmas, would it be possible to find a pastrycook in Paris who could lay on the said little table in the back room a refrigerating catalogue of his ices for the day:—“fresh strawberry, pine, raspberry, apricot, cherry water, currant, lemon, vanille!”

The luxury is not procurable at the Parisian pastrycook's: he may possibly keep "limonade gazeuse," or effervescing lemonade; but you must buy the whole bottle, containing a pint and a quarter; and as for ginger-beer, it would be talking parables to suggest his accommodating you with such an aromatic *gas* beverage as that.

From all which it is manifest that in such minor provisions for bodily refreshment, solid or fluid, torrid or gelid, we have it all our own way; and a very comfortable way too!

It may be asked, whither, then, do the natives resort for ices or any light luncheons? (Not that luncheons are of common occurrence in France; the people mostly dining early, or breakfasting late,* and *à la fourchette*; *i. e.* with soup, meat, and wine.) The ices are procurable at the *cafés* or highly ornamented saloons, resembling our handsomest railway station refreshment-rooms (Swindon, to wit), but with much wider extent of window light, gilding, and mirrors. In these

* They drink a cup of coffee soon after quitting their bed; reserving the *breaking of their fast* till about ten o'clock.

places are also sold iced lemonade and syrups for mixing in iced water (*eau frappé*), and the various sorts of light biscuits usually eaten with cream or water ices; as also the fruit in season. These are the rooms where, likewise, in winter may be had soups (such as, alas! they are!) and, if asked for, a “bol de ponche,”—the French reading of “bowl of punch!” Some of these renderings, by-the-bye, of English terms are supremely ridiculous. The French Academy have lately admitted into the new dictionary of Spiers (their recognized vocabulary) the word “boulingrin”—bowling-green! Their old word “redingote” is but a corruption of “riding-coat;” and their new one “bagages” is the ratified form of French for our “baggage.”

However, it is plain that the habits of the nation dictate this disposition of what Diggory calls “the eatables and drinkables.” The French either dine at the *restaurateurs*, and subsequently find their way to these elegant saloons or coffee-houses; or send to the *traiteurs*, who will send dinners on the smallest or most extensive scale to private lodgings. There are others who market

for themselves, and dine very economically at home ; some keeping a cook, others cooking for themselves. Hence it is that there are neither butchers', fishmongers', poulterers', or green-grocers', fruiterers' or Italian warehousemen's repositories, such as are seen in every other ordinary street in London. The hôtel-keepers send their *chef* (head cook) or *chef's* assistant, to the city-markets : he buys all that is wanted for the day. Fish, flesh, fowl, vegetables, fruit, &c., are thus procured at a cost below that at which the retail shopkeeper could sell. The *restaurateurs* and *traiteurs* adopt the same course. The poorest gentry and professional people who (especially if married and having children) may prefer exercising strict economy in their own homes, resort to these large markets, which are very conveniently situated in various quarters of Paris, and carry home, as I have witnessed hundreds of times, their moderate purchases in hand-baskets. There is no denomination of householders corresponding with our upper classes, who inhabit long rows of houses in private streets, squares, and crescents. As is well known, three families out of four, re-

sident, we will say, in Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, or Connaught Place, or Belgrave Square, send out their professed cook or housekeeper to cater for the day; not at the great markets, for they are few and distant, but at the retail traders', who themselves have been early to those markets, and brought home supplies adequate to the average demands. Many high-born and very wealthy gentlemen may daily be seen "looking in" at the best fishmongers at the West end, with a view to selecting something very choice for seven o'clock. Even ladies may be seen now and then halting in their carriage drive at May's or Harris's, to bespeak a dish of ortolans, or a black cock for next day; and the rustling of silks at some of the finest fruit shops (which, in many instances, supply ice-creams also) tells of fair descendants of Eve

"on hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to choose for delicacy best."

But such families, such individuals, such a condition of life, whether in respect of fortunes, mansions, or habits, exist not in the capitals of the Continent. This condition is, in all its many

gradations of affluence or mere competency, peculiarly, exclusively British; and the footing on which trade purveys for the personal convenience of the vast multitude who live in gentlemanly ease and comfort, is foreign to the continental nations, and most of all to the French (especially the Parisians), because they are confessedly lovers of out-door amusement,* *spectacles*, promenades, drama, dances, concerts, and the whole round of evening gaiety, *on easy terms*; and they have neither incomes to keep a good table at home, nor occasion to refine upon diet at mutual entertainments.

This shows the cause of there being no shops in Paris corresponding with those kept, and profitably kept, too, by the respectable purveyors of meat,

* Besides this, the price of fuel is always very high in Paris, at all seasons; and thousands of the inhabitants leave home for coffee-rooms well warmed in winter. It was thus that Napoleon Buonaparte, almost destitute of means, at the time when the government overlooked and undervalued his vast military genius, was accustomed to wander among the Restaurants of Paris, indebted to their stoves for warmth, and to a few goodnatured associates for an occasional comfortable dinner. This was in 1795, the year previous to his first marriage.

fish, fowl, vegetables, and fruit, pastry and confectionery, in London. The Parisians must enjoy the London incomes before they need think of patronizing or requiring shops of this denomination.

It may be observed, *en passant*, that till the Dieppe and Paris Railway had been completed, Paris was very indifferently supplied with fish. The distance from the coast is considerable (one hundred and twenty miles), but the trains convey fish at present within six hours; and the quantity, though not proportionate to the population of the capital, is considerably greater than that which reached the markets previous to the formation of the line.

I should omit the mention of a circumstance right worthy of notice were I to disregard in these brief records of our stay in Paris the wine-shops of that city. These correspond, in some respects, with our beer-shops and public-houses, but exhibit none of their repulsiveness, and disseminate not one-tenth part of their physical or moral evil.

“ Vile potabis modicis Sabinum
Cantharis ;”

in other words, it is but a crude vintage, that seems to blush for its meagre quality as it is drawn out into the little gill measures in common use, and dignified with the name of *wine*. The liquid ruin is "made of sterner stuff," and may be had on demand.

These wine-shops are wide open during the summer season,—the time when all throats become dry,—and invite the thirsty and the idle every minute to turn a foot aside off the pavement, and quaff the red and white wines and brandy of France, the "rhum" of the West Indies, and the gin of Schiedam. Yet, pass them when you will, day or night, there is no annoyance, no brutal quarrelling, no blasphemy, no obscenity, no vulgar riot, no indication of filthy excess. There is neither tobacco smoke, nor steaming fume of beer—nor pale, cadaverous, hollow-cheeked women, hovering around the counter or door of entry. I have stood and watched for the express purpose of detecting delinquencies, and at length walked away, perceiving nothing amiss. The frequenters of these shops walk in, singly or in company, call for a

cup of wine, sit down on a stool or bench, and open conversation with their comrades, or with the man or woman behind the counter, in as quiet, inoffensive a way as one would observe in any respectable tradesman dropping in for a quarter of an hour in his own village alehouse to talk over the politics of the day, or the gossip of the week. On the *abuse* of these places of popular resort during any revolutionary or extreme political excitement, I pretend not to hazard any conjectures. It is certain that wherever there shall be a concourse of insurrectionary enthusiasts, or a mixed multitude of desperate characters levying adherents, and establishing rendezvous in all parts of the capital, for the purpose of arousing men's passions by the combined seductions of Chartism and Cognac, there will be as great abominations in these wine-shops as in the lowest public-houses in Great Britain and Ireland. But this is the exception; not the rule. The lowest orders of the French are not a drunken race. The wine of the country is better adapted to make glad their hearts, and give them cheerful countenances, than to work in them the maniacal influences resulting

from inordinate pots of unblest beer, whose ingredients (as Cassio said) are devils.

The temperate use of the Parisian wine-shop may be fairly inferred from what may be seen on any evening in the summer, between nine and ten o'clock. The vintner himself, his wife, and son or daughter, perhaps both, and a friend or two (generally one of the wife's female acquaintance or relations), are seated on chairs in a semicircle, and chatting very *cozily*, as they look across the gas-lighted street and on the tide of population flowing by their door; no more customers being expected, and nothing in the way of business interfering with that love of "social ease," which, even over a glass of sugar-and-water and a slice of melon, is enjoyed as perfectly in their country as under the mahogany of the best dinner-giver in Pimlico. Such of my readers who know anything of the general way of proceedings in beer-shops and public-houses, in town or country, will best be able to appreciate the state of things I have just described, and the truthfulness of Hood's report of a "Public" he chanced to pass:—

“My ear was startled by a din,
That made me tremble in my skin,
A dreadful hubbub from within,
Of voices in a wrangle—
Voices loud, and voices high,
With now and then a party-cry,
Such as used in times gone by
To scare the British border ;
When foes from North and South of Tweed—
Neighbours—and of Christian creed—
Met in haste to fight and bleed,
Upsetting social order.”

There being no beer in tap, there are, of course, no pot-boys crossing our path in the streets of Paris, and swinging a leather strap with about twenty pint and quart pewter mugs within a hair's breadth of our shins. There are no area railings, on the spikes of which he might find these vessels ranged in readiness for him by the subterranean customers of the house from which he delivers double B or single X ; for areas there are none,—a feature in domestic architecture which must strike every new comer into France. Neither are there vaults beneath

the houses, and trap-doors opening in the pavement for the delivery of butts and barrels, and the occasional fracture of legs, arms, and necks precipitated from the flagstones above to the cavern beneath.

There are no stoppages on the footway by the shooting of a wagon load of coal into the cellars; the fuel of France being wood, and *that* being brought into the court-yards in carts, where the houses happen to have yards attached; or carried up in narrow, deep baskets by the retail vendors of firewood, where there is no accommodation on the back premises for a wood-stack. The strictest economy is enforced throughout every house as to the consumption of fuel; and the mere ghost of a fire is to be seen for many hours continuously, in the sitting-rooms during winter, where one wretched log is left smouldering on the iron dogs, without flame, and, it might also be said, without heat; but, at any rate, there are no "blacks" within or without doors; and hence the absence of sooty houses, sooty statues, sable monuments, and lamp-black trees or ebony-hued shrubs or flowers; and last, not

least, of chimneysweepers in the public thoroughfares, who, as we read in the "Trivia,"

"Skulk along,

And mark with sooty stains the heedless throng."

I believe that the introduction of foot pavement into the streets of Paris, within the last seventeen years, gave rise to several police regulations for the better order and discipline of the carters and carriers, porters and pedlars, that ply their calling in the metropolis. The lengths, literally speaking, to which some of the *mar-chands*, or dealers, extend their *locus standi* (standing room), or rather *locus jacendi* (for they used to lie, like sleeping Turks, among their merchandise), occasioned now and then some serious accidents. I remember the *mar-chands en melons*, for instance, or ragged fellows who sold melons at a franc a piece, occupying an area of four square feet in front of a dead wall, in the most crowded thoroughfare of Paris: this was in 1816. Another would arrange a hundred varieties of medallions and casts in plaster of Paris, with statues of Napoleon in every phase of his ancient glory, *à pied et à*

cheval; and busts of Alexander the Magnanimous and George the Third, interspersed with eagles, bears, lions, and monkeys; the exhibition of all which articles of absorbing interest engrossed as much space as would comprise a horse and gig; so that foot passengers were constrained to fetch a compass, as the phrase is; and cabriolets, in full career, made the Grand Emperor himself frequently tremble in his whiteness and fragility, and occasionally levelled the Czar to the ground with fearful crash and comminution. All these encroachments on the footway have totally disappeared. The driving of omnibuses through the streets of Paris, which are mostly narrow, and which, now that there are *trottoirs* (foot pavement) on either side, afford considerably less space than formerly for carriages, must alone have enforced the abolition of these wayside dealers. I believe there never were applewomen's stalls, with eight cherries on a stick for a halfpenny, in summer, or two roasted pippins or a potato for a penny, in winter, at the corners of streets, as, much to the derangement of our policemen's

bile, abide and abound still in London ; and such organs and vocalists *en suite* as were wont to bestride the gutter for half-an-hour at a time, when there was more music and fewer muskets in vogue, are now in the decline of life and popularity, and on the verges of the *boulevards*, where the grinder finds more room to stretch his legs, and the tamborine and minstrel can “cut” at a moment’s warning when a horse’s nose touches her head or shoulder !

Some of the open spaces surrounding the great markets still serve to accommodate the petty dealers in peppermint-drops, lucifers, sponges, slippers, lemonade, cherries, and copper-plate engravings, which used to swarm in the most frequented causeways, and would now and then get a stall into some vacant niche or angle of a public building, church, or fountain, and cry out lustily and incessantly, “Tenez, messieurs ! voyez, mesdames ! chaque objet ici se vend à un miserable vingt sous ! (franc piece.)” (Look here, gemmen ! see, ladies ! every article here for a wretched tenpenny bit).

Among some of these nomad speculators in

the public love of the cheap and nasty scale of business, we one day saw an "old man eloquent," standing before a small table, near the meat-market of Rue des Prouvaires, and expatiating with much energy on the excellences of some article he was holding up to the closest scrutiny of a little assembly of beholders, who, every now and then, put their hands to a heap of what seemed to us a peck of haricot or white beans, raised *en pyramide* before him. It was rational to suppose he was extolling the virtues of that bean as a substitute for potatoes during the existing scarcity; and the boxes which he had placed right and left on the table, containing a reserve supply of the article, would indicate that he calculated on a brisk sale. We were mistaken in our man and in his wares. He was not the political economist we took him for. Had we felt his *pulse*, we should have ascertained in a moment the animus with which he would extract all rottenness and decay from the civic body, and substitute soundness and purity. He was an itinerant dentist, and our imagined *beans* were some thousands of extracted teeth!

I have alluded to the wood fuel. The rapidity with which one man will saw up a month's consumption in an hour, is perfectly marvellous. But does he, in fact, saw it? I annex a representation of the machine with which, neither hand having a saw in it, he performs this feat.



My sketch gives the actual dimensions of one of the teeth. Steadying the frame by laying a small billet over that part nearest to the base of the saw, he bestrides it, and holds the log in both hands, pressing it towards the edge, and drawing it up and down. I watched him narrowly, and saw him cut through a diameter of six inches in five seconds and a half. The contrast between his labour and that of my own woodeutter's, at home, working saw in hand, was so marked as to induce me to sketch the man and machine upon the spot, much to his delight. Some scores

of people were passing and repassing all the while; but, with the innate politeness of the nation, not one,—no not even the little ragged boys,—stopped for an instant to stare or to make remarks. It was in the Place de Louvre, at the corner of the Rue des Fossées St. Germain. In England I should have been mobbed.

François Paradis Moncrif, a member of the French Academy in the reign of Louis XV., has left on record, in one of his best treatises (*Essai sur la Necessité et sur les Moyens de Plaire*), a very happy definition of that feeling which originates true politeness:—

“ *La politesse est l’oubli constant de soi, pour ne s’occuper que des autres.*” (Politeness is constant forgetfulness of self, for the service and sake of others.)

I shall close this chapter with a very gratifying instance of the quality here commended.

We were endeavouring to find the once celebrated library of St. Geneviève, at the back of the Pantheon, the ceiling of which was supported by superb carvings in the form of palm-trees, and

the shelves of which were laden with the rarest treasure of literary lore. It was established in a wing of the ancient Abbey of St. Geneviève, and contained upwards of one hundred and thirteen thousand printed books, besides nearly three thousand manuscripts. Discovering no written directions about the old building, and meeting no one on the stairs or corridors to give us any information, we had quitted the place, and taken the direction of Rue des Cartes, leading to the Ecole Polytechnique, when we met a young gentleman, of about one-and-twenty years of age, wearing spectacles and carrying two books, as if a student in some of the colleges thereabout, to which he seemed to be hastening as one who had no time to spare. I ventured, however, to inquire of him how I could manage to see the library in question, and stated our failure in attempting to do so. He immediately begged I would permit him to conduct us to the spot, which, of course, I would not hear of; but my gentleman was not to be dissuaded,—it would be a “*vrai plaisir*” to him. He could not think of our failing again from any mistake, and

would be happy to introduce me to the chief librarian (some *savant*, whose name I cannot now remember,) who would show me, as an English divine and an Oxonian, all the attentions in his power.

He fulfilled all he undertook and wished to do on our behalf. He found an usher or officer in attendance, sent a complimentary message to Monsieur the chief librarian, who presently appeared with another literary personage, and we were conducted into the grand room,—alas ! only to behold it dismantled of almost all its original possessions and adornments ; the books having for some time past been removed to another institution in Paris ; and the busts, pictures, (many very curious portraits of kings and queens, including Mary of Scotland,) and manuscripts, being destined speedily to follow them ; that this noble gallery may be converted into a dormitory to accommodate the students of the ancient college of Henry IV. behind it. But the manuscripts were yet visible ; and my obliging guide suggested to the librarians that it would doubtless gratify me exceedingly were I permitted to

examine that splendid vellum folio on which Raoul de Presle, or Præles, a renowned translator of the fifteenth century, had been engaged nine years illustrating the French translation of St. Augustine's "*Civitas Dei*," for Charles V. of France. The MS. declares itself to be of the year 1376, but there are internal evidences of its being one hundred and fifty years later in date. The paintings were numerous and in perfect preservation ; two in the last pages being above a foot square, brilliant in colouring and gilding, and finished with the precision of Breugel. The devilry of some of these illustrations exceeds the wildest conception of Retsch's etchings for Schiller, or the Flemish artist's Temptations of St. Anthony. But I suppose there are few works on so extensive a scale of penmanship and most costly pencilling.

Having examined this curious book* very attentively, and been offered the inspection of

* There is an edition of this work in French, translated from the Latin by Raoul de Præles, and printed at Abbeville, by Jéhan Dupré, in 1486,—in the Public Library of Boulogne.

several others, we withdrew with our conductor, and, after a glimpse on the main staircase at the largest map of the moon yet known to be in existence, we parted, he to his rendezvous, from which he had been detained nearly an hour, and we to our hôtel, where, but for plans arranged for the evening, I should have insisted on his finding out in his turn our apartments, to be entered into *our good books*, and entertained on the best viands and vintages in France, instead of old vellum ; as one of the most courteous, obliging, disinterested sons of science it had ever been my good fortune to encounter in a foreign land, or my mishap to quit as a stranger to this moment unknown.

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